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NAVY BLUE

A STORY OF CADET LIFE IN THE UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY AT ANNAPOLIS

BY

WILLIS BOYD ALLEN

AUTHOR OF "THE LION CITY OF AFRICA," "THE PINE CONE STORIES," "AROUND THE YULE LOG," ETC., ETC.

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TO THE HONORABLE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY

JOHN DAVIS LONG

MY FATHER'S FRIEND AND MINE

THIS STORY OF CADET LIFE IS INSCRIBED

PREFACE.

At no time in our history has the attention of the people of the United States been more earnestly concentrated upon our navy than at the present crisis, when our country is engaged in deadly warfare with a foreign nation. It is nevertheless true that in watching the construction of new and formidable warships and the movements of our fleets at their various stations, we too often lose sight of the training-school, without which our vessels were but expensive toys of the nation. Through books and frequent reference, as well as from its situation on one of the great routes of travel in the North, its sister institution at West Point is familiar to every one; but the details of academy life at Annapolis are known to comparatively few, and its splendid work in training and sending forth officers for the navy is but slightly appreciated by the people at large.

It is hoped that the present volume will not only supply, in part, such information as is desirable for a thorough understanding of the work accomplished by the Naval Academy, but will inspire every manly and healthy boy reader with a patriotic desire to serve his country; not by wearing the "navy blue" on the

deck of a battleship, it may be, but, whatever his circumstances, by living such a clean, honorable, upright life as befits an American.

The author cannot lay down his pen without expressing his hearty gratitude for the assistance and encouragement he has received in his work: to the authorities at Washington for facilities offered in the collection of material; to officers of the navy attached to the Naval Academy, and to the cadets at that institution and afloat, who have given him the benefits of their experience; and, in particular, to Lieut. W. H. H. Southerland, whose patient and kindly aid in the revision of his manuscript has been invaluable.

WILLIS BOYD ALLEN.

BOSTON, *May*, 1898.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER		PAGE
I.	The Hundred-Yard Run	1
II.	At the Capital	9
III.	On Board a Battleship	18
IV.	Last Days at School	26
V.	Dave Rexdale	35
VI.	A Wreck on Dry Land	42
VII.	Farm Life and a Yarn	52
VIII.	"Maryland, My Maryland"	65
IX.	The Entrance Examination	74
X.	Cadets at Last	84
XI.	Rumors of War	93
XII.	Running a Plebe	102
XIII.	An Academy Hop	112
XIV.	The Scrap in No. 32	123
XV.	Under a Cloud	132
XVI.	The Cloud Breaks	142
XVII.	Hard Work	154
XVIII.	One to Nothing	161
XIX.	The End of the Term	170
XX.	June Week	177
XXI.	The June Ball	186
XXII.	Outward Bound	195

CHAPTER		PAGE
XXIII.	The "Wooded Island"	203
XXIV.	The Glorious Fourth in Funchal	211
XXV.	The Cruise of the "Bancroft"	227
XXVI.	Swept Out to Sea	235
XXVII.	Cast Away on the Desertas	246
XXVIII.	The Rescue	257
XXIX.	Home Again	266
XXX.	Third-Class Year	276
XXXI.	A Queer Christmas Party	286
XXXII.	Bad News	296
XXXIII.	Friends in Need	306
XXXIV.	The White Squadron	316
XXXV.	Scattering the Clouds	327
XXXVI.	Navy Blue	335

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Artillery Drill	*Frontispiece.*	
The Tally-Ho Coach	Facing page	40
The "Monongahela"	" "	60
The Old "Santee"	" "	73
An Academy Hop	" "	118
Cadet Quarters	" "	156
Baseball Nine	" "	168
The "Bancroft"	" "	196
Champion Flag Company	" "	298
The First Division	" "	314

NAVY BLUE.

CHAPTER I.

THE HUNDRED-YARD RUN.

"Line up, fellows; line up! We've got 'em on the run!"

The captain of the High School eleven was excited; the captain of the Latin School eleven was excited; so were their twenty battered, bandaged, mud-stained followers, and the two or three thousand spectators who stood up and cheered wildly, waving handkerchiefs, hats, and flags.

Never had the town known such a game. The two schools of St. Botolph were rivals in athletics, as well as in matters of intellectual prowess. Hitherto they had been pretty evenly matched on the football "gridiron," but this year the High School team averaged six or seven pounds heavier than their opponents, and it was conceded by all that the Latin had no chance to win, if, indeed, they were able to score at

all against the young giants opposing them. Thus far in the season—which now was nearing its close—the goal of the doughty High School eleven had not been crossed; and the second half of the present game being well under way, with the score standing 36 to 0 in their favor, it looked as if their record was not to be broken. They had boasted that they would run up forty points to nothing; and here they were, with only four points to gain, and the enemy's goal-posts but five yards distant.

The Latin School boys were pretty nearly worn out, and were discouraged; still, they were plucky fellows, and bravely scrambled out of the five-yard scrimmage to their positions.

"Now, boys, hold 'em! They *can't* do it again!" shouted Captain Norman Holmes to his panting, dripping band of warriors.

"Twenty-seven, thirteen, forty-sev——"

"Look out, Fred!" cried Holmes to his right tackle, springing to the threatened point of attack.

Before the words had fairly left his mouth the ball was snapped back by the big High School centre, and a solid battering-ram of half a dozen players hurled itself against the wiry tackle. Holmes had interpreted the signal rightly, and was just in time to back up the defence.

Down went half a dozen men. The runner with the ball found, instead of an opening through which

he could saunter, a mound of desperate, struggling figures blocking his way. He tried to clear the obstruction, but was tackled almost in mid-air. As he fell, the ball was knocked from his grasp and bounded away over the ground. Instantly two men disengaged themselves from the human mound, and rushed after it. They were Norman Holmes, and Pete Rollins, the High School captain.

Norman was just ahead of the other, and picking up the ball on a low bound, started down the field with Rollins close at his heels and the whole body of players trailing after.

The white twenty-yard line flew back under his feet —twenty-five—thirty——

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Latin — *Latin* — LATIN — HOLMES!" screamed the sympathizers from the seats. Norman felt as if he were running in a dream. With his head thrown back, shoulders squared, and body inclined sharply forward, he fairly flew over the ground. The roar of the crowd was in his ears; he seemed to be in a tremendous treadmill, the floor of which was gliding away beneath him.

Fifty—fifty-five—and now he was fairly in the hostile camp. Bar after bar of white plaster was left behind. He heard the steps of his enemy, and his fierce breathing; threatening words, too, gasped out by his pursuer, who was known to be an ugly customer in private life.

Thirty-five—thirty—twenty—can he hold out for sixty feet more?

Look! The full-back of the High School team has suddenly risen, as it were, out of the ground, and bears swiftly, triumphantly down on the runner. Groans and shouts of warning from the Latin benches, shrieks of excitement from the pretty Latin sisters, as a fleet-footed interferer shoots through the air and brings down the luckless full-back with a crash. They roll over and over in the mud, but nobody looks at them.

Norman is making his last effort. He knows that he is about to be tackled. Eight yards to gain, and the English captain is upon him, with a rush like a tiger. Over they go, just on the white five-yard line.

Renewed groans and cries of disappointment from the crimson-flag bearers; shrieks of joy from the blue. But see, Norman has half-struggled to his feet, fallen, risen a little and fallen again, carrying his burly antagonist with him, and rolling clean over at the last plunge. He lunges out at full length, and three seconds before a dozen players pile themselves upon him has placed the ball on the ground—four inches over the goal-line.

"DOWN!" The referee's whistle blows, but nobody in the spectators' seats hears it. The wild din of shouts, screams, outcries of triumph drowns it; the frantic waving of crimson flags almost hides the

scene, as breathlessly, ruefully, sullenly the High School players withdraw from the struggling heap and gain their feet, to line up by their goal-posts. For the words are ringing in their ears—"*Touch-down for Latin!*"

Norman did not hear this for the very good reason that he was lying on the ground, unconscious, when it was spoken. A little rubbing and sponging brought him to his senses, however, and he was on his feet in time to save his place in the game. The goal was kicked promptly and successfully, in spite of the angry protest of big Rollins, who stoutly averred that the ball had been "down" inside the line and not out. As a fact, he himself had, by a sudden exertion of all his strength, pulled Holmes backward bodily just a fraction of a second after the referee's whistle had blown. There were plenty of witnesses to the fact, including the referee himself, who was a brisk young man from Harvard's substitute eleven, and who knew every move in the game, fair and unfair.

There were only seven minutes more to play; but the heavier eleven succeeded, after a heroic resistance from the Latin boys, in rushing the ball yard by yard to their opponents' line and over it, at the extreme corner of the grounds. The kick-out for a try for goal was skilfully blocked, and time was almost immediately called, leaving the final score 40 to 6 in favor of High.

That evening Norman fought his battles over again, with his widowed mother, and Hallie, his sister, two years younger than himself, for a trembling, pitying, admiring audience.

"It was a great game," he concluded with a sigh, nursing his lame knee. "And there won't be any more playing till next fall."

"I'm thankful for that," exclaimed poor little Mrs. Holmes, with feeling. "Whenever you go into one of those games I sit here worrying every moment until it's over."

"So do I, Norm," said Hallie, reaching over and giving her brother's sleeve a fond little stroke. "But I like for your side to beat, all the same. And I do think that great Rollins boy is horrid!"

"Oh, he means well, but he gets excited and loses his head," laughed Norman.

"Well," added his mother, "perhaps you won't play any more. If you go to college next year——"

Norman's face clouded a little. "I can't bear to think of it, mother," he said. "It isn't football, for there's plenty of that and all sorts of athletics at Harvard. It's the deciding to go into some sort of a humdrum, quiet profession, where I can't get enough air to breathe."

He stretched his arms and drew in a long breath, as if the very thought smothered him.

"You know how I like outdoor life, mother," he

continued, "and it's just like death for me to be shut up indoors."

"You've done so well in your studies, Norman!"

"I know." The boy's eyes flashed brightly. "I'm not going to let any fellow cross my goal in algebra any more than on the gridiron," he said. "But there are places where my studies would count, and yet not tie up my arms and legs. There's West Point," he added doubtfully.

His mother shook her head. "I don't really believe you would enjoy being a soldier in time of peace; and if there were a war——"

She paused abruptly, with quivering lips. The boy followed her glance to a sword hanging in its scabbard over the mantle. It had belonged to a dear brother of hers, dearer in those old days than any one else in the world; she had never wholly recovered from the blow of his death in the "peach orchard" at Gettysburg when she was hardly more than a child.

"I know, mother," said Norman gently, and was silent.

"Let's plan about Washington," said Hallie, wisely changing the subject. "Have you decided where we shall stop, mamma?"

The Thanksgiving recess was close at hand, and Mrs. Holmes, who had been left a comfortable competence by her husband when he died, five years be-

fore the date of our story, had invited her children to visit the capital with her during vacation.

She gladly left the troublesome topic of Norman's future career, and entered eagerly into the young folks' plans for the journey, little dreaming how important was the part that very excursion was destined to play in solving the oft-discussed problem now so easily put aside.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE CAPITAL.

Although the Holmes were well-to-do people and abundantly able to travel, Mrs. Holmes had preferred to live quietly at home during the years since her husband's death. He had been a prosperous merchant, and she had left the management of family affairs almost wholly in his hands. Now that Norman was sixteen and Hallie fast growing to womanhood, she felt that she ought to deny herself the comfort of peaceful seclusion, and show the young people something of the world outside of St. Botolph, which had always been their home. One or two gentlemen in high official positions at Washington were old friends of her husband, and to that city she determined the first visit should be paid.

Hallie was half wild at the thought of the journey, and Norman, though he felt his dignity demanded a stoical repression of his feelings, was looking forward to the trip with hardly less eagerness.

The appointed day arrived at last, and Mrs. Holmes, with many charges to her two tidy servants to look after the house and repel burglars during her absence,

turned her back upon her home and, with the young people, rode to the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad station, where, in the early evening, they took possession of their Pullman sections, which Norman had taken care to engage a week beforehand.

Hallie had never before taken a sleeping-car journey, and was full of delighted interest in car, passengers, and moonlit landscape. With great glee she climbed to her upper berth, above her mother, and it was a long while before she could fairly compose herself for sleep. Norman was in the berth next her own, and they wished each other good-night with a handshake around the polished partition at the top of the car. As for Mrs. Holmes, she accepted the situation resignedly—draughts, noises, cramped quarters, and all. It was a striking contrast to her own comfortable apartment at home, but she supported herself, no doubt, with the thought that she was enduring all this for her children's sake.

After a broken night, in the small hours of which Norman had considered it absolutely necessary for him to dress and go out upon the deck of the "Maryland," the huge ferryboat that bore the whole train from Harlem to New Jersey, a bright November morning found our friends entering the suburbs of Philadelphia. Toilets were hastily accomplished, and breakfast served at the little table in the Holmes section as the cars dashed along across the corner of

Delaware and into Maryland. Baltimore was now entered and left behind, and considerably before noon our party arrived, tired but happy, in Washington, where they took up their quarters at Willard's, because Mr. Holmes had always stopped there in the dear old days.

Norman and his sister were all impatience to set out on a tour of inspection, and after an early lunch the three travellers fared forth from the hotel.

It is no part of our story to follow them in their sight-seeing at the capital. They began with the Capitol itself, and ended with the top of the monument—at least Norman did; Hallie and her mother being content to inspect its base, and take, as the former said, "a bird's-eye view of the apex."

"'Bird's-eye'!" scoffed Norman. "You'd have to go up in a balloon to get that kind of a view."

"I was thinking of hens," remarked Hallie serenely. "We'll wait for you here, dear, while you go up."

Norman subsided and went, chuckling. He was always proud of his sister when she got the best of an argument, even if he himself had the wrong end of it.

What impressed the boy most in the great white building at the head of Pennsylvania Avenue was its earnest *Americanism.* Everywhere throughout its vast corridors, halls, and porticos, and in the open air, he saw the figure of the American Indian; representations

of the discovery by Columbus, of Revolutionary scenes and heroes. He was thrilled by Trumbull's four great pictures in the rotunda, most of all by the "Declaration of Independence." He felt, as never before, a grand pride in being himself an American, and in his heart was born a new resolve to prove himself worthy to bear that honored name.

"That is *my* flag!" he said to himself as he watched the beautiful stars and stripes rising and falling in the November wind. Before this day he had thought of it as merely an inseparable part of Fourth of July and gay processions; now it suddenly became precious to him as the symbol of his country's honor and glory, which he was bound to uphold.

He paused a long while before the beautiful "Peace Monument," close by, and his boyish heart swelled as he read the simple inscriptions: "In Memory of the Officers, Seamen, and Marines of the United States Navy, who fell in defense of the Union and Liberty of their Country, 1861-1865." "*They died that their country might live.*"

These last words rang in his ears, over and over. "Their country"—and his! There was Victory with her laurel wreath, and, best of all, Peace, sweet and gracious, holding her world-old symbol, an olive-branch.

It was not that the North had triumphed over her sister States; the South, too, had fought nobly, if mis-

takenly. It was the sacrifice of home, loved ones, life, everything, for—"their country!" It was this that moved the boy, until his lip quivered and he turned away to hide his emotion from his mother and sister.

A few hours later they were in the Treasury Department, marvelling at the heaps of wealth stored there, and at the wonderful system which could administer such a powerful engine for good or evil.

In succeeding days they visited the Patent Office, with its "wheels within wheels," the Smithsonian Institution, and the new Library. Through the influence of friends they were privately and kindly received by the cabinet officers and their families, and by the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

As Norman looked upon the President's grave, strong face, and felt the clasp of the hand that controlled and guided the prosperity and happiness of seventy-five million people, he realized that there were heroes of peace as well as of war; that scenes of carnage and bloodshed are not necessary for the exhibition of noble devotion to the motherland; that he could give his life to his country, a strong, true, manly life, throbbing with vitality and energy, devoted to her, and through her to Him whom she herself, in every public act from the great Declaration to the latest vote of Congress, acknowledged to be her Ruler.

His own course the boy felt all at once to be clear.

America was not at war with any nation. Secure within her own borders, firm in the maintenance of honorable dignity before the powers beyond the seas, her hands stretched forth to succor the helpless, to feed the hungry, to clothe the destitute, her voice was ever for peace on earth, good-will toward men. To her and to her God would he give himself utterly from that time forward. He would be, not a warrior, unless she should call her children to arms, but a patriot of peace.

Of all this, Norman Holmes said nothing whatever to his mother and sister. If they saw his bosom heave, his eyes moisten; if they noticed his quickly caught breath and averted face, they, with the wisdom of woman and the tact of love, only exchanged glances and were silent.

Last of all, on the day before their departure for home our little party arrived at the huge granite building occupied by the "State, War, and Navy." They wandered through many of its five hundred rooms, and Mrs. Holmes was sure they travelled over a good deal more than the "two miles of corridors" proclaimed by the guide-book. They examined all sorts of relics of great deeds and great lives.

In spite of the five days' education they had received and the experience already gained as to public men and their surroundings, their call on the Secretary of the Navy was a genuine surprise to them.

"Didn't you think he'd have buttons and gold anchors and things?" whispered Hallie as she left the building with her brother. "And the War Secretary hadn't a sign of a sword!"

Even Norman, who had pretty thoroughly learned his illustrated lesson on "Heroes of Peace," confessed to a little disappointment. The Honorable Secretary, who directed the course of great battleships hither and thither across the globe as if they were toy boats drawn by a child over the pond in the public garden, proved to be a courteous, genial gentleman, adorned with no marine symbols whatever, without "foul anchor" or eagle, and with unmistakably domestic buttons. Only the marked deference shown by his subordinates, the awed embarrassment of a young naval officer who had an interview with the Secretary in their presence, and one or two marine views and models in the audience-room, gave intimation of the high office and tremendous authority of the quiet gentleman who, on reading their note of introduction, welcomed the visitors so simply and cordially.

"And how about this young man?" said he, grasping Norman's hand, and noting the boy's erect bearing and clear, bright eye. "Shall we have him in the navy before long?"

"I—I—we haven't decided what he will do when he leaves school," replied Mrs. Holmes, glancing at

her son apprehensively. "He had thought—I had wished he would go through Harvard and adopt a profession."

"College is a good place—I'm a Harvard man myself," said the Secretary with a smile. "But the navy is a capital place, too, especially for young fellows who want an active, outdoor life, and aren't afraid of hard work. You look as if you were fond of athletics, my lad."

"Football," replied Norman modestly. And oh, how he did wish somebody would tell the Secretary about that hundred-yard run!

"Ah, I see. Rough game that, but good for nerve and muscle. Did it interfere with your studies?"

"Not very much, sir."

"He's third in his class, sir," put in Hallie, who was longing to sing her brother's praises.

"Just the kind of young men we want in the navy," said the great man in his curt, incisive way. "Think of it, Mrs. Holmes, and—wait a minute, please."

He touched a knob by his desk, and a clerk entered the room noiselessly.

"Step down to Mr. Cheyney's room and bring me a copy of the Naval Academy Register and the Rules for Admission."

Mrs. Holmes could say nothing against the Secretary's suggestions—indeed, he spoke like a man accustomed to having his own way—and waited with some

misgivings for the return of the messenger, who presently handed his superior a couple of pamphlets.

"Look these over at your leisure, madam," said the Secretary, rising, "and let this office know if we can be of any assistance to you or your son."

The Holmes took the hint and made their adieux. As they walked down the corridor and retraced their steps to the hotel, eagerly discussing the gentlemen and the building they had just left, Norman held his hand out to his mother.

"Please let me have those pamphlets. I want to read them on the way home."

Thus the seed was planted.

CHAPTER III.

ON BOARD A BATTLESHIP.

On arriving at Willard's two or three hours later, Mrs. Holmes was surprised to find a letter waiting for her in an envelope stamped "Navy Department." It read as follows:

"OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY,
"WASHINGTON, D. C.

"*Dear Madam:*

"Your visit to the Navy Department will hardly be complete without an inspection of one of the large warships, in which I am sure your son will be especially interested. If you care to stop over Saturday forenoon in New York, the enclosed letter to Captain S—— will enable you to go on board one of our largest battleships, now lying at the Brooklyn Navy Yard."

Here followed the signature of the head of the department upon whom they had just called.

It was of no use for Mrs. Holmes to try to withstand the entreaties of blue-eyed Hallie or the more dignified reasoning of her brother. Such an opportunity might never come again, he said earnestly. While the warships were often thrown open to visitors during the summer cruises of the North Atlantic

Squadron, a visit at such a time was always rendered uncomfortable by the crowd, while at Brooklyn they could go quietly on board and see the great ship, not in her holiday attire, but just as she was, in every-day life, with no curious throng to hinder.

"Besides," said Hallie, "it was so kind of the Secretary to send us the letter. I just know he's dying to get Norm into the navy!"

There was a good laugh at this, and Norman pulled his sister's thick brown "pigtail," while their mother, who appreciated the courtesy shown by the high official, as well as the fine opportunity afforded for a visit to the ship, good-humoredly yielded the point and gave her consent. Luckily their through Pullman tickets had not been paid for, and could be exchanged—as they were within the next thirty minutes—for accommodations to New York by the night train.

The next morning, therefore, found them on the elevated road, rumbling down Sixth Avenue on a level with the housetops of lower New York city, toward the Brooklyn Bridge. Here, without descending to the street, they found a cable train waiting, and were conveyed across the river—a wonderful experience in itself—to Brooklyn, which had not yet become a part of "Greater New York."

A dingy little horse-car bore the trio to the Navy Yard gates, where an orderly appeared, and, on being

told their errand, directed them respectfully, but with military curtness, to the wharf where the battleship was temporarily moored.

An armed sentry was pacing to and fro in front of the narrow gang-plank, but his musket fell back to his shoulder when he saw the letter with its department stamp.

"Do ye see the young officer beyant, with the soord?" he asked, pointing to the deck of the ship.

"Yes—why" (to her children) "he looks hardly older than a boy!"

"Sure he's the officer of the deck, mem. Ye can show your letter to him."

The boyish young fellow in a long blue coat (for it was a sharp morning) touched his cap to Mrs. Holmes as, having crossed the gang-plank with the others, she approached him and presented her letter.

Straight as an arrow, with the gravity and dignity of an admiral, the officer of the deck received the missive and glanced at the address.

"I am sorry, madam, that Captain S—— has not come on board this morning. If you wish, you can present your letter to the executive officer, Lieutenant R——. That's he standing over there."

Lieutenant R—— proved to be a most courteous and kindly gentleman; another surprise to Norman and Hallie, who had expected here at least, on the very deck of a fighting vessel, to meet in the senior

officers only grim and war-seasoned veterans of fierce mien and abrupt manners. On the contrary, it may be recorded here that every naval officer they met on board proved to be a gentleman in the best sense of the word; a man with a face into which a child would smile with confidence, but at the same time clearly marked by a strength and character that it could not but command respect from the most heedless.

The executive officer, on reading the Secretary's letter, greeted his guests kindly, and sent for a cadet, to whom he gave the party in charge. Mrs. Holmes was soon content to rest in the cabin, but the young people eagerly followed their guide, who was a fine, strapping fellow of twenty or thereabouts. It was his fifth year in the academy, he explained to Norman.

"The academy?"

"Yes. I am still a cadet, you know. The regular course in the academy covers six years, but the two last years are afloat, in actual service on board ship."

"Do you mean," asked Hallie, in awestruck tones, "that if there were a war——"

"I should be in it?" laughed the cadet, taking a peep at the girl's big blue eyes. "Why, yes, all of us in the two upper classes, and very likely the next class below would be called out, as they were in the Civil War. The navy is undermanned just at present, they are building so many new ships."

"And you would have to fight?"

"Rather!" The cadet squared his shoulders, and gave another short laugh. "See here, here's my station in action. I have charge of this turret, with a dozen men under me. You'd have seen, if you'd been here a little earlier this morning, when all hands were beat to quarters."

"Beat!" exclaimed Hallie.

"Called, then. There isn't any 'cat' in the navy now!"

They entered the eight-inch gun turret from above, and found themselves in a small, round apartment, walled, floored, and ceiled with iron and steel. The centre of the turret was occupied by the polished steel breech of an enormous gun, which projected through an opening for ten or fifteen feet over the deck.

"But how can you point it at anything?" asked Norman, viewing the terrible engine of war with immense respect.

"Here is the elevating gear," said the cadet, showing him how it worked. "I stand up there on that little platform and sight her, while one of the men follows my directions. Then the whole turret revolves by electricity, you know, so we have a pretty wide range."

"How far will it fire?"

"Oh, this gun carries about eight miles a projectile weighing two hundred and fifty pounds. Here's the loading apparatus. The bags of powder and solid

shot are sent up (by electricity) from the magazine below, on that little curving railway. This arrangement at your side seizes the ammunition, and the breech of the gun being opened—so—swings in the charge."

"But I should think the noise would just *kill* you, shut up in here!" exclaimed the girl. "Why, I have to stop my ears when they fire cannon on the common a quarter of a mile away."

"No," replied the cadet, "the noise is mostly outside the turret. It doesn't trouble us in here. You've no idea how cosy and comfortable it is during practice!"

"'Cosy and comfortable'! Well, I never!"

"And probably never will," laughed Norman, himself considerably impressed by the young cadet's cool bearing. "What are those long tubes for, please?"

There were two of them, about eight inches in diameter, affixed to the gun and parallel with it.

"They are to receive the recoil when the gun is discharged. Otherwise this turret and everybody in it would stand a good chance of being rushed overboard in a hurry."

"I should think so!" exclaimed Norman, viewing the breech of the huge piece, rising to the level of his shoulders. "I have had an old-fashioned musket knock me flat with its 'kick,' and one can guess what

heels this great thing would have! But how can those tubes 'receive the recoil'? What is there in them?"

"A mixture of glycerine and water of proportions exactly adapted to the pressure to be met, which is calculated to the third decimal. That's what mathematics and physics mean in the academy! By a certain adjustment of the machinery the force of the recoil is received upon piston-rods which are driven into those tubes, and resisted gradually, to a complete stop, on the hydraulic principle."

This was getting beyond the two listeners, and they were glad to turn to less complicated parts of the ship. They were shown the ward-room, between-decks; the mess-tables of the men, fastened up in racks to the under side of the deck above; the sick-bay, with its terribly significant apparatus; the guns in the open air, the steering gear and that for signalling the engineer —all worked by electricity.

Leaving Hallie with her mother, Norman descended into the depths of the vessel, and visited the engine and boiler rooms; he saw the ugly-looking torpedoes, exactly like sharks, waiting to be let loose upon the enemy. Returning to the deck, he was allowed to clamber up to one of the fighting-tops, from which he could overlook the whole ship and imagine a fight going on; the decks filled with struggling, shouting crowds of seamen, officers and marines, or half hidden

by volumes of smoke belched forth by the guns he had seen and patted.

It was almost mess-time, and the visitors knew they ought to go. They heartily thanked their guide, as well as the senior officer; and so bidding adieu to the great floating fort, went on shore.

"Anyway, I feel safer than I did before," said Hallie. "That big ship may never have a battle, but I guess nobody will want to sail up our harbor with her in sight——"

"Or, say, within eight miles!" added her brother.

As long as daylight lasted that afternoon Norman sat by the car-window and pored over the "Regulations of the Naval Academy," taking no heed of the gentle Connecticut landscape through which the train was swiftly flying over the rails toward home.

CHAPTER IV.

LAST DAYS AT SCHOOL.

School life at St. Botolph began once more, but was soon interrupted by the Christmas recess. Of course the Holmes house, like thousands of others all over New England, had been full of mystery and brown-paper packages during the earlier days of December.

Norman worked faithfully at his studies, but his teachers observed a new ardor in mathematics and a slight falling off in Greek and Latin.

On Christmas morning the little home festivities took place. When Mr. Holmes was alive, there was always a large family gathering at this season, but now the circle was narrowed, and the observance of the Day of days a very quiet one. Notable among the gifts received by Norman was a large, flat package, marked "From Hallie," which, on being opened, proved to be a book of photogravures illustrating familiar scenes in the naval service. There were the great white warships, including the very one they had visited; boat races between rival crews; the arrival

of the ship's purveyor after a marketing trip; target practice at sea, and many other stirring scenes.

"Ah-h-h!" said Norman with a long breath as he surveyed the last one and turned back to the beginning, "that's just what I wanted, Hal, or would have wanted, if I had known there was such a book!"

"It's to break you of the idea of going into the navy," remarked his sister demurely. "I hope it has succeeded," she added, with a sly glance at her mother.

Mrs. Holmes no longer looked distressed at the mention of Uncle Sam's service afloat. There had been a good many family discussions on this subject during the month, and plans, though still vague, were beginning to take shape.

At about this time a letter came from her brother-in-law, a prosperous Chicago banker, whom she had consulted by mail, as a man of large experience and considerable acquaintance at Washington and in the navy. Indeed, it was his introduction which had paved the way to the pleasant interview with the Secretary.

The letter ran as follows:

"CHICAGO, *December* 13, 189–.

"*Dear Mary:*

"Your letter of the 9th inst. is at hand. As I look at the matter now, the naval service seems to offer exceptional opportunities and advantages to Norman, who is fitted by temperament and constitution for just such a career. No, it would not 'remove him from all

social and home life.' You must get that idea out of your head. In the first place, he will have as much of the year with his family as many—perhaps most—college men have ; certainly as much as he ought to have while he is forming his character and preparing to take his place in the active world among men. I have seen many a morbid recluse and many a fastidious young gentleman of unquestioned morals and reputation whom I fairly longed to give a cruise on a government vessel. It was just what they needed. Norman might, to be sure, enter one of the learned professions, or I might be induced to try him in the bank ; but it would be years before he could, in reason, become 'successful,' as men call it, in any one of those lines ; and the chances are that he would lead a humdrum, careless, comfortable life, coddled in the luxuries with which you and Hallie could not resist surrounding him as long as your income exceeded fifteen thousand dollars, as I know it does now, with a prospect of increase if Calumet and Hecla keeps on rising and declaring extra dividends !

"Now as to the practical side of the question. I advise by all means that Norman keep steadily on with his school course, graduating in June. His standing, I believe, is high, and it would be a pity to break the clean record he has made at the old 'Latin' just as it was drawing to a successful close. It would be like withdrawing money from the savings bank a week before interest day.

"Let him do his level best, then, during the next six months, and round out his course with honor and credit to himself and the old school—the oldest in America. You know I always have a soft spot for it in my tough old heart !

"Meanwhile he can put in a little extra time, if he choose, on the special branches on which the entrance examination to Annapolis is based, namely, reading, writing, spelling, arithmetic, geography, English grammar, United States history, and algebra. Deficiency in any one of these subjects, I am told, would be sufficient to insure his rejection.

"For my own part, I will, unless my views change, write to Hon. S—— B——, Member of Congress from your district, and see what the chances are for a presentation of your son's name as a candidate for admission to the Academy next fall; the regular day for examination being, I believe, September 1st; next year it should come on the 2d, as the 1st falls on Sunday.

"Perhaps you do not know the rules for presentation of candidates."

"It isn't Norman's fault if we don't," interrupted Hallie as her mother was reading this letter aloud. "He's said those rules over till we all know them by heart."

"Well, let's see what Uncle Richard says, just the same," said Norman. "Go on, please, mother."

"I will quote directly from the 'Regulations' issued by the Bureau of Navigation at Washington:

"'There shall be allowed at said Academy one Naval Cadet for every Member or Delegate of the House of Representatives, one for the District of Columbia, and ten at large. *Provided, however*, That there shall not be at any time more in said Academy appointed at large than ten.

"'The Secretary of the Navy shall, as soon after the fifth of March in each year as possible——'

(Here Hallie made a wry face and wondered, in a whisper, "if the man who wrote that rule had passed an examination in English!")

"'notify, in writing, each Member and Delegate of the House of Representatives of any vacancy that may exist in his district. The nomination of a candidate to fill said vacancy shall be made upon

the recommendation of the Member or Delegate, if such recommendation is made by the first day of July of that year; but if it is not made by that time the Secretary of the Navy shall fill the vacancy by appointment of an actual resident of the district in which the vacancy exists, who shall have been for at least two years immediately preceding the date of his appointment an actual and *bona fide* resident of the district in which the vacancy exists and of the legal qualification under the law as now provided. The candidate for the District of Columbia and all the candidates appointed at large shall be selected by the President.

" 'Candidates allowed for Congressional districts, for Territories, and for the District of Columbia, must be actual residents of the districts or Territories, respectively, from which they are nominated. And all candidates must, at the time of their examination for admission, be between the ages of fifteen and twenty years, and physically sound, well formed, and of robust constitution.'

" You can find out all about the general character of the mental examination by sending to the 'Chief of the Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington,' for a copy of the 'Regulations Governing the Admission of Candidates into the United States Naval Academy.' "

The rest of the letter was of a personal nature and would not interest us. The "Regulations" were already, as we know, in Norman's desk, and, as Hallie said, were familiar to all the members of the household.

Mr. Wheatley's advice was at once acted upon. Norman and his mother had an interview with the Latin School head-master, who, while regretting that the promising lad should give up a university course,

recognized the situation and promised to do all in his power to help his favorite pupil on his way to a successful encounter with the now dreaded entrance papers at Annapolis.

The winter glided rapidly by, and the days were full of work and pleasure. Military drill absorbed much of Norman's attention, for he was the commanding officer of the First Battalion of the School Regiment, and was, of course, particularly anxious that his command should outdo the old-time rivals of the High. There were, to be sure, no competitive exercises between the battalions, but they manœuvred before a large audience on successive days, and the newspaper reports contained the criticisms of regular army officers, together with comparison of the forces of the two schools. On the whole, the Latin School boy was satisfied with the published comments, which were, for the most part, in his favor, exceptions being taken only in regard to one or two details of company movement and alignment.

Early in June came the crowning day of the year, the public declamation and award of prizes. Norman had worked hard at his studies, and was admitted to be the best speaker of his class.

In the large hall of the Latin School a gay crowd of mothers and sisters, with a fair sprinkling of fathers and elder brothers, assembled that day to hear the boys express their sentiments on the American

Revolution, the banishment of Catiline, and various other subjects which had fired their young hearts and resulted in this five-minute outburst of eloquence. An orchestra of High School boys magnanimously discoursed sweet music at stated intervals. One after another of the Latin pupils, beginning with young gentlemen in knickerbockers, but with pronounced views on the grave topics already referred to, spoke their pieces and retired.

Last of all came Norman. A murmur of applause from his schoolmates, quickly suppressed by a gesture of the head-master, showed unmistabably his popularity among the boys, who might occasionally fail to recollect the more obscure parts of an irregular Greek verb, but would never forget that hundred-yard run.

Norman's piece was entitled on the programme, "My Country," and comprised selections from Lowell's great "Commemoration Ode."

The tired, restless audience grew quiet as they felt the spell of the poet's noble words and of the spirit and enthusiasm of the speaker, until he reached these lines:

"Be proud! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her!
She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,
She of the open soul and open door,
With room about her hearth for all mankind!
The fire is dreadful in her eyes no more:
From her bold front the helm she doth unbind,

Sends all her handmaid armies back to spin,
And bids her navies, that so lately hurled
Their crashing battle, hold their thunders in,
Swimming like birds of calm along the unharmful shore."

At this point Norman caught his breath and his voice broke a little. Some of the audience thought he had forgotten what came next, but Hallie and her mother understood his emotion at the grand words which so nearly touched his chosen calling.

The boy mastered himself in a moment and went on, his voice ringing out clearer and stronger as he neared the close of the ode:

" O Beautiful ! my Country ! ours once more !
Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair
O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,
And letting thy set lips,
Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,
The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,
What words divine of lover or of poet
Could tell our love and make thee know it,
Among the Nations bright beyond compare ?
What were our lives without thee ?
What all our lives, to save thee ?
We reck not what we gave thee ;
We will not dare to doubt thee,
But ask whatever else, and we will dare ! "

A thunder of applause almost interrupted the last words as Norman bowed low and left the platform. With wet eyes and tightly clasped hands one mother

and one blue-eyed sister among the many in that audience sat motionless until the clapping died away, and the head-master stepped forward to announce the prizes for regular school work during the past year. Two of these came to Norman, one being for conduct and the other for excellence in English branches. Then the sweet strains of " Fair Harvard " floated out over the hall—a time-honored custom of the old Latin School at St. Botolph.

Meanwhile the judges were busy with their calculations and figures, and presently a member of the School Committee appeared, and after a short speech proceeded to award the declamation prizes. We, like Hallie and her mother, are interested in only one of them, the first, which went to Norman Holmes.

Another outburst of applause, long and loud, redoubled when the tactful committeeman added with a smile, " May Master Holmes be as successful in after life as he has been in his studies—and in football! "

More music, the hum of voices, the congratulations of friends, loving glances from dear ones—so ended Norman's school-days.

CHAPTER V.

DAVE REXDALE.

"Well, Jed, this piece is turning out pretty well. Look at my last row!"

Jedediah Tompkins, ex-man-of-warsman and at present man-of-all-work on the Rexdale farm, situated in Coös County, New Hampshire, leaned on his hoe and wiped the perspiration from his honest brow. It was near the close of a hot afternoon in late July.

"Beats all," said he, "how them 'Arly Rose potatoes do grow. Reminds me o' one time when I was off the coast o' Brazil——"

"Yes, I know," said the other speaker hastily. "You run short of vegetables and had to bring to a native boat—you tell me all about it by and by, Jed, when we get back to the house. Now let's dig!"

He was a rugged-looking boy of sixteen or seventeen, brown as an Indian, the sleeves of his rough flannel shirt rolled back from the forearm, on which the veins stood out like whipcords as he worked. Dave Rexdale was accounted one of the likeliest "hands" in the township of Granite; for he did not

disdain to "hire out" to neighboring farmers when he could be spared from his home work.

Dave was the son of Lieutenant Rexdale, U. S. N., whose gallant deeds in the Mississippi Squadron in 1864 had made him well known throughout the service and at Washington, though they had furnished few headlines to the Northern papers. Whenever a cool head, quick hand, and absolutely self-forgetful courage were needed on board his ship, Rexdale was first choice for the special duty required. In reconnoitring for obstructions with a boat party, in a thick fog, under the very guns of a Confederate fort, he had been suddenly discovered and fired on, bringing his crew back to the ship's deck with great difficulty, together with a splinter of the gunwale of his boat. The surgeon did his duty expeditiously, but Rexdale was a cripple for life. He was honorably retired with a fair pension, and returning to his old New Hampshire home among the hills, married the sweet-faced, shy country-girl whom he had left behind when he volunteered at the outbreak of the war, and on whom, modest and gentle as she was, the fact of his great misfortune had no more effect than a northeast gale on an anemone. Singularly enough, that was her full name, though she was called Annie by all her matter-of-fact associates.

Dave had an older sister, Prudence, now married to an energetic young farmer in Conway; two older

brothers, both in business; and a frail, sweet younger sister, whose first faint baby cry was the good-by of earth to her mother.

The wee thing hovered in the misty borderland just this side of heaven for weeks, but she lived and thrived, and she, too, was named "Anemone."

Lieutenant Rexdale did not long survive his wife's death. The orphaned children remained on the farm, in charge of their grandparents and a maiden aunt, who was of the taciturn old New England stock, and whose life was a constant struggle not to show the children how much she loved them. They, on their part, soon pierced Aunt Letitia's disguise of severity, and, it is to be feared, presumed upon their knowledge, taking advantage of the forbidding but sure refuge of her loyal affection whenever they got into trouble.

Time passed, the old people fell asleep and rested in the little country churchyard, the two older boys obtained situations in Boston; Prudence, the older sister, blushingly became Mrs. Ezekiel Duncan, and Dave, with little Anemone, alone remained on the farm with their aunt.

In this rapid sketch of the Rexdale family history I have omitted mention of one faithful soul, Tompkins, who had been gunner's mate under Lieutenant Rexdale, had become devotedly attached to his superior officer, and at the close of the war had resigned from the navy to serve once more under the crippled lieu-

tenant, exchanging the handling of the direful ammunition of war for peaceful manipulation of eggshells and potato-balls. His wages were small, as his labor, in truth be it confessed, was unskilful; but he could not be induced to abandon farming or his "leftenant," whom, when sadly wounded, he had tenderly borne over the side of the old *Carondelet.*

After the care of his fifteen-year-old sister, one great ambition absorbed Dave's whole thought—to follow his father's footsteps and serve in the navy. Like scores of other boys throughout the United States, he was now looking forward with a mixture of fear and delight to the fall examination at the academy. An honest, straightforward presentation of his case to the department, with manly reference to his father's services in the Gulf, and plenty of testimonials from school and church in his native town, had obtained for him favorable consideration as one of the candidates "at large" appointed this year by the President. Every moment that could be spared from farm work had been spent in preparation for the examination. Throughout the long winter evenings he had worked over his geography, his algebra, and other studies, by candle and fire light, receiving no little help from Annie, who was bright as a dollar and was glad and proud to be of assistance to her brother.

She was a slight, sweet-faced girl, as her mother had been, with grave brown eyes and sunny hair that

hung in ringlets, country-fashion, over her shoulders. Like Dave, she revered her father's memory, and believed that his son could pay it no more fitting tribute than to adopt his calling and pursue it with honor. The government provision which allows five hundred dollars per year as regular pay to cadets obviated a difficulty which would have stood in the way of a college education, and would enable Dave to meet all his own expenses during the academy course.

Jedediah was weary. Farming was always irksome to him, and potato-digging was a duty he would have been glad to shirk, had it been consistent with his ideas of loyalty to the late leftenant.

"Sho, chopped that big feller right in two!" he exclaimed apologetically after a renewed onslaught with his hoe.

"Change with me, and take this fork," said Dave, gravely. "We can't afford to slice our vegetables before they are cooked, Jed."

The old man murmured something uncomplimentary to potatoes, but added, relenting, that "they were good for scurvy."

"I've sold fifty bushels right in the ground," continued Dave, opening another hill of great pink-and-russet beauties. "Hobbs wants 'em before the end of the week to send to one of the big hotels."

"Wish he had to dig 'em himself!"

"Jed," laughed Dave, hoeing away vigorously, "if

you ever stop grumbling, I shall think you need a doctor! You needn't work unless you want to, you know."

"I'd like to have about a thousand dollars an' settle down," remarked the man-o'-warsman. "Look at that craft, now, loaded with dollars from keelson to truck!"

Dave paused a moment to gaze at the big mountain tally-ho coach that came rumbling down the hill towards them in a cloud of dust, its six horses at full gallop, its roof covered with a gay crowd of young people.

The girls waved their scarlet parasols to the farmer-lad, and two or three well-dressed young men swung their hats. Just as Dave returned the salute, Jed cried out, "Look out! Look out, thar! Slow up! Port yer helm, or you'll be onto the big rock!"

The big rock was a bad obstruction in the granite road at this point. It had been brought to the attention of the selectmen, and had been mentioned more than once in town meeting. It was the outcrop of an ugly ledge that ran diagonally across the road; and every farmer within ten miles knew of it, as his father and grandfather had before him, and slowed up his team, purely from habit, in driving over it. The road had been filled in up to its level, time and again, but the sandy soil would disappear in the next heavy rain. At the very last town meeting fifty dollars had

THE TALLY-HO COACH.

been appropriated, in the face of determined opposition from thrifty taxpayers, for the purpose of blasting the obnoxious ledge out of the way, and levelling the road to its normal grade, but nothing had as yet been done.

"Gracious, they're over!" shouted Dave, dropping his fork and springing toward the wall that bounded the road.

The nigh forward wheel of the coach had struck the ledge fairly at full speed, and in a moment the huge vehicle was overturned with a dull crash, the passengers hurled in a shrieking heap into the gully by the roadside, and the horses piled up in the road beyond them.

CHAPTER VI.

A WRECK ON DRY LAND.

One of the first of the fallen passengers to regain his feet, as Dave bounded over the wall to their succor, was a boy of about his own age or slightly younger. His neat clothing was torn and dusty and he had a bad cut on his forehead; otherwise he seemed unhurt.

"Help the driver with the horses, will you, please?" he panted as he turned to assist one of the girls who had fallen a little beyond the rest.

"I guess I'll take right hold here," said Dave, taking in the situation at a glance. "The horses are all right."

The two worked together, helping the dishevelled, sobbing, bruised passengers, one after another, to their feet. One young man remained on the ground; it was evident that his leg was broken; and one of the girls, on rising, had immediately sunk down again with a cry of pain.

Dave now ran to the driver's assistance, and found him, aided by Tompkins, getting the last of the six trembling horses upon his feet. One of the driver's

arms hung helplessly at his side; his team were apparently all unhurt beyond a few slight cuts and bruises.

"It's the fault o' that blamed rock," shouted the driver with an oath. "The town's liable fer damages, an'——"

"Never mind that now," sharply interrupted the boy who had first accosted Dave. "The question is, what to do with the injured passengers. Mr. Marsden's leg is broken, and my sister has a badly sprained ankle, if nothing worse. How far is it to the nearest doctor's?"

"Ye'll have to go to the Corner, Mr. Holmes," said the driver sulkily. "That's about five mile an' a half from here. Ef I'd known——"

"Your sister can be taken to my house," said Dave to the boy, with a glance at the girl who was resting on the turf against the wall, with a white face; "the ride's a pretty long one, and the road's rough. Besides, it'll take time to raise the coach and fix it up so it can be drawn to the Corner. The off hind wheel's turned under, and half the spokes are out. We shall have to rig a joist over the front axle, and let it drag at a walk. Everybody's welcome to that house yonder," he added in a louder voice, addressing the rest of the company, who were all talking at the same time, pinning up torn gowns and comparing bruises.

About half the number accepted the invitation with

a nod of thanks, and limped off up the hill to the farm-house. The young fellow whose injury was severest was made as comfortable as possible with coats and shawls in the shade of a neighboring apple-tree which overhung the wall.

"I'd like to have my sister go to your house," said Norman—for he it was—"but she can't walk a step. Do you suppose we can carry her?"

For reply Dave stepped over to Hallie's side, and before she fairly guessed what he was about, raised her gently in his arms as if she were a baby, though she was in reality nearly as tall as Norman himself and no light burden.

"Oh!" cried Hallie, "please! I'm too heavy!"

Dave smiled and took up his march toward the house.

"Don't worry, miss," he said. "It's no trouble at all." Not a very brilliant remark, but he couldn't for the life of him think of anything else to say; and to tell the truth, by the time he reached the top of the hill he hadn't much breath left for general conversation.

Depositing the suffering girl in a big easy-chair, he left her to the ministrations of Annie and Miss Letitia, and soon hurried back to the wreck. Jed and the driver, under direction of the former, who was now in his element, were engaged in rigging a rope and block from the tree to the coach. The horses had

been led some distance down the road and were in charge of one of the passengers.

Dave at once joined the workers, but before the rope was made fast to the coach Mr. Hobbs, the forthputting dealer to whom the Rexdales had sold their early potato crop, came jogging along in a light "democrat" wagon.

"Hulloa!" he exclaimed, alighting stiffly. "Whoa, girl!—what's up?"

"It's down," said Jed tersely, with a dry chuckle, from among the springs of the coach. "Can't ye see fer yourself, Mr. Hobbs? The craft's capsized."

"Sho! Had a spill, ain't ye? Anybody hurt?"

In view of the presence of half a dozen young ladies who looked as if they had just emerged from a first-class football scrimmage, and of poor Mr. Marsden groaning beside the wall, with a pretty girl fanning him and holding salts to his nose, the question was hardly necessary. Indeed, good-natured Mr. Hobbs did not wait for an answer, but proffered his services at once.

"I c'n take holt an' help on gittin' up the stage-cu'ch," he remarked, "or I c'n carry two or three on ye over t' the Corner, whar thar's a hotel an'" (with a glance at the sufferer and the attendant little Sister of Mercy) "a doctor—ef so be he's 't home."

"Oh, *do* take poor Mr. Marsden!" exclaimed the

pretty girl; "and—and I'll go too, to take care of him."

The dealer's eyes twinkled a moment, but he only turned to the others with perfect gravity, and bidding them "ketch holt," applied himself to lifting the injured man into his wagon; a task which, with their aid, he accomplished with wonderful gentleness, though his movements were clumsy and his hands big and horny.

Up climbed the girl, and with a chorus of "Good-by, Miss Whipple! Good-by, Dollie!" from those left behind, the wagon and its three passengers disappeared down the dusty road.

In due time the coach slowly came creaking up to its normal position after many a sturdy pull and "Heave, boys!" from the old sailor, who viewed his work with great satisfaction, not unmixed with regret that it was so soon over.

The joist was arranged, the horses harnessed, the excursionists recalled from the farmhouse, and one after another entered the now disreputable-looking vehicle, most of them preferring, strange to say, the inside seats.

"Come, Norman! Here you are, Holmes!" shouted two or three of the company as he remained standing beside the road. "Where's your sister? Miss Holmes isn't here!"

"We aren't going," said Norman soberly. "Hallie's

suffering a good deal, and they say she mustn't be jolted over the road. I was just going to ask you to hunt up the doctor for me, and send him along as fast as he can come. I may have to telegraph to Boston for Dr. Lothrop."

"Oh, too bad! *Can't* she come? We'll hold her all the way," cried the girls.

"No, it's no use. The people here are very kind, and say we can stay overnight as well as not. Good-by! We'll see you all at the hotel to-morrow, I hope."

Dave Rexdale sprang up beside the driver just as the latter gathered his reins for a start.

"I'm going for that doctor myself," he sung out to Norman. "I know him, and I can find him quicker than anybody. Besides, he may not be at home, and then I'll get over to Conway, somehow, and hunt up a doctor there. Tell my aunt where I've gone, please."

Presenting a very different aspect from that of the gay tally-ho which had dashed down the hill an hour before, the coach started off, the horses walking and the timber substitute for a hind wheel dragging heavily long the road.

Norman watched them out of sight, and then turned his steps toward the house, where Hallie was lying on Anemone's bed, trying to suppress the moans that would escape when the twinges of pain were unusually sharp.

"I declare," said Miss Letitia, bustling about the

kitchen, pulling down arnica and herbs from top shelves, and hurrying to and fro with the tea-kettle, "it does seem's if that driver ought to be put in jail. He might 'a' known better than drive that way."

"He said it was a ledge sticking up in the road," suggested Norman, selecting a seat apparently out of the range of Miss Letitia's orbit as she flew about the kitchen.

"Ledge!" she exclaimed sharply. "I sh'd think 'twas! Everybody within twenty miles knows about that rock and reckons distance from it. Now, Jed, do keep out o' my way. You're no use here. Go 'n' draw me a pail o' water, an' then tend to the cattle."

Jed grinned at Norman and withdrew, pail in hand. Presently the slow strokes of the uneven windlass were heard as the cool bucketful came dripping up from the depths of the well.

"Don't look so worried," said Hallie, trying to smile as Annie hung over her, fanning away the flies and looking a brown-eyed world of pity. "It doesn't hurt *quite* so bad now."

"If the doctor 'd only come!" said the little nurse. "I hate to have you suffer so. What did you say your name was, please?" she added timidly.

"Hallie Holmes. Hallie's a funny name, isn't it?"

"Not as funny as mine," returned the other, a dimple appearing in each cheek.

"'Annie'? Why, that isn't so very uncommon, is it? I know two or three Annies in St. Botolph."

"That isn't my real name."

"What is it, then?"

"Anemone."

"Oh, how lovely! That dear little flower that comes in the spring. It's just *like* you, too!" she added, giving Annie's hand a little squeeze. "I believe we're going to be real friends always, you know," she continued. "I like you ever so much already, and your brother is splendid and strong. He carried me just like a—a——"

"Kitten!" suggested Annie, smiling back affectionately in her turn. "Yes, he's just as strong! He catches me up and runs all over the house with me sometimes, when he says I'm contrary."

"Contrary! I don't believe you ever were in your life! How do you like *my* brother?"

"I've hardly seen him," said Annie. "He looks nice."

"He *is* nice! And he's going into the navy."

"Why, so is Dave!" cried the country girl. "He's going to try the examinations at the academy at Annapolis this very fall!"

"So is Norman! They'll get acquainted and be great friends, just as we are."

At this point Aunt Letitia came bustling in, and

seeing a little flush in Hallie's cheeks, divined that she was talking too much.

"Now, Annie," said she in her brusque way, "you must go right out into the kitchen or keep still if you're going to stay in here. Miss Holmes is gettin' feverish, and must just lay still without sayin' another word."

The girls glanced mischievously at each other and subsided. The old clock in the corner of the "best room" close by ticked away dreamily, and in spite of her aching ankle, Hallie dropped into a half drowse, which was interrupted an hour later by the entrance of the doctor, a bluff, gray-bearded man with a rough voice and a touch as gentle as a woman's.

"Mustn't be moved for a week at least," he announced gruffly after an examination of his patient's injury. "It's a bad sprain, but nothing worse. A few days' rest will set everything right. If she's restless to-night, give her ten drops of this" (leaving a small phial on the table). "I'll call in to-morrow forenoon." And off he trudged, the roll of his buggy wheels a moment later telling of his departure.

Miss Letitia seemed by no means discomposed by the prospect of a week's visit from her unexpected guests, and set about preparing a lotion the doctor had prescribed, and put the biscuits into the oven for supper, quite as if nothing unusual had occurred.

Hallie was too weak and feverish to realize or care

much what was before her. Norman, who had sent one brief message to his mother by a friend in the coaching party, now wrote another, which Dave promised to take to the telegraph office next morning, as the boys agreed it would only worry Mrs. Holmes to receive a despatch late at night, when she could do nothing for her daughter, being fifteen miles away at a large summer hotel.

Annie was grieved that Hallie should suffer, but delighted that she was to see more of her, and that the two brothers should have an opportunity of getting acquainted before they met at Annapolis.

Dusk fell, and a whip-poor-will alighting on the well-curb close beside the house, filled the air with his plaintive notes.

With this sweet "Whip-poor-*Will!* Whip-poor-*Will!*" in her ears, and the drowsy, comfortable murmur of voices from the kitchen, Hallie forgot her pain and the exciting events of the day, and was soon fast asleep.

CHAPTER VII.

FARM LIFE AND A YARN.

Early the next forenoon Mrs. Holmes arrived at the Rexdale farm. Miss Letitia received her with due dignity and at once ushered her into Hallie's room, unbending so far, on the way thither, as to remark briefly, "She's better."

The meeting between mother and children was a touching one, for Mrs. Holmes felt she had come terribly near losing one or both. Hallie, however, was now refreshed by a good night's rest and fairly on the road to recovery; while Norman's football training had rendered him, as he said, "bump-proof," and barring the cut on his forehead and a scratch or two, he was quite himself.

The old house was now well filled, the hostess having insisted on Mrs. Holmes staying with her daughter until the latter should be able to leave. Dave accordingly harnessed up and drove to the hotel, returning late in the afternoon with the lady's trunk, filled by one of the maids with such articles from her rooms as were deemed necessary for herself, Norman, and Hallie during their enforced visit at the farm.

Acquaintance among the young people rapidly ripened into friendship, as Hallie had predicted. Norman proved that he was no white-fingered dandy by going into the field with Dave and working beside him with a vigor which atoned for his lack of skill. During the hours thus spent the two boys had a good many long and eager talks on the topic which filled the minds of both—the Naval Academy.

"The examination's going to be awfully hard, I'm afraid," said Dave anxiously during one of the noon rests. "They say only about half the fellows that try get in."

"That so?" rejoined Norman. "Then I'm sorry for the two chaps that must be dropped to balance us," he added coolly.

Dave looked at the Latin School boy with almost a touch of envy.

"It's all very well for you to say that," he slowly answered. "You've had the best of city schooling and are ever so far ahead of me, though I'm a year older. You see, I've had to pick up my education a bit at a time. Sometimes there's a good teacher at the district school and sometimes a poor one. I've had to walk three miles and a half each way, and a big storm would often keep me at home shovelling snow, breaking out road, and doing chores."

"I know," rejoined Norman. "You've done splendidly, old fellow, and what you have learned will stick.

Now, I'm all right in some of the more advanced studies, but the very places where you are strong are my weak points. Annie showed me that last composition of yours——"

"Well, if I don't talk to her!"

"And it just made me feel small," continued Holmes, laughing at the other's discomfiture. "Then geography always came hard to me, and I'll warrant you're as much at home in Polynesia as Coös County. I wonder what kind of questions they'll ask, anyway."

"Why, here you are. Didn't you read this?" asked Dave; and pulling a well-worn copy of the "Regulations" from his pocket, he proceeded to read aloud:

"'GEOGRAPHY.—Candidates will be required to pass a satisfactory examination, written or oral, or both, in descriptive geography, particularly of our own country.'"

"Thank goodness for that!" said Norman with feeling.

"'Questions will be given under the following heads: The definitions of latitude and longitude; the zones; the grand divisions of the land and water; the character of coast lines; the direction and position of important mountain chains and the locality of the higher peaks; the position and course of the principal rivers, their tributaries, and the bodies of water into which they flow; the position of important seas, bays, gulfs, and arms of the sea; the position of independent States, their boundaries and capital cities; the position and direction of great peninsulas, and the situation of important and prominent capes, straits, sounds, channels, and the most important

canals [a groan from Norman] ; great lakes and inland seas ; position and political connection of important islands and colonial possessions ; localities of cities of historical, political, or commercial importance (attention is especially called to the rivers and bodies of water on which cities are situated) ; the course of a vessel in making a voyage between well-known seaports.' "

"Well," said Norman as the other paused, "there's enough to floor the best regulated candidate half a dozen times over. 'Political connection of important islands!' I'm all right on Cuba and Hayti, but think of the rest of the West Indies, not to mention the East!"

"Hold on; I'm not through yet. Here's some more of the same sort," laughed Dave.

"'The candidate's knowledge of the geography of the *United States* cannot be too full or specific on all the points referred to above. Accurate knowledge will also be required of the position of the country with reference to other States, and with reference to latitude and longitude ; of the boundaries and relative position of the States and Territories and of the name and position of their capitals, and of other important cities and towns.' "

"Well, all I've got to say is," remarked Norman as Dave concluded the paragraph, "I hope my remarkable proficiency in some other branch—I don't exactly know which one—will soften the hearts of the board, so they'll drop a tear on the geographical blunders I'm sure to make; several tears, to be perfectly safe."

"Dinner, boys!" called Anemone from the stile at the corner of the lot; and the conversation was cut short.

"They say the cadets are called to their meals by a bugler," said Norman as they trudged homeward. "That's one military signal that'll be obeyed promptly, anyway!"

The girls, on their part, found plenty of subjects of mutual interest to occupy their busy young tongues and heads. Annie admired her guest immensely, and in the secrecy of her own bedroom tried to braid her hair into an approved St. Botolph "pigtail," but it was too abundant and curly to submit to such treatment, and the attempt had to be abandoned.

"I'll do it up in a year or two," said its owner apologetically as Hallie, in a gale of laughter, heard the story of the failure. The country girl seemed as absolutely unconscious of the beauty of those sunny, unfashionable, untamable curls as Hallie was indifferent to her own glossy brown braid, the envy of her less favored schoolmates at home.

The girls agreed that the worst of the Annapolis plan was the necessary absence of their brothers during the greater part of the year. Still they could write to the academy, and they could correspond with each other—as they fervidly promised to do—regularly and frequently.

One by one the long summer days glided by. Sun-

shine was followed by black clouds and storm, and they in their turn by blue skies. Hallie's ankle grew steadily stronger, though the visit at the farm was prolonged to ten days before it was thought best for her to be removed.

It was on a bright August morning, just four weeks before examination day, when a comfortable carriage from the hotel came down the hill (carefully slowing up at the ledge) and halted before the Rexdale farmhouse, where the group of visitors and hosts were already gathered on the neatly kept green.

Mrs. Holmes clasped Miss Letitia's hand, hardened by a lifetime of household work, and held it as if it were a royal palm that rested in hers.

"I can never forget your kindness!" she said. "Do come to St. Botolph some day, and let me make you 'at home,' as you have done for me here! But I never can repay you——"

"Law," broke in Miss Letitia abruptly, but with a suspicion of moisture in her keen gray eyes, "'twas nothing. I'm always glad to help a neighbor," she added, unconsciously annotating the New Testament. "As for goin' to St. Botolph, there ain't much chance o' my ever leavin' Granite. I was born here, and here I shall die, most likely, without ever goin' away till then. But if Dave, here, should happen to be down your way, an' you could take him for a night——"

"Our home shall be his whenever he shall come," rejoined Mrs. Holmes promptly and earnestly; "his and dear little Anemone's, as well as your own, Miss Letitia."

Norman gave Dave a hearty handshake and clap on the back, boy fashion. Boys say a great deal with their hands, as the deaf and dumb do with fingers. Each understood the other, of these two, without the spoken messages they were too shy to put into words.

I think Annie and Hallie cried a little when they parted, after a clinging embrace, and renewed injunctions and promises to "write right off."

"Good-by! Good-by!" The carriage rolled away; old Jed, who had been secretly remembered in a substantial way by the Holmes, first saluting and then waving his hat until they were out of sight.

"Sorry to have 'em go," he remarked with more of the freedom of a down-East "hand" than the discipline of a man-of-war.

"Whew!" he continued, "hot, ain't it?" Then, seeing that no one else seemed disposed to talk, and taking advantage of the softened mood of his employers, "Reminds me o' that 'ere July mornin' in '62 when we fit the *Arkansas*."

"Well, well, Jed," said Dave with an indulgent smile, "let's have the yarn before we go to work. Sit down on the door-stone and fire away."

"I was sarvin' on the *Essex*, in the crew of a six-

inch forrard gun," began the old sailor, delighted with an opportunity to substitute story-telling for manual labor. "The big ram was lyin' moored under the guns o' the Vicksburg batteries, and our fleet was up-river. Jest at daylight ('twas the twenty-second of July, onless I'm wrong) we up anchor an' dropped down-stream. When we reached a p'int opposite the city the *Essex* steamed ahead and made for the *Arkansas*, which every man of us knew was a better armed ship than ourn, not to speak o' the big batteries on shore coverin' her.

"Cap'n Porter meant to ram her, but the rebs were smart an' let go the bowline, so 't she swung out into the stream, and our blow, strikin' sort o' glancin', jest sent us hard an' fast into a mud-bank. All we could do was to run out our guns and plump shot into the ram as fast as we could. We could see her crew runnin', an' she didn't try to fight us, but left that to the batteries, which opened fire on us as soon as we came in sight.

"Three heavy shot came in through the bow casemates, killin' one man, poor Joe Castles, jest at my side, and woundin' three with splinters. It was still dark b'low decks, an' I remember how the shells, as they bu'st outside, kept lightin' us up while we worked our guns.

"Wall, Farragut, he concluded not to help us out, and Cap'n Porter had to ring to back her, though he

hated to retreat. He couldn't take the *Arkansas* an' the city o' Vicksburg all by himself, though I b'lieve he'd 'a' tried ef the admiral had signalled him to do it.

"We backed off the bank an' got away safely, leavin' an eight-fut hole in the *Arkansas*, an' dented all up ourselves from the battery guns. We arterwards counted the marks of over thirty solid shot an' shell, one eight-inch rifled shot goin' nearly a foot into our bows, and a ten-inch shell leavin' its mark jest below. The woodwork outside our casemates was knocked into kindlin' wood.

"Jest a fortnight later we sunk that 'ar old ram, and in September bombarded Natchez till it surrendered. It wa'n't long arterwards that we shelled the Port Hudson batteries while Farragut got past with the *Hartford* an' *Albatross*. The rebs tried to blow us up with torpedoes close by thar an' failed. Dave, ye'll be glad to know that our next sarvice was to tow the disabled *Monongahela* down the river an' so saved her, to be the cruisin' ship o' the Naval Academy, whar she's stationed to-day."

Dave's eyes glistened with ardor at the old salt's story, and he rejoiced at the thought that, if successful at the examination, he should ere long tread the deck of one of that gallant fleet, the Mississippi Squadron, that did so much to decide the results of the great Rebellion.

THE "MONONGAHELA."

Norman Holmes, for his part, devoted several hours a day, even at the summer hotel, to the review of the studies in which he knew he was least proficient. The family remained in the mountains until near the close of August, then returned to their home in St. Botolph.

Every evening Hallie got out her atlas and asked all the puzzling questions she could think of, "with special attention to the rivers and bodies of water on which cities were situated." The daily papers, with their shipping columns, were of great help in this particular; the cable reports being taken each morning as a sort of examination paper, from which the foreign ports were to be hunted up on the map.

Norman also spent considerable time on his mathematics, refreshing his memory of square root, calculations of latitude and longitude, proportion, and the like. One or two friends had suggested a brief course of "coaching for examination" at an Annapolis institute which made such instruction a specialty; but Norman was confident that the Latin School fitting was equal to the emergency. How well this confidence was justified will be seen from the sequel.

While Norman had been faithfully at work in the Latin School and during the summer, his friends had not been idle.

His uncle Richard had lost no time in corresponding with his old college chum, the Member of Con-

gress from the St. Botolph district, setting forth Norman's qualifications for a naval career and his own earnest desire that the boy might be allowed a trial. The application had been made in a fortunate time; for, although the appointment had already been given, the congressman learned, just before receiving the Chicago banker's letter, that the favored lad was ill, and had been sent abroad by the family physician. The place was thus unexpectedly left vacant, and the appointment was at once transferred to Norman, who thereupon received the following notice, printed in script, from Washington. It should be premised that Mr. Wheatley, in his application, had stated that his nephew preferred to enter in the fall.

"NAVY DEPARTMENT, BUREAU OF NAVIGATION,
"WASHINGTON, *April* 17, 189–.

"*Sir:*

"You are authorized to report to the superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., on the 2d of September, 189–, for examination as to your qualifications for appointment as a Naval Cadet in the U. S. Navy.

"If qualified, you will receive an appointment bearing the date of your passing the examination, and you will be allowed actual travelling expenses from your home to Annapolis. Your pay will commence on the date you enter the Academy.

"Please acknowledge, without delay, the receipt of this communication; inform the Department whether it is your intention to present yourself for examination, and forward the required certificate from parent, or guardian, stating the place, year, and day of your

birth, and giving consent to your service in the navy. A blank form for this acknowledgment and certificate is herewith enclosed.

"This permit will be void should you not report on the date specified.

Respectfully,

"R—— L——,

"*Chief of Bureau.*

"MR. NORMAN HOLMES,

"St. Botolph, Mass.

"NOTE.—This is to be presented to the superintendent of the Academy."

The blanks referred to were both printed on a large, foolscap half-sheet, and when filled out read as follows:

"ST. BOTOLPH, MASS.,

"*April* 20, 189–.

"*Sir:*

"I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your communication of the 17th inst., giving me authority to report to the superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., on the 2d of September next, for examination as to my qualification for appointment as a cadet in the U. S. Navy, and to inform you of my intention to report accordingly.

"Very respectfully,

"Your obedient servant,

"NORMAN HOLMES."

"The action of my son in signing the above meets my approval, and should he pass the required examination and receive an appointment as a Naval Cadet, I hereby give my consent to his acceptance thereof; and I further hereby give him my full permission to sign articles binding himself to serve in the United States Navy eight years, including his term of probation at the Academy, unless sooner

discharged. He was born at Newburyport, Mass., on the 13th day of November, 18—.

"MARY S. HOLMES.

"THE HONORABLE THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY,
"Washington, D. C."

When this paper had been signed and forwarded, Norman felt that he was almost a naval officer. To be sure, he dreaded examination, as every student does in school or college, but he had great faith in his ability to pass, nevertheless. He at once wrote to his uncle Richard, telling him what had been done, and thanking him heartily and affectionately for his share in obtaining the much sought-for appointment. Mr. Wheatley replied in a characteristic note, telling the lad that he fully counted on his passing the examination creditably, and reminding him of the great responsibility he was assuming in stepping forward, one of the very few from all the millions of citizens of his country, to take his place among the commissioned defenders of her safety and honor in peace or in war.

The summer passed, as we have seen; September arrived at last, and from all over the land aspirants for a position in the navy came pouring into the sleepy, old-fashioned little town of Annapolis.

CHAPTER VIII.

"MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND!"

Norman and Dave had arranged that the latter should come to St. Botolph a day or two before it was necessary to leave for Maryland, and that after a brief visit at the Holmes' he should accompany Norman to Annapolis, where they could at least lend each other moral support at the dreaded examination. Of course no actual assistance or communication would be possible during the ordeal itself.

It was late in the afternoon of the last day in August when the two boys stepped from the "Short Line" train upon the platform at Annapolis. Each had a pretty heavy travelling-bag, and they concluded to accept the invitation of one of the clamorous negro charioteers and ride to the Hotel Maryland, where they were to spend their time until the examination was over and the result announced.

It was raining heavily, and Norman's heart fell as he looked out through the blurred window of the tumble-down old carryall. The red clay, the muddy streets, the elms dropping their shrivelled leaves, the steady downpour of the storm—all combined to throw

a gloom over his prospects. Dave saw this, and had, doubtless, a little of the same feeling, but he did his best to cheer up his comrade.

"Look at the trunk of that tree, all covered with ivy!" he cried. "And see, Norm, there are roses in bloom in a front yard. Wonder what old church that is!"

"Everything is old, and everything is muddy, and everything is—it's the dreariest old place I ever was in!" exclaimed Norman, throwing himself back on the seat.

"Oh, that's just because it rains and you're a bit homesick, as I am," said Dave cheerily. "Don't mind, Norm, 'twill all look different to-morrow. Did you ever see so many little wet darkies?"

Norman could not resist his companion's good-nature, and had already begun to feel a little more like himself when they drove up to the hotel door, and, dismissing the sable young driver, entered the office of the large, rambling, old-fashioned but comfortable house.

A few minutes later they were in their room, a big square one looking out on two streets. Dave skirmished round and procured some wood, with which he soon had a fire crackling merrily in the open fireplace and throwing a warm and cheerful glow over their surroundings.

"Not so bad, after all!" he exclaimed as he drew

back from the hearth, his honest face shining with firelight and good cheer.

"You're a trump, Dave!" exclaimed Norman heartily, giving the other a thump. "I'd like to see anybody keep blue long when you're round!"

"Don't say anything against blue," laughed Dave, holding his hands out to the blaze. "I'm not thinking of Yale, but 'navy blue' is our color for the next eight years——"

"*If* we get in," added Norman lugubriously.

"'In the bright lexicon of youth
There's no such word as fail,'

quoted Dave.

"'But screw your courage to the striking point
And we'll *not* fail!'

See Shak— no, not Shakspeare, but some other fellow who knew what he was talking about. Say, Norm, let's see what's the prospect for supper or dinner or whatever they have at night in these benighted tropics."

The supper was a good one; the evening passed with no other remarkable incident than the advent, in the writing-room, of a large green parrot who tried to drink up the ink with which Norman was writing home; the beds, though not luxurious, were clean and comfortable, and a fine night's sleep, such

as active boys with good health and a good conscience enjoy, followed the long day of travel.

Next morning, Sunday, the lads were awakened by the bright sunshine pouring in at their windows. It was a beautiful autumn day after the storm, and in renewed good spirits the two visitors started out after breakfast to view the town for an hour or two before going to church. They saw a good many other young men of about their own age, whom they guessed to be fellow-candidates for academic honors.

They found the quaint old town full of interest: the ancient houses, the capitol on its little hill, the aged trees, the hospitable-looking homes with their thrifty little gardens, the throngs of colored people, large and small, in the narrow, ill-paved streets—all were new to their Northern eyes.

Saving the exploration of the Naval Academy grounds for afternoon, they at length entered a church for the morning service, and were no sooner comfortably seated than their attention was attracted by a group of young men in natty dark-blue uniforms, who marched in like a military squad and took places near their own.

"Cadets!" whispered Dave, nudging Norman.

But Norman needed no nudging. His eyes were fastened on one of the late-comers, who presently turned, and looking him full in the face, gave a cool

and supercilious nod. It was no other than the redoubtable Rollins, who must have entered in May and was now a full-fledged cadet.

"He's ahead of me this time," said Norman to himself, "but whether he can stay ahead remains to be seen."

He was far from pleased with the prospect of having his old-time rival for a classmate, but the very fact stirred him to new resolves. He *must* pass that examination now!

The service over, our two Northerners left the building and passed near the group of cadets, who were forming to march back to their quarters.

"Hulloa!" growled Rollins in a rough, sneering tone. "Better not try it to-morrow, but run home to your mamma!"

The tone as well as the language was insulting, and Norman longed to call the blue-jacketed young "plebe" to account for it; but Dave linked his arm through his own and drew him away.

"I don't know who that fellow is," he said, "but he evidently knows you and wants to get you into trouble. We'll attend to him later."

"It's that Pete Rollins I told you about," said Norman ruefully, his cheeks still hot. "I'm sorry he's in the academy. Lots of the High School fellows are tiptop, and good friends of mine. It's queer that the only one I don't like should be here. I suppose—if

we get in—we shall have to meet him every day for the next six years!"

"That don't follow!" laughed Dave as they sauntered down the street arm in arm. "Cases have been known where fellows didn't complete the course after they'd once entered!"

"He's a good scholar," said Norman, shaking his head. "He won't drop. Didn't he look glum when he saw me in church!"

"He did that! Perhaps he's running for honors in football, and thinks you may beat him out of the team."

It may be added that subsequent developments proved this surmise to be true. Rollins was trying to "hit" the class football eleven, and was chagrined at the appearance of so formidable a rival as the hero of the great hundred-yard run, the fame of which (thanks to Dr. Paul Dashiel, who was in charge of football at the academy, and was alive to every noteworthy athletic event in college and interscholastic athletics) had reached even the banks of the Severn.

In the afternoon the two young gentlemen from New England started forth again from the "Maryland," this time directing their steps with some eagerness towards the grounds of the institution with which they hoped soon to identify themselves.

Walking over the capitol hill, they pursued their way through Maryland Avenue toward the river until they reached the academy gate. Here they were

confronted by the United States Government in the shape of a uniformed and armed marine, who, however, barely glanced toward them as they passed the guard-house and entered the well-kept precincts beyond. On their left and right were rows of neat brick buildings, which they guessed, from plans they had already consulted, were "Officers and Professors' Quarters." At right angles with this long row, and extending nearly across the narrower northwestern end of the enclosure, was a large building with a central tower and a rather imposing entrance, this being the "upper quarters," or principal dormitory of the cadets, some of whom could be seen passing in and out as the two lads surveyed with curiosity their future home. These cadets could be almost instantly distinguished from young civilians, not merely by their uniforms, but by their erect bearing and their gait, which had nothing of the traditional salt-water "roll" in it, but rather was military in its precision, even when they were off duty and merely crossing the grounds singly or in groups. At present most of the men, it should be said, were absent on leave.

The newcomers could not but be delighted with the appearance of the central portion of the academy grounds, carpeted with green, closely trimmed turf, crossed by tidy paths, and shaded by elms, through whose golden-brown autumnal foliage the sunbeams flickered downward upon the turf. This shaded lawn

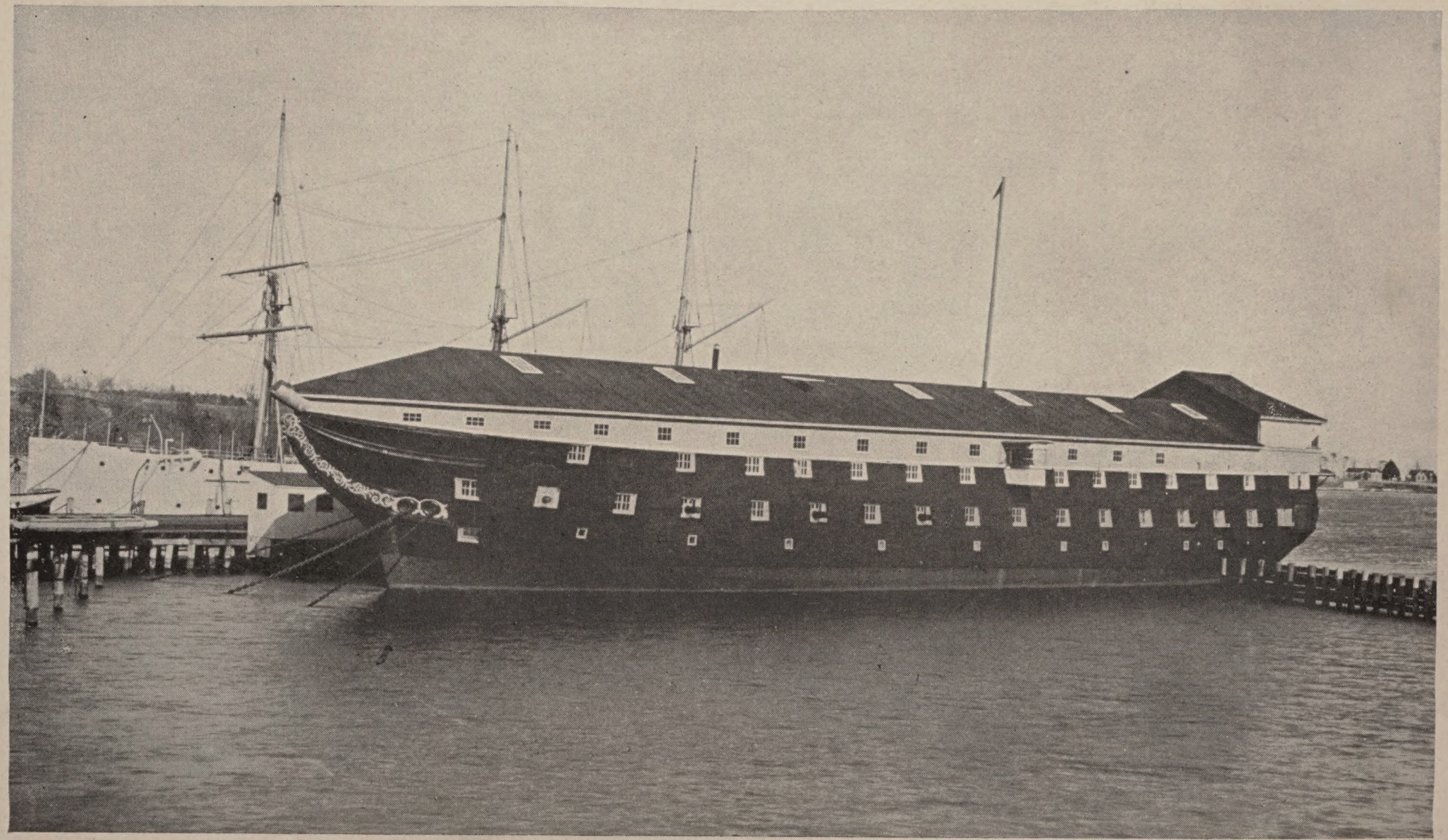
was about five hundred feet long by two hundred broad; it was enclosed on two sides, as we have stated; the remaining flank and end being irregularly bounded by smaller academy buildings which serve for educational purposes and the homes of the highest officials, including the superintendent.

Outside the inner enclosure and behind these buildings was a large oval, evidently devoted to athletics; and beyond this the blue waters of the Severn, dimpling in the sunshine and gentle breeze of the September afternoon, and stretching away to the wooded Maryland shore beyond, where the marble monuments of the National Cemetery gleamed among the foliage.

Following the long paved walk down past the Seamanship and other buildings, they reached a queer-looking circular stone structure, which they recognized at once as old Fort Severn, now crowned with a gymnasium.

Rexdale did not know the history of the aged fortification, but Norman, who had studied it up, informed him that the fort was built in 1809; it was turned over to the academy in 1845, and from that time until the Civil War was used by the cadets for gunnery practice.

Directly after the war (during which the academy was temporarily established at Newport, R. I.) the fort, now partly remodelled, was still used for "great-gun exercise" in Admiral Porter's administration, but



THE OLD "SANTEE."

since that period the ordnance drills have been held on the *Santee* and in the open field; while a modern building of wood, surmounting the old fort, has served for a gymnasium and dance-hall.

Beyond the gymnasium, on the outmost point, were boat-houses and barracks. At the wharf lay the old *Santee*, now used at times for cadet quarters, for drills, and for the detention of unruly cadets under "discipline."

For hours the boys wandered about the fascinating grounds, surveying the buildings and boats, taking note of the manners of the cadets, and observing their jolly ways, but the strict respectfulness of their salutes on meeting superior officers, and talking eagerly of the days to come.

To his relief, Norman saw nothing of Rollins; from the other members of the academy he received no unpleasant glances or words, but little notice being paid to the strangers by the dignified young gentlemen in uniform.

A little weary from their day's tramp and full of eagerness to begin the morrow's battle, the boys returned to the hotel, where they spent the evening with some of the other guests around the piano, singing sacred and patriotic songs, the last of which rang in their ears as they climbed the winding stairs and mingled in their dreams that night—

"MARYLAND—MY MARYLAND!"

CHAPTER IX.

THE ENTRANCE EXAMINATION.

"All hands on deck! Lay aloft to furl the main-royal jibboom! Clew up foretop-mast halliards! Port your helm!" shouted Dave Rexdale as he sprang out of bed on the morning of September third.

"Wha—what's up!" yawned Norman.

"I am!" said his room-mate, dancing into his clothes like Scrooge on Christmas Day. "Wake up, old fellow! It's a great day for the country!"

Norman leaped out onto the floor and followed Dave's example.

"Say, Dave, look at the sun! A good omen, isn't it?"

"Of course 'tis! We're going to rout that Board of Examiners, horse, foot, and dragoon."

"What's the square root of forty-nine thousand and fourteen, multiplied by half the radius of latitude sixty-two north——"

"Oh, let up!" spluttered Dave at the wash-bowl. "I don't know latitude from the binomial theorem now, and you'll mix me all up—whew! that cold water feels good!"

In high spirits the boys disposed of a "substantial

breakfast," as Dave reminded Norman was usually the habit of prisoners before execution, and joined the current of young fellows setting steadily toward the academy gates. They made one or two new acquaintances on the way over, including a stout, jolly-looking lad who hailed from the western part of Ohio and who gave his name as Harry Saunders; and a little chap who was fairly pale with nervous apprehension, but pluckily prepared to face the music with the rest. He introduced himself as G. Tickerson, of Philadelphia, and set the boys wondering what "G." stood for.

"If you don't mind my asking, what's your height?" inquired Saunders, looking down on the little fellow as a particularly large and good-natured St. Bernard might upon a King Charles.

"Five feet and half an inch," said little Tickerson, smiling back at his big comrade.

"Pretty valuable half inch that!" commented Saunders with a laugh. "And I'll warrant it's on the brain-end of you, too."

"I don't know," said "G." rather faintly. "I'm awfully afraid of that examination. I didn't sleep worth a cent last night."

"Just remember," said Norman consolingly, "that the department really wants to get every good fellow in they possibly can. And as you are an especially good fellow——"

Tickerson laughed at that, which was just what Norman wanted. By this time the party had reached the guard-house, and were directed to upper quarters, in front of which a number of candidates had already assembled, busily canvassing their chances of success.

"You're all right, G. Tickerson," said Saunders heartily as they joined the group. "It's the physical examination that will floor me," continued the big, healthy-looking boy, drawing a comically long face. "What's cube root compared with a tape measure and a cardiograph, that they measure your emotions with?"

"Oh, my heart's all right," laughed the other. "And cube root isn't my weak point, either."

"It's mine, then," put in Dave. "I know flag-root and rutabagas all right, but I haven't any use for cubes!"

"Candidates will proceed through the corridors to the mess-hall in an orderly manner," commanded a crisp voice that smacked of the quarterdeck.

Proceed they did, and five minutes later were ranged in long rows, seated at tables in the large mess-hall or dining-room, deep in their tasks. It may interest some lad with naval aspirations to know what sort of questions were asked in the course of this two-days' ordeal.

Geography we have heard discussed on the Rexdale

farm. The questions were few in number, and were fair ones. There were no catchy queries, as "On what gulf is Pekin situated?" or "What is the capital of Patagonia?" Like most of the other questions in the examination, they evidently were intended to ascertain in a general way the degree of knowledge as to the particular subject at hand possessed by the candidate, not to trip him up or let him drop into some insidious pitfall.

The examination in spelling consisted in writing from dictation the first two paragraphs of the first chapter of "The Fortunes of Nigel." Norman, in common with several others, spelled "prejudices" with a superfluous "d," but Dave, who had "spelled down" many a class at the Granite school, did not miss a word, either in this exercise or in any of his neatly written answers, all of which were considered in deciding the spelling test.

In arithmetic, questions were given in writing whole, decimal, and mixed numbers; in the elementary branches of simple computation; in definitions of various arithmetical terms; in fractions, ratio, and proportion. Percentage, interest, and discount also received passing attention, and proved fatal stumbling-blocks to more than one candidate. To Dave's infinite relief, only square root questions happened to be asked, the cube having formed a part of the May papers four months before.

The examination in algebra was elementary in character, and was limited to questions and problems upon the fundamental rules, factoring, algebraic fractions, and simple equations of one or more unknown quantities. This, too, proved far less formidable than Dave had feared, though he just escaped leaving the last problem unsolved.

Grammar was easy. After various requests for definitions and exercises in parsing, the following sentences were given the candidates to correct:

" 1. Describe the sources from which our knowledge of these events are derived. 2. How sweetly their voices sound! 3. Try and do as you was told! 4. I should have liked to have been there and seen it. 5. There's a sweet little cherubim sits up aloft to keep watch for the life of poor Jack! 6. Our friends are coming down the road, but that is not they."

The last sentence was a puzzler, one of the few introduced to " catch " the young writers. Two out of three changed the last word to " them."

Lastly came history. To the surprise of the candidates, there were only two questions to be answered in writing: " 1. State the leading events of the colonial wars, and give the results of each war. 2. Give an account of the formation and adoption of the Constitution." Then followed a searching oral examination, which, severe though it was, afforded relief from the tension of long-continued and constant application.

The questions covered a wide scope, but were confined to the history of the United States, with the names and general limits of the original colonies; the causes of the Revolution, including the Navigation Acts, the Stamp Act, and the Writs of Assistance; the principal battles in the wars of the United States; the names of the Presidents in order, and the leading events in each administration.

Early on the afternoon of the second day Norman heard, with a long sigh of relief, the announcement that the examination was closed. Stiffly and wearily the candidates rose from their seats and filed out of the mess-hall, where, with the exception of a couple of hours each noon, they had spent two days long to be remembered.

"If anybody wants a concise compendium of knowledge," said Saunders as the original quartette that had entered so blithely the morning before filed out of upper quarters, "he'd better get hold of my examination papers and print them for posterity. I've written down everything I know and considerable that I don't."

"Ah-h-h—" yawned Dave, stretching his long arms. "I'm as tired as if I'd been pitching hay since sunrise."

"Say, Holmes, what did you make x equal in that third problem?" inquired Tickerson, taking long strides to keep step with his tall comrades.

"Let me see—six and thirteen hundredths, I believe. It was a decimal with two places."

"That's what I got," put in Dave, "so it *must* be right."

"What Rexdale made it, *goes!*" laughed the jolly Saunders. "My answer was twenty-eight and a string of decimals, but that don't count."

"I came out the same as Holmes," said Tickerson. "With three alike, I'm afraid you missed it that time."

"Oh, well, I tried to get it wrong," chuckled the good-natured candidate. "I was afraid if I let myself out they might run me in for instructor in mathematics, and 'twould be awkward pulling you fellows up when you didn't know your lessons, you see."

"Narrow escape!" from Norman.

The whole body of candidates were now ordered to the Naval Academy Hospital, where, one by one, they were subjected for fifteen or twenty minutes to a most rigid physical examination by a board of medical officers of the navy. Vision, color-blindness, organic or hereditary disease, habits—all were subjects of searching inquiry. Measurements were taken of height and girth, which had to be within certain limits considered normal for boys of their age.

Tickerson's case evidently gave rise to discussion. He was measured two or three times in his stockings, weighed, and sharply questioned as to his general health.

Like all dreaded emergencies, the examination was over at last, and the candidates wearily wended their way through the gates.

"I feel as if I'd been keel-hauled," remarked one.

"I don't know what that is, old salt," said his neighbor, "but *I* feel as if I'd been knot-holed."

The marine at the gates looked stolidly at the little groups of boys passing out.

"'Who can tell what a baby thinks?'" sang Harry Saunders, "or an orderly?" he added, glancing over his shoulder at the imperturbable representative of Uncle Sam.

The boys voted to have a grand supper at the "Maryland" to celebrate the occasion, the New Englanders inviting the two others, who were quartered elsewhere in the city.

"Yes," said Tickerson, gleefully, "it's a good plan to celebrate now while we can. We'll be like the Irishman who laughed at the bull before he was tossed over the wall. 'Bedad,' says he, 'I'm glad I had me laugh first!'"

The hotel did its best to provide a royal banquet that night for its young guests. Norman had privately told Dave that it was "his treat," and had insisted on having the expense of the whole supper charged on his own bill, in spite of the other's protest.

The oysters from the neighboring shores were delicious, the meats savory, the dessert delectable, to

the hungry boys, whose laughter and merry chat at the table, though not loud enough to disturb any one, attracted the attention of all the regular boarders.

A short walk about town in the early evening refreshed them, and returning to the hotel, they obtained permission to use the piano. Tickerson now came out grandly, for he proved to be a fine musician, and played one patriotic piece after another, accompanying his comrades as they sang "Star Spangled Banner," "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," "Hail Columbia," and many others.

The hotel guests dropped in one by one, and listened with pleasure to the fresh young voices. At length, as there was a pause in the music, a very pretty, dark-eyed girl stepped forward and asked with a smile if they would sing "Dixie." Tickerson struck into the opening bars at once, and the young lady herself led the singing with a clear, sweet soprano, the rest joining in the chorus with a will.

The evening closed, naturally, with mutual introductions and a pleasant talk all round. Grace Lee, of the dark eyes and hair, was from Charleston, it seemed, and was spending the winter in Annapolis with her mother, to whom the boys were duly presented. Mrs. Lee met them with true Southern cordiality, and said she hoped to see them often during the coming winter. She was only temporarily at the hotel, and would soon occupy a house for the season in a neighboring street.

Tickerson, who had been eagerly "talking music" with Miss Lee at the piano, looked up at this, and met Harry Saunders' round eyes.

"We—we are not sure——" he stammered, blushing.

"Oh," said his pretty companion, with spirit, "of co'se you'll be in the academy. I want to try a new piece with you that everybody is singing at home."

"That settles it," said Saunders aside, nudging Dave with his elbow. "G. Tickerson's *got* to get in now. You'll see him trying to bribe the examiners to-morrow!"

Altogether it was a jolly time, and the boys forgot both weariness and anxiety long before the hands of the clock told them it was time for the party to break up.

"Good-night! Good-night! Good luck to-morrow!"

CHAPTER X.

CADETS AT LAST.

Early after breakfast the next morning our two New Englanders hurried over to the academy. There was the list, posted on the door of the mess-hall, proclaiming the result of the examination.

With beating hearts they pressed into the outer circle of the dozen or more anxious candidates scanning the report.

A moment later a light came into Norman's face, and he grasped Dave's hand in the crowd.

"Safe at last!" he whispered, his voice trembling. "We've both passed, old fellow!"

The farmer boy squeezed the other's hand in silence till they were out of the building. Then they found their tongues, and talked eagerly of the examination, and the success which they could hardly yet realize.

"Tickerson's in," said Dave. "I knew he was all right in his studies, and, as Saunders said, that half inch saved him in the physical."

"Poor Saunders! Too bad he failed."

"Well, he has another chance to-day and to-morrow to try it over again. I do hope he'll brace

up and pass." (It may be added that he did pass on the secondary examination, though by a narrow margin, and so obtained full standing in his class.)

The lads found that they had time to run back to the hotel before reporting at the superintendent's office, and soon were shaking hands with their new friends at the "Maryland."

Of course they were duly and heartily congratulated by Mrs. Lee and the younger lady who had shared in their suspense.

"I reckon you're cadets now," she said, her eyes dancing, "and you'll be ver' dignified. Perhaps you won't come to see ma and me when we're 'at home'!"

"Indeed we will, if you'll keep up the invitation," they chorused. "We didn't dare to accept until we knew about these things, did we, G.?" added Dave; and he whacked the other playfully over the head with the official document that meant so much to him.

"I guess we'll go outdoors and effervesce a little," laughed Norman. "There isn't room in here."

"Here comes poor Phillips," said Rexdale, lowering his voice as they passed up the street, drinking in the sweet air and sunshine, that seemed a part of the good news. "He failed and feels awfully about it. Going home on the nine-forty this morning."

They nodded to the lad, who looked so pale and for-

lorn that their hearts went out to him; but they passed without speaking.

Others they met, some shouting and laughing in high spirits, some hurrying toward the railroad station, portmanteau in hand, with downcast faces. One young fellow sobbed outright as he stopped and told them of his rejection. He had been one of the most carelessly confident at the examination.

"It'll just kill my father," he said. "He was sure I'd get in, and was proud of my standing in school and my going into the navy."

"Oh, don't worry so," said Norman gently. "You can get the Board of Examiners to let you have another chance next May. You're one of the youngest of us, and can afford to wait. It's only eight or nine months."

Dobson (that was his name) went away rubbing his eyes on his coat-sleeve, but feeling a little comforted by Norman's kindly words; and in fact he did succeed in obtaining another trial, and entered the next year's class, as we shall see. Lucky for him it was, too, that his friends above him remembered and stood by him in his "plebe" days!

At the hour named in the notification, the young men presented themselves at the superintendent's office, and there each filed his oath of allegiance to the United States (previously administered by a notary public), and received his formal appointment as naval

cadet, having already signed articles binding himself to serve in the United States navy eight years, unless sooner discharged.

The newly appointed cadets were then shown their quarters, some on board the *Santee*, and some in the upper story of the large building where they had been examined. Two cadets were told off to each room, and they were allowed to express individual preferences, where they existed, as to their chums. In this way Holmes and Rexdale roomed together.*

The cadets were now directed to the storehouse, where the keeper served out to each most of the following articles (those marked * not being required to conform to a standard pattern, might be brought from home, but, said the rules, "all other articles must be supplied by the storekeeper").

They were measured for their blue uniforms, only the white working suits being furnished ready-made.

One dress jacket	$19.50
One blouse	11.75
Two pairs trousers	21.00
Three working suits	2.85
One overcoat	22.50
One rubber coat	4.00
One rubber hat	.60

* Since 1896 the new fourth class, immediately upon entering the academy in May and September, have been quartered on the *Santee*, remaining there until the term begins, October 1st.

Two pairs of regulation leggings	$ 1.50
Two parade caps	5.90
One knit cap	.68
One mug	.13
One soap box	.63
One laundry book	.25
One pair of blankets	2.50
Two pairs of high shoes	8.50
One pair of overshoes	.72
Eight white shirts	4.40
Twelve linen collars	1.50
Eight pairs of cuffs	1.76
* Eight pairs of socks	2.00
* Eight towels	2.00
* Shaving outfit	1.65
* Four pairs drawers (winter)	5.00
b Four pairs drawers (summer)	3.00
* Four undershirts (winter)	5.00
b Four undershirts (summer)	3.00
One hand glass	.36
Four woollen shirts	7.40
One sweater	2.38
Three white hats	1.20
One reefer	9.00
One jackknife	.75
Six sheets	3.45
Hammock clews	.50
One pair of bathing trunks	.20
Three pairs white thread gloves	.54
Two black silk neckties	.46
Two clothes bags	.42
One hammock mattress	3.00

a One requisition book	$ .30
a One pass-book	.30
a Stencil, ink, and brush	.48
a One bottle of indelible ink	.18
a One wash-basin and pitcher	.90
a One pair gymnasium slippers	1.12
* One whisk	.15
* One coarse comb	.21
* One cake of soap	.10
* One hairbrush	.55
* Stationery	.50
* Twelve white handkerchiefs	2.40
* One pair of suspenders	.40
* Four suits pajamas	6.00
* One toothbrush	.20
* Thread and needles	.19
* Blacking brush and blacking	.55
* Nailbrush	.30
Six pillowcases	1.50
One black silk neckerchief	.60
Name-plate	.30
Two white blouses	4.00
a Two bedspreads	2.20
a Two pairs of drill gloves	1.00
a One slop jar	.95
a Two spatter cloths	.80
One hair pillow	.80
One mirror	1.10
a One rug	1.00
a One hair mattress	5.25
a One broom	.29
Total	$196.20

"Articles marked *a*," the regulations added, "will not be taken on board the practice ship. Of the articles marked *b*, cadets entering in September must have four each."

The necessary $196.20, together with $20 for text-books, was deposited with the pay officer by each cadet, and in due time the "Sep. Plebes" appeared on the parade ground and in the recitation-rooms in all the glory of blue uniforms, like their classmates who had entered in May.

About one hundred in number (though destined, alas, to dwindle sadly before graduation day!), they soon became acquainted with one another's names and peculiarities; like sought like, cliques began to form, nicknames sprang up like weeds in newly ploughed ground; in short, the regular life of the Naval Academy cadet began its course for the newcomers as it had for their predecessors during every one of the last fifty years.

Once and for all, while we are dealing with statistics it will do no harm to give the list of their studies during that first year at the academy. The tables may seem dry to some, but they show more clearly than can any verbose description or mere chance reference the régime on which the daily life and thought of the men was conducted.

Of the daily drills and physical exercises, outdoors and in, we shall speak later; but it is time to return

to the special trials that beset the path of Norman Holmes and his immediate friends.

FIRST TERM.

Department.	Number of recitations a week.	Number of months.	Subjects.	References and Text-books.
Mathematics..	4	4	Algebra: Fundamental operations; reduction and conversion of fractional and surd quantities; reduction and solution of equations of the first and second degrees; inequalities; involution and evolution; arithmetical, geometrical, and harmonical progression.	Hall and Knight's Elementary Algebra. Hall and Knight's Higher Algebra. Todhunter's Algebra.
	2	4	Geometry: Geometry of the straight line, of the circle, and of the plane; theory of proportion; properties of similar figures.	Chauvenet's Geometry
English	2	4	English: The structure and historical development of the English language; syntax; analysis of sentences; punctuation and capitals; exercises in the composition of letters.	Whitney's Essentials of English Grammar. Hart's Punctuation. Buehler's Practical Exercises in English. Webster's Dictionary.
	3	4	History: Outlines of history, especially the history of Greece and Rome, and of the states of western Europe; historical geography; important points in naval history, by notes.	Swinton's Outlines of the World's History. Labberton's Historical Atlas.
Languages	5	4	French: "Natural Method."	Bercy's Le français pratique. Marion's Le Verbe en quatre tableaux. Dictionnaire de poche. —Bellow's.

SECOND TERM.

Department.	Number of recitations a week	Number of months.	Subjects.	References and Text-books.
Mathematics..	3	4	Algebra: Course for first term continued. Development of algebraic functions by means of indeterminate coefficients and the binomial theorem; permutations and combinations; theory of probability; summation of series; continued fractions; logarithms; exponential equations; theory of equations, including the solution of numerical equations; determinants.	Hall and Knight's Higher Algebra. Bowditch's Useful Tables.
	2	4	Geometry: Course for first term continued. Spherical geometry; the cone and the cylinder; mensuration of rectilinear figures, and of the sphere, cone, and cylinder; application of algebra to determinate geometry.	Chauvenet's Geometry
English.....	2	4	English: Words, sentences, and paragraphs; exercises in the composition of letters and telegrams. Themes.	A. S. Hill's Foundations of Rhetoric. Buehler's Practical Exercises in English. Webster's Dictionary.
	3	4	History: Progress of colonial development in America, and the history of the United States; important points in the naval history of the United States by notes or lectures.	Eliot's History of the United States. Mitchell's Atlas.
Languages....	5¼	4	French: "Natural Method."	Bercy's Le français pratique (continued). Bercy's Lectures faciles pour l'étude du français avec notes grammaticales et explicatives.
			Spanish: "Natural Method." (Given as an advanced course.)	Worman's El primer y el segundo libro de español segun el método natural.

CHAPTER XI.

RUMORS OF WAR.

"Turn out, Rexdale!" said Holmes, springing from his bed one fine October morning and shaking his room-mate vigorously by the shoulder. "It's four minutes after gun-fire, and Robertson will be here inside of a hundred seconds. That's right, my hearty! Over goes your mattress!"

The sleepy cadet had barely time to capsize his mattress, "lay the bedclothes neatly across the foot of the bed," as the regulations (known throughout the academy, without any sacrilegious intent, as the "plebe's Bible") direct, and jump into his garments, when Robertson, the "cadet in charge" of that floor, put his head in at the door. Norman, meanwhile, had thrown open the two windows, one of which looked upon the grounds and one upon the blue waters of the Severn.

The young officer glanced at windows and beds, and with a short nod withdrew to visit the adjoining rooms.

While the two cadets are dressing we have time to glance at their quarters. They are fortunate in hav-

ing, as we have seen, a corner room, into which the morning sun is now shining brightly. It is about eighteen feet square, with walls and woodwork painted a light gray. The uncarpeted floor has also a coat of paint of a slightly warmer tint.

There are two narrow iron beds in opposite corners of the room, each with woven-wire springs, thin hair mattress and pillow, and ordinary bedclothes.

In the centre of the apartment stands a small, square table, painted brown, and two chairs. Against the wall are two wardrobes, each containing uniforms and outer clothing on one side, and shelves neatly piled with undergarments and small articles on the other. Every article, and its exact place in the wardrobe, must conform to the regulations. On the outside of these pieces of furniture are the names of the occupants of the room, each on a metallic tag; and on Norman's there hangs also a tag labelled "In charge of room"—whereby we know that he is responsible for the general condition of the quarters during the present week, he and his chum alternating in this office.

The top of the wardrobe is the resting-place for several scientific works, which already begin to show signs of wear, and there are two shelves full besides against the opposite wall.

The furniture of the room is completed by an iron-frame washstand with its appurtenances, together with a small mirror and catchall, the latter containing,

among other toilet articles, a brand-new razor-strop!

The room is heated by steam, and near the radiator are two brooms, which may be assumed to have—thus far—swept clean. Shoes, blacking kit, rubber coat, everything in sight is kept in the pink of order, lest the watchful eye of the cadet officer of the day should observe and report a breach of discipline, resulting in a demerit for the luckless occupant.

Morning gun-fire and reveillé were at six o'clock. At 6.35 A.M. came the ringing assembly call from the bugle, and the cadets hurried downstairs and out into the grounds, where they fell into their places for battalion formation, Saunders and some others of the fourth class rubbing their eyes sleepily.

Three minutes after the "assembly" came a second call. A cadet officer at once stepped to the front of each company and rapidly called the roll, each member answering "Here!" with more or less briskness. One or two cadets had made too close a calculation and came dashing up at the last minute, but in time to answer to their names, thus substituting a "late" mark for an "absent."

"Count—fours!" commanded the officer.

This done, he reported to his chief, who thereupon aligned his company upon the centre or "color company." The adjutant verified the alignment after regular army tactics, and having reported to the cadet

officer in command, read in a loud tone certain orders as to the routine of the day, drills for various divisions, etc. The battalion was then marched into the mess-hall, where each cadet at once went to the place previously assigned him.

"Seats!" shouted the cadet lieutenant-commander, and with a rattling of chair-legs the order was gladly obeyed.

For the next half hour knives, forks, and tongues were busy.

The whole body of cadets, it should be stated, was divided at the beginning of the term into four divisions and each division into four "crews." In the mess-hall each crew, in command of a senior cadet officer, was large enough to fill one of the long tables.

Several other fourth-class men were in the same crew with Norman, and he was soon given a hint that something unusual was in the air.

"What is it?" he inquired, *sotto voce*, of Dick Staples, a big California classmate, whose seat was next his own.

"Some of the 'youngsters' are going to run two or three of our fellows, so they say."

In recent years the term "youngsters" signifies, in academic parlance, the next class above the lowest; and Norman knew that "running" was the term used for the rather mild form of hazing which was fabled to have survived the barbaric days of yore, in spite of

the stern regulation to the contrary, and the prompt punishment sure to be served out by the authorities to the delinquent when discovered.

"We'll be ready for 'em," rejoined Holmes confidently. "I guess they won't tackle *you*, Staples!"

The latter stood six feet tall in his stockings, and thus far but few slights had been put upon him by upper classmen; but, as it proved, his time was yet to come.

Passing through the yard at a later hour in the day, he met a couple of youngsters who halted him in the middle of "Love Lane" (as the walk is called which bisects the grounds), and gazed at him sternly.

"Well, what do you want?" asked the big Californian with an imperturbable countenance.

"In the first place, plebe, you can touch your cap, and wait till you're spoken to," said one of the second-class men, frowning.

"And secondly," added the other, "don't forget to say 'sir.'"

"I'll see you—suspended first," said Staples. "Get out of my way, or I may tread on you!"

The two cadets exchanged glances and turned red; but there was something in this plebe's manner, not to say stature, which discouraged further familiarities. Merely growling "You'll pay for this!" they moved aside, while Staples sauntered serenely on to his quarters.

Somehow a report of this encounter got round, and at supper that night there was a buzz of suppressed excitement among the men of the two lower classes, and many curious glances cast at the audacious plebe who had dared to violate tradition by openly defying a youngster—nay, two of them at once! The officer in charge, a commissioned officer of the United States navy, detailed as assistant to the commandant of cadets, and responsible for their conduct in the mess-hall, was shrewd enough to gather that trouble was brewing. Having himself passed through all the vicissitudes of plebehood and youngsterdom, he readily guessed the nature of the mischief that was in the air, and passed word at the first opportunity for the cadet officer of the day (whose reign lasted twenty-four hours) and the "cadets in charge" to exercise unusual vigilance in their inspection of quarters, and to enforce all rules rigidly as to disturbance in rooms, unusual congregating of cadets, and extinguishing lights at taps. He himself overstayed his time at quarters by a good hour that he might be on hand to suppress any disorderly conduct.

The "Macedonian lion" at the entrance of the commandant's office looked even grimmer than usual next morning as the cadets filed past to breakfast. Nothing unusual had occurred during the night so far as the authorities knew, but all hands felt that the cloud must break somehow and somewhere.

At the close of the breakfast half-hour a small bell was sounded, as usual.

"Rise!" called the cadet lieutenant-commander.

Another clatter as the cadets took their places behind their chairs.

"Parade—rest!"

All took the prescribed military position, with hands loosely clasped in front, and faced the kind-hearted chaplain, for whom every cadet in the academy felt a personal affection.

A brief prayer, and the orders came:

"Attention! March out!"

At five minutes before eight sounded another shrill call from the bugle, and men came hurrying out from the buildings to form first in battalion, then breaking into small sections of six to a dozen men, each commanded by a section leader, appointed every week.

One section of fourth-class men was led by Holmes, who marched his small command to the recitation-room for algebra, there reported to the instructor, and resigned responsibility for the conduct of the men until the hour was up. He then rose, and commanded:

"Rise! March out!"

The section marched out of the recitation-room to the corridor, proceeded to put on their caps, fall in, and at the command "Forward—march!" filed downstairs, where they were dismissed. Norman thereupon approached the officer in charge, and, touching

his cap, reported: "Sir, I report the return of my section."

This was, and is, the regular régime for attendance upon and dismissal from all recitations at the academy. The fourth-class section leaders were at first bothered a good deal about the details of the service, saluted at the wrong time, bungled their orders, or gave them sheepishly, and made various ludicrous mistakes; but the officer in charge, though stern of lineament, was kind of heart and possessed of almost infinite patience in correcting errors; and all these petty details soon became a matter of habit.

At the same time the constant military discipline and oversight told upon the bearing of the new men. Slouching shoulders were thrown back, heads were held erect, the step became firm and manly. Many of the youngest class had been trained athletes in their preparatory schools, but some, strong and healthy though they were, had been pampered by rich food and sumptuous accommodations at home. These soon showed the effect of cool, fresh air at night, hard beds, hard work, outdoor exercise, and plain, wholesome food. Their eyes brightened and their cheeks glowed, until "high thinking" naturally followed close upon "plain living."

Nothing unusual marked the day of which we have been speaking. Recitations occupied most of the hours until four o'clock, when the regular outdoor

drills took place. The first division of the fourth class were exercised in company movements, while other divisions were busy in the boats and in artillery practice. His six years of military drill at the Latin School had rendered Norman proficient in this exercise, and he received a special word of commendation from the instructor.

Supper, with its roll-call and formation, was at half-past six. Until 9.30 the cadets were supposed to be studying in their quarters. Then came a half-hour of freedom, until "taps" at ten o'clock; and thereby hangs a tale.

CHAPTER XII.

"RUNNING A PLEBE."

"Thank goodness!" exclaimed Dave, throwing down his Chauvenet as the merry call sounded through the quarters, announcing that study hours were closed. "I don't see why geometry——"

The words were on his lips when the door was opened without ceremony, and a third-class man walked in, followed by a dozen more youngsters, all wearing masks.

Norman closed his book with a slam, and sprang to his feet, his eyes flashing.

"That's right, plebe," said the leader of the visitors. "Always give your seat to an upper classman. Bones, are the instruments ready and the victims prepared?"

A tall figure in black, with face hidden by a black domino, and a skull and cross-bones depicted on his sable chest, strode to the front.

"The irons are heated, Redoubtable," said he in jarring tones; "the supplementary victims are near at hand, but have not yet sufficiently recovered from the rack to be introduced."

"Look here, fellows—" began Holmes angrily.

"'Fellows?'" thundered the Redoubtable, "and dares a low, contemptible Sep. plebe address this august company in such terms? Aha, seize them, minions!"

"Take it easy, Norm," laughed Rexdale as he and his room-mate were grasped and their arms held behind them. "It's never disgraceful to yield to numbers. What, oh most Redoubtable," he added with twinkling eyes, "is your pleasure, and to what do we owe the transcendent honor of this visit?"

Holmes' common sense came to his relief, and he, too, saw that for the present it was better to yield to the inevitable. His momentary anger disappeared, and he was silent, awaiting further developments.

Before the chief could reply, an accession to the party was received in the shape of five more upperclass cadets, with three unfortunate plebes, whom they evidently had just rounded up. Two of these seemed somewhat alarmed at the prospect, and gazed at the masked figures with apprehension. The third was no other than Pete Rollins. He evidently had made a spirited resistance at the outset, for his hands were pinioned behind him and a towel was tied across his mouth to prevent his giving an alarm.

The room was now pretty full, and as time pressed, business was entered upon at once.

"Keeper of the Portal," remarked the leader

harshly, "what of the base spies and pretenders of authority whose dastardly office it is to limit the diversions of our free company? What of the base-born interloper who—who, in short, is in charge of this floor?"

"He himself is given in charge of two of the faithful, oh Redoubtable, in number forty-two, which an ailing plebe hath vacated for the nonce."

"And that arch enemy, the chief for to-day only, of all the buzzards?" *

"He hath left his post, Redoubtable, to attend a strangely urgent summons from a superior officer at the utmost confines of the—the grounds."

"We will proceed at once. Bring forward the first victim."

Rexdale was pushed to the front, and stood there, good-humoredly facing his visitors, who must have liked his looks, for he was let off easy. Indeed the preparations were far more formidable than the intent of the youngsters really justified, the more severe forms of hazing, as it was practised a generation ago, having entirely disappeared from the academy.

Dave was first made to accost the broom as if it were a young lady, to ask it to dance, and to flirt with it in the most approved manner.

* The cadet petty officers, wearing on their uniforms as insignia of rank an eagle perched on an anchor, are locally known as "buzzards," one of whom was at present officer of the day.

The fun-loving lad entered right into the spirit of the thing, sidled up to the broom with a languishing glance, asked after its mamma, and soon had the room, plebes and third-class men alike, in a roar of laughter. No doubt he was subsequently voted a good fellow, for he was never annoyed thereafter, beyond having to conform to established tradition in the way of saluting upper-class men and saying "Sir" in addressing them. This he did so graciously that they could not complain, but with such an amused and indulgent smile that the youngster was apt to feel rather silly and not stand too aggressively on his rights.

Norman took his cue from Dave. He waltzed with one of the chairs with infinite grace, and without hesitation spoke one of his Latin School pieces, using the table as a platform. A few minutes only were devoted to his part of the entertainment.

The next move was to command two of the plebes to "lay aloft" on the wardrobes and make up their beds "in the maintop." They found some difficulty in climbing the shelves, and were kindly aided by several of the maskers, to the detriment of shins and knees. They were no sooner doubled uncomfortably in their lofty resting-places than the "disappearing act" was performed.

"Every plebe out of sight in thirty seconds!" was the stern command of the "Redoubtable," who turned

out the gas at the same instant. "If one of you can be seen when the light appears, woe to you!"

There was a scramble for the space under the beds and inside the wardrobes. Rollins, gnashing his teeth with rage all this time, would not move, but was tumbled unceremoniously under the table by his guards.

"LIGHT!"

The gas was turned on. Not a plebe was in sight. At that moment a step was heard in the corridor.

"Buzzard!" exclaimed two or three. "Come out here, you two plebes of the room," whispered the Redoubtable energetically.

Dave emerged from his wardrobe and Norman swung himself in over the window-sill. The youngsters pocketed their masks and two or three picked up books. The door opened.

"Yes, it's a difficult problem," said he who had personated "Bones," but who had hastily removed his insignia and stuffed it under one of the mattresses. "But you have to raise $x + 3ab$ to the nth power, and——"

"What's going on here?" asked the officer of the day, repressing a smile that twitched the corners of his mouth.

"Oh, we're just making a friendly call," said the third-class man, gazing innocently upon the officer, after springing to his feet and saluting.

The officer of the day was a good-hearted fellow, and

hated to get a cadet into trouble so early in the term. He glanced at the beds, still occupying the tops of the wardrobes, and at the heel of Rollins' left boot, which unluckily protruded from under the table, though the cadets had carelessly grouped themselves around it when they rose to salute. His mouth twitched again, but his words were grave and his mien dignified.

"Any complaint to make?" he asked, turning to Rexdale and Holmes.

"No, sir," they answered in a breath.

"I shall have to report you for disorderly room, beds not in proper place, and—boots left under table," said the young officer. "You'd better not stay here any longer," he added significantly to the youngsters. "It's almost taps, and the 'warning' will beat in three minutes."

With these words he turned on his heel and left the room. The leader of the "runners," whose name was Bob Sands, immediately held out his hand to Dave and Norman.

"You're all right," he said shortly. "Count on me for a friend. Sorry for your demerits."

The two plebes crawled out from under the beds, dusted their knees, and were allowed to depart. Rollins was dragged from under the table, redder and angrier than ever. He was released from bondage, but told that if he dared to make any disturbance, or leave information of his treatment with the author-

ities—as he threatened to do—the academy would be made too hot to hold him. He knew this, and hurried off to his room, vowing vengeance on his captors.

The long roll of the warning drum was now heard, and the upper-class men withdrew, leaving the two young New Englanders to put their room to rights and laugh over the evening's adventures. The demerits, to be sure, were regrettable; but they meant to keep their score clean in the future, and the knowledge that these misconduct marks were incurred through no fault of their own, prevented their feeling very badly about them.

The lads wrote a long account of the "running" to their sisters. Truth compels me to admit that Dave wrote to Hallie, and Norman to Anemone; but as the girls exchanged letters by the next mail, it didn't make much difference.

There were doubtless a few other "occasions" when the plebes were gently run. A favorite diversion among the youngsters was to insist upon the "subject" spelling his own name. One Roosevelt—not the distinguished gentleman in the Navy Department—was peculiarly unfortunate in this respect. He was of English birth, and when much excited or embarrassed would aspirate his vowels and dispense with his "h's" in a way that tickled the risibilities of his tormentors and gratified them immensely.

"Now, then," a group of upper-class cadets would

say, catching the poor plebe down on the embankment or behind the gym., "what's your name, you?"

"Samuel H. Roosevelt—s-sir!" touching his cap hastily, at a ferocious glance from a senior.

"That's not right. Your *whole* name, d'ye mind?"

"S-Samuel Higginsbotham Roosevelt, sir."

"Now spell it!"

"S-a-m——"

"No!" thunders the other. "Begin again, and don't leave off the 'sir,' if you want a whole skin!"

The unhappy plebe sees there is no help for it; blushing fiery-red and tumbling raucously over his letters, he recommences:

"S, sir—A, sir—M, sir—U, sir——"

"Don't talk to *me!* Face the river!"

"M, sir—U, sir——"

"I tell you not to address me as 'You, sir.'"

"I didn't mean——"

"Then don't do it! Begin again!"

Roosevelt clenches his hands in sheer distraction. This time he is allowed to proceed until he reaches the last letter of his first name, which he aspirates loudly and fatally.

"What! Profane language in the academy grounds! And from a plebe to a senior classman! We shall have to report you for that! Now go on!"

The wretched cadet stumbles on, forgetting how to spell his own name, with the ever-recurring "sir," and

putting three "g's" into "Higginsbotham," whereupon he is brought up short.

"This is a bad case!" says youngster, shaking his head gravely. "He's plainly trifling with us."

"R, sir—O, sir—O, sir——"

"'Ah, sir—oh, sir—oh, sir!'" mocks the relentless inquisitor. "What do you say, men? Red-hot pincers and the larger-sized gridiron at midnight?"

"V, sir—E, sir—L, sir (rough breathing again)—T, sir," concludes plebe with a sigh of relief.

"Winds up with more profanity and calls me a 'teaser,'" remarks third class. "Very well, boy; *your* fate's settled. Now, run!"

Roosevelt loses no time in obeying the last command. When he goes to bed that night, he wonders if he is to be pulled out and broiled at midnight; dreams that he is, and wakes up at reveillé next morning to laugh over the miseries of the preceding day.

Norman all this time kept up a correspondence with his uncle Richard, who seemed greatly interested in the details of cadet life, skylarking and all. In regard to "running," the banker wrote to his nephew:

"As to tormenting the youngest class, I earnestly hope that when you yourself are promoted, next year, you'll have nothing to do with it. Hazing in all its forms is at best a mean and cowardly business. Not only are the hazers superior in numbers, but in prestige and experience. Toughened by a year of discipline and absence from home, they have become presumably more self-reliant and manly than ever before. They know the ways of cadet life, and have

become accustomed to knocking about among their fellows, and dispensing with the ease and comforts of home. The least spark of chivalry should make them the protectors and defenders of the younger entering class, who are, most likely, homesick, more or less timid, and largely unacquainted with each other. If the plebes united in squads to haze individual upper-class men, it would be far more decent. I was a freshman at Harvard thirty or forty years ago, and I know what I'm talking about, my boy. As to the way to meet the indignities offered you when you are yourself 'run,' there are only two sensible methods. Either yield good-naturedly, do what you are bid, and *keep your temper* throughout—as I understand you and Rexdale did the other night—or, as I did at Cambridge, *resist*, tooth and nail, first, last, and always. I'm not sure, on the whole, but your way was better, though there is a certain comfort gained in feeling that you haven't 'knuckled under.' One thing you can do, as I have said: keep clear of everything of the sort next year. The under dog in a fight cannot well withdraw, but the upper dog can gracefully and with dignity. Better still, he can keep out of the fight altogether; best of all, he can take the part of the under dog, and help him fight his battles."

How well Norman obeyed this last injunction we shall see in a later chapter.

The case of Dick Staples, the long and lean Californian, had been postponed during these minor and incidental entertainments in the plebe quarters, but more was to be heard of it before many days. Meanwhile the interests of football afforded an outlet for such superfluous energies of the cadets as could not find sufficient vent in the daily four-o'clock "practical instruction."

CHAPTER XIII.

AN ACADEMY HOP.

The new cadets soon learned that football and other athletic interests at the academy were fostered and managed (always under final oversight of the official authorities) by the "U. S. N. A. Athletic Association," the president and treasurer of which were elected by the whole body of cadets, from members of the three upper classes. The captains of the teams, football, baseball, boat (crew), and fencing, were chosen by all those in the respective teams who had participated in an outside contest. The captains, in turn, appointed each his own manager.

This year all the offices above enumerated, except treasurer, were filled by men from the first and second classes. The actual working members of the teams were chosen for their ability, irrespective of class.

In addition to the academy teams, each class had its football eleven and its own crew and nine. The surplus football material was combined in a large squad of players under the name of "Hustlers," who, each and all, were fired with ambition to "hit" one of the regular teams.

Norman at once went out with the "Hustlers," where his energetic play and head-work soon singled him out as a candidate for higher honors. He entered, to be sure, under the disadvantage of a four-months' handicap, the May plebes having learned to know each other well during the summer cruise, and having selected most of their teams before the beginning of the October term, when he put in an appearance on the practice gridiron for the first time.

Relations between him and Rollins were still strained. The latter was mortified that the St. Botolph man should have seen his own discomfiture at the hands of the youngsters; and the close rivalry in football matters did not tend to close the breach. After a few hours of practice—a part of which, as the days grew shorter, were actually eked out by electric light —Norman was chosen to fill the one remaining vacancy in the class eleven. Rollins now headed a regular clique, whose principal mission seemed to be to make life uncomfortable for "the Holmes set." A game was soon played, in which the plebe eleven defeated the second-class men, gaining great glory thereby. As we have already witnessed one contest of this sort, and shall be spectators at a far more important game later on in Norman's career, the class tournament may be dismissed without further reference or report of detailed play.

Early in November the academy eleven played the

Princeton Reserves, and then, indeed, excitement was rife. Hundreds of ladies were present in the throng of spectators, and enlivened the field not only with their bright faces, but with flags, parasols, and wraps of blue and old gold on the navy side and orange and black for Princeton.

Norman led the class cheering for the plebes, but loudest of all rang out the academy yell:

"Rah! Rah! Rah!
"Hi! Ho! Ha!
"U. S. N. A.!
"Boom! Sis! Bah!
"Navee—e—e!"

The academy won by a single play—a goal from the field, kicked by the popular half-back who captained the team that year.

In the evening there was a hop, held, as usual, in the gymnasium from half-past seven to ten.

"I say, Girlie, going to the hop?" asked Norman as the cadets walked back past old quarters from the football field. "Girlie" was the class nickname for Tickerson, his fair, beardless face and diminutive stature, combined with his favorite style of signature, suggesting the title. In vain Tickerson took to writing his full name, "Grosvenor," as indeed he was obliged to do on all official papers; "Girlie" he had

been christened, and "Girlie" he would remain throughout his academic course. Dave was already known as "Farmer" Rexdale; Norman, having perhaps unduly boasted of his preparatory school, of which he was very proud, was "Lat. Holmes." Saunders rejoiced in the name of "Sandy." Staples, the elongated Californian, was almost instantly called "Telegraph," from his unmistakable likeness to the poles used for the wires in the conveyance of the electric fluid; and "Tel. Staples" he will always be to a certain group of old academy cronies, though he long ago retired to civil pursuits.

"Oh, you know well enough," said Tickerson, in answer to Holmes' question. "Full dress uniform—dress cap and white gloves."

"What's up?" asked Sandy, joining the couple and walking on beside them.

"Hop. Going?"

"Well," rejoined Saunders, "tripping the light fantastic isn't my strong point—is it, Girlie? Had him for a partner in waltz-drill the other day and climbed all over his little toes," he explained to Norman. "But I guess I'll go, all the same."

"Perhaps *she*'ll be there?" slyly suggested Dave, completing the quartette.

"Who's 'she'?" inquired the other, innocent as a lamb.

"'Grace, 'tis a charming sound,'" sang Girlie.

"Say, Sandy, did she promise to come when you were over there the other night?"

Saunders turned red, but his tormentors made him own up that the subject had been broached, and that the possibility of her attendance, under her mother's chaperonage, had been contemplated.

"Now, you fellows let up, will you?" he added with a good-natured growl. "That was the only 'liberty' I've had since I came, and you're just green with envy because you didn't go too. Ought to have heard the way she talked about you, Girlie!"

The four cadets duly registered their names with the officer in charge, as required, and at a quarter before eight marched in a squad of four to the gymnasium.

The band was already playing a two-step, one or two couples were frisking about the floor, a dozen or more ladies were seated along the sides, and gracefully draped figures were constantly arriving.

"We don't know anybody, and I don't see how we're going to dance," began Norman discontentedly, when he caught a glimpse of a merry pair of dark eyes glancing his way from under some sort of fascinating white scarf.

"There's Miss Lee!" he exclaimed to Dave. "Hold on, you mustn't bow till she's got her wraps off. Here, Girlie, let me feel your pulse. Where's Sandy? He'll be sorry if he's late!"

Lo, three minutes later the missing Saunders proudly escorting the young lady into the hall!

"One on us!" whispered Tickerson as his jolly classmate led his prize triumphantly to a seat. "Come on, let's go over and speak to her."

The three young men marched stiffly across the smooth floor, narrowly escaping collision with an upper-class man and his fair partner, and made three correct bows to Mrs. Lee and her daughter. Saunders glared at them as they approached, but subsided and accepted the inevitable.

"Ver' glad to see you!" laughed Grace. "I wasn't sure you'd notice me, in those lovely uniforms. And such nice bows you make, too!" she added mischievously.

"Yes, Miss Lee," said Tickerson, "we're very nautical here. You've often heard of ship's bows, no doubt, and now you've seen them!"

This served to break the ice, and requests for dances were thereupon eagerly proffered.

"Of co'se the first is Mr. Saunders," said Grace, smiling. "The second—oh, Susie, let me present my friends, Mr. Holmes, Mr. Saunders, Mr. Tickerson, Mr. Rexdale—Miss Franklin.

Four more neat naval bows. "May-I-have-the-pleasure-of-this-dance-Miss-Franklin?" asked Norman, before the others could get further than "May——"

"Well, if that isn't desertion!" laughed Grace. "Just as I was going to give him the first waltz!"

The others protested that he now deserved no dance with her at all, and that each should have a third of it, in addition to his own.

Some of the youngsters and not a few dignified first-class men looked with envy on the audacious plebes that were having such a jolly time with that pretty girl; and one of them, who knew her slightly and who had an '85 star on his collar, interrupted the merriment by stalking up and demanding rather than requesting a dance.

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Morton," said Grace demurely, "but the next four dances are all engaged, and my mother and I have to go home early to-night. I'm afraid——"

The senior did not wait to have his rejection put into words. He bowed stiffly and backed off, to console himself with a Baltimore belle considerably older than the pretty Southerner and by no means as jolly.

"What engaging manners he has!" said Miss Lee, with one of her mischievous glances at the retreating officer. "Mr. Saunders, if you really want this two-step——"

Away they went, presently bumping into Norman and his partner and threatening several other couples that came in their way.

ACADEMY HOP.

"Sandy dances like a Kansas blizzard!" exclaimed Tickerson as they watched their classmate's erratic course. "Think what a momentum he must have when he bears down—there he goes again! almost over!—There's a problem for you, Farmer, $m \times v =$ M. Saunders weighs at least a hundred and seventy, and his velocity can't be far from fifty miles an hour."

Panting and laughing, Miss Lee resumed her seat as the music stopped. Saunders was warm and solemn from his exertions, and excused himself while he retired (over Mrs. Lee's feet), evidently to cool his brow at the gym. door.

Other introductions followed that to Miss Franklin, and the cadets had a thoroughly good time. Dave and Norman wrote all about it to their sisters, describing the pretty girls they met at the hop, the dances and the conversation, just as they had done concerning the "running" adventure, with this slight exception—each wrote to his own sister this time!

Not long afterward the condition of their conduct list enabled them to spend an evening at Annapolis. Of course they went at once to Mrs. Lee, who was now living on a pleasant street near the Capitol. Grace was in a quiet mood on this particular occasion, and her character showed in a new light. She inquired about the studies and discipline of the academy, and evinced a genuine sisterly interest in the young naval cadets. In return, they told her of Hallie and Anem-

one, of their respective homes, of their hopes and ambitions; and half-past nine came all too soon.

"Good-night!" said Grace as she accompanied them to the door. "I've enjoyed your call ever so much. Do be good boys and don't get demerits enough to keep you from coming again soon."

"Nice girl, that," remarked Dave as the two walked down Maryland Avenue arm in arm. "I only know one other who's nicer."

"So do I," said Norman, rather incoherently.

And they didn't mean the same "other," either!

It should be explained, by the way, that, as Miss Lee had indicated by her parting charge, leave of absence, or "liberty," for an evening in Annapolis or officers' quarters, depended almost entirely on the misconduct demerits of each cadet accumulated during the preceding month.

In each of the four classes in the academy three grades of merit were recognized, and applied to the cadet's record every thirty days. Each grade had its privileges attached, diminishing in proportion to the increase of demerits determining each grade. For instance, the largest liberty was naturally allowed to the first grade of the first class, and consisted of—

I. "Leave every Saturday from dinner formation until 9.30 P.M. to visit Annapolis and officers' quarters in the academy grounds."

II. "Leave to accept invitations to dinner Sunday

in Annapolis or in officers' quarters in the academy grounds. Leave to end at evening roll-call."

III. "Leave to escort ladies to their residences after balls and hops. 'Taps' for cadets under this privilege to be one hour after the closing of the ball or hop."

From this exalted condition of affairs the table of privileges dwindled steadily down to that of the third grade, namely, "Leave every fourth Saturday from dinner formation until evening roll-call to visit Annapolis and officers' quarters in the academy grounds."

The grades were determined as follows (the figures referring to demerits in one month):

Class.	*First Grade.*	*Second Grade.*
First	6	12
Second	8	16
Third	10	20
Fourth	12	24

Cadets exceeding in any one month the number of demerits allowed their respective classes in the second grade, constituted the *third* grade.

Demerits were given for misdemeanors of nine different degrees of culpability: from the most serious —including gambling, intoxication, cheating (or "gouging," as it is locally termed), mutinous conduct, hazing, and two or three other grave offences—the penalty for any one of which was 100 demerits; to the most venial, receiving only one demerit each, such as

"late at formation," "room not in proper order," or "untidy in dress or person." The extreme number of demerits in one year, consistent with the cadet's retaining his standing in the academy, was:

First class	150
Second class	200
Third class	250
Fourth class	300

When any cadet received more than the number allowed his class, he was "deficient in conduct," and so reported to the Navy Department.

As personal conduct, liberty, and discipline form so large a part of the daily routine and system of the Naval Academy, this rather tedious explanation has been necessary for a true understanding of the life of the young cadets in whom we are specially interested. Norman was impulsive, and constantly in danger of damaging his record by some trifling neglect; while steady-going Dave hardly knew what it was to see his name posted for misconduct.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE SCRAP IN NO. 32.

Two days after the hop "Telegraph" Staples was notified that his little affair with the two insulted youngsters would receive immediate attention. The Californian laughed in the face of the messenger that bore the note, tore up the direful missive, and tossed the fragments into the river as he strolled along the sea-wall. This piece of contumacy was duly reported, and another item added to Staples' already heavy score.

The bugle notes at 9.30 that evening had hardly died away, when a light tap sounded on the door of the tall plebe's room.

"Come in!" he drawled lazily, taking his long legs down from the table. His room-mate, Olsen, was an inoffensive little chap, five feet three in his stockings, and almost as broad as he was long. Some one had called attention to the fact that the two men, when walking together across the parade, looked exactly like a bat and ball taking a promenade; and had not their nicknames already been firmly fixed they doubt-

less would have been so entitled thereafter. As it was, Olsen was known as "Tadpole," an equally appropriate name. "Tel. and Tad.," or "Tad. and Pole," as it was sometimes varied, became familiar figures in the grounds, and, as is often the case with academy chums, firm friends for life. In the same way, the two brothers Whittaker, who were constantly together, walking arm in arm, were tagged "Dumb" and "Bell." Dumb Whittaker proved to be the best fencer in the class, while Bell was almost as proficient in his specialty—swimming, affording many opportunities for jokes regarding the "diving-Bell." In speaking of these things, however, we have far anticipated the events of the early months of the class of "'9—," of which our friends Holmes, Rexdale & Co. were members.

"You're wanted in No. 32, next floor below," said a man curtly, having complied with Tel.'s request. It was the messenger who had brought the note that afternoon.

"Well, now you've published your want, you might specify the nature of it," said Staples, coolly eyeing the messenger from head to foot. "What is it—'general housework,' 'butler,' or" (after a moment's reflection) "'able-bodied man to discipline a family of unruly boys'? I don't run a reform school, young fellow!"

Mercury frowned blackly. "You'll find out what

it's for when you get there," he snapped out. "If you're afraid to come, say so!"

"Well, I *am* a timid little thing," says Mr. Staples, stretching his long limbs. "I'll be there, though, inside of five minutes. So long, Bub. Shut the door gently."

The messenger, or challenge-bearer, as Staples knew he was, regarded the insolent plebe for a moment with speechless indignation; then, finding nothing more to say, slammed the door and marched off.

"Look here, Tel.," said Tad. anxiously, "I'm afraid you've got into a bad scrape. They say a fellow who defies the upper-class men gets awfully used up, sooner or later."

"Don't you worry, my son," said Staples, condescending to smile a little. "Tartars are scarce nowadays, but a few are left, and there are two or three in my family."

"But they may jump onto you by the dozen!"

"No, they won't. They're good fellows and gentlemen, most of them, and there's no reason why they should bear me ill-will. Why, we shall be youngsters ourselves in a few months!"

"If we survive Math. and Skinny," dolefully added Olsen; reference being thereby made to the two principal bugbears of cadet life, mathematics and physics.

"They'll be fair in this scrap," continued Dick, ris-

ing and shaking himself like a lank stag-hound. "I've heard Lieutenant Hawthorne tell some good stories over his pipe, and I know pretty much what will happen. I shall get fair play, and I reckon I can show 'em a thing or two in the science of boxing," playfully cuffing Tad. as he spoke, in spite of the latter's endeavor to fend off his hand. "Good-by, chummie; see you later." And off he strolled, through the long corridor and downstairs, to his fate.

On arriving at No. 32 he gave a smart knock at the door. It was opened an inch or two, and, being recognized, he was at once admitted.

He found a dozen or more third-class men seated about the room, on beds and chairs. The table had been set back against the wall, leaving the centre of the floor unoccupied.

One of the youngsters stepped forward at once and addressed Staples.

"Plebe, you have been found guilty of several offences against our class. First, refusing to salute; second, omitting 'sir' in customary form; third, receiving our written invitation to this meeting with ill-timed levity; and, fourth, applying opprobrious language to several of our members at various times, including your reply to the messenger despatched to your quarters a few minutes ago. Have you anything to say in your defence?"

"Well," drawled Tel., after a moment's abstracted

communing with the ceiling, "I don't just think of anything."

"Will you tender us, as representatives of the class of '9—, a humble apology and your promise not to repeat the offences of which you are accused and which by your silence you are deemed to admit?"

"Well, no, not just that," said Tel. slowly, withdrawing his gaze from the top of one of the wardrobes, and meeting the eye of his interlocutor, with just a little sparkle beginning to show in his own.

"Very well," said the senior briskly, dropping his dignified style of address, "then there's only one course; the matter must be settled here and at once. Sharp's the word. Off with your coat, and defend yourself."

"All nine?" asked Tel. carelessly, glancing about the room, but with the aforesaid sparkle growing brighter.

"Of course not! What do you take us for? We've selected a man as near as possible your own weight. Have you any objections to him? Mr. Tozier, step forward, please."

The man indicated walked into the middle of the room and began to remove his coat and vest. He was perhaps three inches shorter than Staples, but much more stockily built, having a thick neck and a splendid chest.

"No," said Tel., "he'll do. I don't care to take off

any more if your man isn't afraid of my buttons." He had thrown aside his coat and stood there in his shirt-sleeves, as awkward and ungainly-looking a specimen of cadet as ever donned the blue uniform.

Tozier glanced over his bony frame with ill-concealed contempt.

"Afraid of your buttons!" he sneered, doubling his fists. "Not moosh! Come on, you impertinent, long-legged——"

He did not finish his sentence, for while the words were on his lips Staples quietly took a step toward him and, feinting with his right, cut up under the other's guard with his left, taking him fairly under the chin.

Tozier's jaws came together with a clash, to the detriment not only of his brutal challenge, but the coarse tongue that was issuing it; and losing his balance, the big fellow went down backward with a crash.

"What were you saying?" asked Tel. "Don't stop on my account!" He tried to speak coolly, but he was young, and so fiercely angry that his voice trembled.

"Dat was not fair! I was not ready! *Bête! Lâche!*" sputtered the young Frenchman, scrambling to his feet and rushing at his antagonist like a mad bull.

Tel. dodged and caught his opponent cleverly just as the latter swung his arm round and barely failed of giving the plebe a blow in the stomach that would

have ended his fighting powers for that night at least.

"Foul! Foul!" cried two or three of the spectators, rushing forward and seizing their infuriated classmate by the arms.

As they forced him into a corner and wiped his face, the leader advanced and said to Tel. with more respect than he had yet shown:

"That was clearly an attempt at a foul blow below the belt, plebe. You've a right to claim it and refuse to go on."

"Not by a long chalk!" said Staples, whose blood was now up. "Let go of him, there, or I'll fight him in the corner."

Tozier was more wary this time. He was a fair boxer, and he relied on his strength and experience to tire out his opponent. In justice be it said, he would not have tried that foul blow had he not lost his head in the first fall.

Staples saw that his antagonist had become more dangerous than before, and stood on his guard. At last the rush came. The tall plebe took a ringing blow on the side of his head, and planted one in return straight between the eyes of the Frenchman.

"Two minutes more!" remarked the leader calmly, watch in hand, as the combatants separated, breathing hard.

Staples now felt that it was time to crowd the fight.

He advanced upon Tozier and delivered two stinging blows in rapid succession, warding the other's lunges successfully, and rousing him once more to blind wrath. This was just what the fourth-class man wanted. Awaiting his opportunity, he broke the other's guard, and putting all his strength into the blow, caught the burly fellow over the right eye. The man dropped like a log and lay still, while his backers rubbed him and sponged his face.

"Time!" called the leader of the youngsters, pocketing his watch. "Plebe, the scrap is yours. You are personally at liberty to choose your own words—so long as they are those of a gentleman—in addressing members of the class of '9—, and you are excused from saluting any but your superior officers. Any further difficulty you may have with one of our class will be a personal matter. The class is satisfied."

Staples had donned his coat and cap, and had one hand on the door-knob.

"Thank you, sir," said he calmly, touching his cap. "I have no objections to the regular customs of the academy, as such. I merely prefer to follow them voluntarily. We Westerners are not used to being *driven*—see? Good-night! Good-night, Mr. Tozier," he added, holding out his hand to his late foe, who had gained his feet and was confusedly rubbing his head.

Tozier took his hand sheepishly. "You are one

vary good fighter," he said. "You will show me zat under-cut some time?"

"Indeed I will," replied Tel. heartily. "Come round to my room any time, and I'll show you all I know. I hope I haven't hurt you much."

The other shook his head with a chagrined laugh.

"You make me see some stars," he said. "Me, I don't like you way of lecturing to take sights!"

The room was quickly put to rights, taps sounded, and the quarters were silent.

Neither of the men had received serious injury, though Tozier's black eye, given by that final blow, kept him from two or three recitations the next day. If the officer in charge noticed the discoloration, he said nothing about it, and the affair passed into cadet history as the last great official "scrap" between youngster and plebe at the Naval Academy.

CHAPTER XV.

UNDER A CLOUD.

"Mr. Holmes, you will find the sum of the series 1, 2, 4, 8, etc., the number of terms being 10. Give the formula, and show how the problem is solved."

Norman stepped to the blackboard, recorded the problem, and began his work, while Lieutenant Burroughs trained his guns on the next man in the section. The recitation was in progress in a portion of a large hall in upper quarters, partitioned off by sail canvas from its neighbors; Congress having thus far proved just sufficiently awake to the defective accommodations of the academy to condemn the old recitation building and prop up the armory, but not enough to provide new and adequate structures.

On this particular morning "Lat. Holmes" was out of sorts. He had "boned" (studied) hard the night before, after an exhausting boat-drill, and possibly had taken a slight cold from a draught from the open window in his room; at any rate, he had a headache, and was in a mood for anything but mathematics. Lieutenant Burroughs was a firm disciplinarian, and pretty nearly worshipped the special branch in which

he was instructor. A cadet might be forgiven, he thought, for failing to know the succession of English kings or the proper command to give when his ship was taken aback in a sudden squall, but to mistake geometrical for harmonical progression verged on criminal ignorance.

Chalk in hand (and in eyes, too), Cadet Holmes stood before the board, slowly marshalling his ranks of algebraic signs:

$$S = \frac{a\,(q^n - 1)}{q - 1} = \frac{ql - a}{q - 1}.$$

The figures turned and twisted themselves before his heavy eyes; his head throbbed sharply, and turning it aside a moment, he could not help seeing the work of his next neighbor, Rollins, who was working out a similar problem at his side.

Before Norman could put down another figure the sharp voice of the instructor rang out:

"Mr. Holmes, you may take your seat, and remain after the section is dismissed!"

Norman flushed hot and opened his lips to reply; then closed them firmly, and sullenly left the board, but not before he had seen the gleam of exultation in Pete's eyes.

The recitation dragged slowly on. There were so few men in the section that attention could be and was given to every detail of the matter at hand, and

the lieutenant was a thorough teacher. At last it was over. The cadets rose at command of Rollins, who was leader that week, and filed out.

"Now, Mr. Holmes," said the instructor abruptly, closing the door, "what have you to say for yourself? Apparently you were copying Mr. Rollins' work."

Dead silence on Norman's part. He was inwardly raging from the injustice of the accusation, but resolved he would say not a word to exculpate himself.

Perhaps the lieutenant had a headache, too. At any rate, there was an unusual severity in his tones as he repeated his question.

"What excuse have you, sir?"

No answer; and a look in the cadet's eye that was hardly respectful.

"I order you to reply," snapped out the instructor, now thoroughly vexed.

"You assume I am guilty, sir, when you ask for an 'excuse,'" said Norman, trying to control himself. "I don't see that there's anything for me to say."

"You will be reported for misconduct in the recitation-room," said the angry lieutenant. "You can go, sir!"

Norman rose and left the room without a word. He made his report, causing the kindly officer in charge to raise his eyebrows in wonder, but vouchsafed no explanation of his sullen manner. Burning

with a sense of wrong, he took his place in the formation just drawing up for the next recitation, and so got through the day. To make matters worse, he spoke crossly to some of his messmates and even to Dave when they rallied him on his sour looks at dinner.

"What's the matter with Lat.?" asked one, spearing a potato as a dishful of that vegetable was passed over his shoulder by a colored waiter. "Got a warning from the supe?"

"Oh, Lat.'s all right. That's his happy look," said another.

"Say, Holmes, pass it round, and let's read it," sang out a youngster from the end of the table. "Is she very hard on you?"

Even Dave laughed at this, for in Annie's last letter to her brother there had been a gentle admonition against "scrapping," which had amused both boys.

But Norman was in no mood for joking. He retorted angrily, and then returned to his sullen silence, while the other fellows made eyes at one another, but concluded to let him alone. He was too popular to be annoyed.

No one knew how it started, but before the close of drills it was whispered about that Norman was in disgrace. At length the rumor materialized into concrete form:

"Bobby has soaked Lat. Holmes in math. for gouging."

It seemed incredible, and Holmes' immediate friends laughed the report to scorn. But it spread, nevertheless, aided by Rollins' sneering shake of the head when it was mentioned in his presence.

"Wait till you see pap to-morrow morning," said he disagreeably. "If he isn't down for five, we'll know it's all right with Holmes."

"Pap" is the daily conduct report, posted in the main corridor of upper quarters.

At about six o'clock Norman entered his room, and without speaking to Dave, who looked his sympathy but hardly knew what to say, took down a book and buried himself in it.

"I'm going over to see Tickerson," said Rexdale gently, getting his cap, after a few moments. "Don't feel bad, Norm. It'll come out all right!"

Norman did not reply, and his room-mate went out. His steps had hardly died away when Rollins entered.

"Say, Holmes, the fellows want to know what's up," he began, throwing himself into the vacant chair.

Norman looked his unwelcome visitor full in the face, and then deliberately turned his back upon him.

There was silence for a moment; then a scratchy sound, followed by a pungent and unmistakable odor.

"What are you doing?" exclaimed Norman as the

vile smell reached his nostrils. "Put out that cigarette, Pete Rollins, or I'll do it for you!"

"What's the matter with a quiet little fume?" asked Rollins, puffing away coolly. "Take one yourself; it'll do your head good, if that's what's the matter."

"You know very well I don't smoke, nor Rexdale either," retorted Holmes angrily. "I know what you're up to, well enough. I'm in charge of the room this week, and you want to get me into trouble. Put that out, I say, or go out yourself!"

"Oh, all right," said Rollins in a contemptuous tone, but flushing, nevertheless, at having his intentions fathomed. "I'll do both, if you're so snappy."

Tossing the half-consumed cigarette out of the window, he sauntered away, leaving the room scented with the smoke.

Five minutes later Dave returned.

"Whew!" he exclaimed, sniffing. "You haven't been—! No, of course you haven't! But the room smells awfully. Who's been here?"

"Oh, never mind," said poor Norman bitterly. "One of the fellows knows I'm down and he's jumping on me—that's all."

Having rushed to the transom and closed it, Dave flew about vigorously, fanning the tell-tale smoke out of the open windows, and doing his best to air the room without the aid of the transom, though that in

itself was a breach of rules. If a whiff of tobacco smoke should get into the corridor, he knew, however, it would be a far more serious thing than the temporary closing of the transom.

"I guess nobody'd notice it now," he said encouragingly, "and the room'll have a good chance to air while we are at mess."

But, alas, for human calculations! Of all unlucky times, the cadet in charge of the floor, who happened to be a stiff-necked, unpopular fellow, and one of the Rollins set, left his own room at that particular minute and started for the head of the stairs.

At No. 89 he came to a sudden halt, and the hearts of the inmates sank. They could almost hear the sniff of the official nose.

"We've got to take it now," said Dave resignedly, as with a preliminary rap the cadet in charge entered.

"Who's been smoking here?" he demanded. "No need of asking why your transom's closed," he added with a sneer. Then referring to the tag on Norman's wardrobe, "Mr. Holmes, you're in charge, I see. If you don't choose to tell which of you has been smoking I shall report you for 'room not in proper order' and 'smell of smoke.'"

Both cadets had risen and saluted. Dave looked inquiringly at his room-mate, but would not disclaim smoking, lest he should throw all the blame on Holmes. The latter said nothing.

"Very well," said the official with a pompous air, "I shall turn in my report as I have said, and you can make any excuses you have to the commandant."

"Now, Norm, tell who it was," said Dave excitedly as soon as they were left alone in the room. "If Rollins did it on purpose to get you into trouble, I won't leave a whole bone in his body!"

Holmes shook his head moodily. "Thanks, Rexdale," he said. "It's no use trying to defend myself. They're bound to make me out a black sheep among 'em, and I've got thirteen demerits sure, to-day."

"But you can get some of them off, Norm! almost all of them if you appeal to the commandant."

"No," said Norman wearily, flinging himself down in the chair and burying his aching head in his hands. "Don't bother me, Dave; that's a good fellow. Just let me alone."

"You've got a headache—I'm awfully sorry!" said Dave in a way that reminded Norman of his manner in lifting Hallie after the coaching accident. "Well, I won't plague you with talking. To-morrow will straighten things out."

It was hard to take part in formation and evening roll-call a few minutes later and to face the battery of the mess-table, where all the fellows were not as considerate as Dave. The story of the cigarette, magnified into actual evidence that he had been discovered smoking a T. D. pipe, was all over the mess-

room, and as this was considered a serious offence, curiosity was great to see what would come of it, and whether Holmes would be made an example to wrong-doers. Moreover, some one had circulated the report that the five demerits in math. would be given, according to schedule, to the cadet *who had assisted* Norman, and that a regular report of "gouging" had been handed in by "Savvy Bob," the instructor, thus involving, if the charge should be sustained, a record of a misdemeanor of the "first class," with one hundred demerits attached!

"He'll be *Santeed!*" was whispered round, while others predicted actual dismissal. Tickerson, Staples, Saunders, and Rexdale stood out staunchly for Norman, and declared the whole business was a botch, and would be unravelled on the morrow to their accused classmate's credit. Rollins' set, on the contrary, professed entire distrust of Norman's character, and went about with a "told you so!" air that had weight with the weaker-minded plebes, and resulted in his being cut by two or three fellows of high standing, before taps. "Gouging" meets with little mercy at the Naval Academy, and the mere accusation of being a sneak taboos a man in the best set of his classmates.

"Where there's smoke there must be fire," has been the ruin of many a man, in school and out.

Norman felt deeply the ostracism that was in the

air that evening. Too proud to enter into explanations, he went to his room long before warning roll and nursed his troubles in bitter solitude. The accusation of "fuming," he knew, would not hurt him materially in the estimation of the other cadets, however serious a matter it might be considered by the authorities. Smoking was one thing, but gouging another.

Knowing he was unjustly suspected, he hugged his wrongs to his heart and spent the evening miserably until taps brought darkness, silence, and at last sleep.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE CLOUD BREAKS.

When Norman awoke the next morning it was with a dull sense of some impending misfortune. In a moment came the recollection of the events of the preceding day, and it seemed to him as if he could not get up and face the music.

Dave was already sitting on the side of the bed, putting on his boots. He looked over to his room-mate kindly and questioningly.

"Feeling better this morning, Norm?" came his cheery tones.

"Thanks, old fellow! Yes, my head's all right now, I guess," said Holmes, turning out.

They talked of a coming fencing match as they dressed and of various academy matters, but neither of them spoke of what was nearest their hearts.

On their way to formation two or three acquaintances passed them with a cool nod. Norman's face began to assume its sullen expression of the day before. At roll-call the conduct report was read, prior to being posted. The item came at last: "Cadet

Holmes, for misconduct at recitation, five demerits; room smelling of tobacco, seven demerits; transom closed, one demerit."

The plebes drew long breaths, some of relief, some of disappointment. Rollins and his clique had sour faces when they realized that no penalty was recorded for gouging; Norman's friends were proportionately glad to have that issue avoided, to say the least. As to the lad himself, his heart was like a lump of lead and he felt a strange indifference to the result of the investigation that he felt would at once be made.

The seven demerits alone, he knew, would deprive him of all recreation and privileges, and might banish him to the *Santee* for whatever period the superintendent might determine.

As the cadets marched out from breakfast the officer of the day addressed Norman, who halted, but gave no other sign of his superior's presence.

"You will salute, sir," said the officer sharply after waiting a moment in surprise at the fourth classman's negligence.

Norman nodded and made a careless gesture. "What's wanted now?" he said in no respectful tones.

The officer silently made a pencil note before he replied.

"You will report forthwith to the commandant of cadets, Mr. Holmes; and I am obliged to record a

failure to salute and answer properly when addressed by the officer of the day."

The young officer was a good fellow, and looked pained as Norman turned abruptly on his heel without saluting and walked into the commandant's office, removing his cap as he entered.

The commandant finished a document he was preparing, and turned to the waiting cadet.

"Mr. Holmes," he said, gravely but not severely, "I am sorry to say you are reported for repeated misconduct, including a suspicion of obtaining unauthorized assistance in recitation, and smoking in your room. The former charge will not be pressed at present, as Lieutenant Burroughs feels that he may have been misled by appearances, and had acted hastily in the premises. One of your classmates, who is said to have been implicated, though innocently, will be questioned further before the five demerits are made permanent. As to the second charge," the commandant continued, looking kindly but keenly at Norman, "I confess I am reluctant to believe it possible that you or Mr. Rexdale deliberately violated one of the most stringent and well-known rules of the academy."

He paused as if for an explanation, though any statement from a cadet seeking to excuse or exculpate himself should have been reduced to writing and placed in the officer's box.

Norman was silent.

"Then I must ask you plainly, sir, to state the circumstances under which your room became scented with tobacco smoke."

Still Norman said nothing.

"I understand your silence if it affects the standing of another cadet. Am I to assume that it does so?"

"I—I prefer not to say anything about it, sir," said Norman in a low voice.

"You are aware that under the circumstances your refusal to speak will be construed as disobedience of orders?" demanded Captain R. more sternly.

Norman bowed. A few words would have cleared the matter up, he knew, but partly through a mistaken sense of honor, partly from obstinate pride, he would say nothing.

"I am obliged to order you to your room, which you will not leave, save to attend religious services, recitations, meals, and drills," said the commandant. "I must add," he concluded sadly, "that I am disappointed and grieved at the stand you have taken."

He touched a bell as Norman withdrew, and summoned an orderly.

"Find Mr. Rexdale, fourth class, second division, and send him to me at once."

Dave soon appeared, and saluted respectfully, wondering what new turn affairs had taken.

"Mr. Rexdale, pending an investigation against your room-mate, you will occupy No. 76, on the same

floor. You will not be deprived of recreation, but I must tell you that in the principal charge against Cadet Holmes relating to the condition of the quarters you have occupied in common, you yourself are in a measure involved. I shall be glad to hear anything you have to say."

Dave saw no reason for concealing the facts as far as he knew them, and accordingly gave an exact account of his return to the room and of Norman's attitude at the time.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he added earnestly, "but I'm sure Mr. Holmes had not been smoking. I knew him before we entered the academy, and he has never touched tobacco in any form. He had a headache yesterday, and——"

"Ah," interrupted Captain R., "that may bear on his manner in recitation. Lieutenant Burroughs spoke of his listless appearance when at the board."

"That's it, sir," said Dave, eager to defend his chum. "I *know* he didn't copy that problem. He showed me how to work it out the night before. I believe it was R——." He brought himself up suddenly. It was no part of his intent to bring another man into the scrape unless forced to do so.

The commandant, who was accustomed to reading the cadets under his charge like so many open volumes bound in blue, smiled and did not press his inquiries further. He knew perfectly well who had

stood next to Holmes at the board, and he was aware, too, in some mysterious way, of the feeling existing between the two St. Botolph men.

"That will do, Mr. Rexdale; you will remove to your temporary quarters at once," he said, turning back to his documents.

Whatever investigations were on foot that day were pursued without stir among the cadets. They came and went as usual, and the instructors took no notice of the affair of the preceding day. Norman was in a large degree isolated from his fellows, and felt his disgrace keenly, even a sense of martyrdom failing to keep up his spirits when Dave proceeded to remove his clothing and books from the room.

At evening roll-call a crisis came. The charge against Norman was once more read aloud, and every man was individually questioned as to his participation in the affair.

No new light was thrown upon the case by this course. Each cadet, on being asked by the officer in charge, "Did you smoke in Room 89 at any time yesterday?" promptly replied, "No, sir!" The battalion was accordingly marched in to supper, and the affair, it seemed, was dropped by the authorities.

This, however, was not the fact. Several cases of cigarette-smoking had been discovered of late without the detection of the offenders. Captain R. and the superintendent were determined to put an end to

this flagrant breach of discipline, once for all, if it were possible. Eyes and ears—not to say nostrils—were open, and every cadet had to pass under keenest scrutiny, both in his room and on his way to and from regular exercises. So several days went by, yet no discovery was announced. The commandant was loath to resort to the extreme measure of searching the rooms, and bided his time.

About a week after the Holmes affair a section of fourth-class men were passing through the entrance hall of upper quarters on their way to recitation, when the officer in charge, who was inspecting them, caught sight of a small, rectagonal protuberance bulging out the pocket of Cadet Rollins. Without warning he stepped up to the lad, thrust his hand into his pocket, and drew forth—a square box of cigarettes!

Rollins turned red to the roots of his hair, and his knees seemed fairly to tremble under him.

"I—I picked that up in the grounds, sir," he stammered. "I was going to hand it over to the officer of the day."

"That will do, Rollins. You will attend recitation," said the officer in charge curtly.

It was the last recitation of the day. Immediately after it came the outdoor exercises, which never before had seemed so long. As soon as battalion drill was over, Rollins hurried to his room, and with trembling hand wrote the following epistle:

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY, ANNAPOLIS, MD.
December 3, 189–.

"*Sir* :

"I have the honor to state in regard to the finding of a box of cigarettes in my pocket this afternoon, that I found that box lying on the grass near the east end of the grounds while on my way from the Seamanship building to upper quarters. I did not know to whom they belonged, but fully intended to deliver them to the officer of the day, but something took up my attention, and I forgot them. I never smoke myself, so they could be of no use to me, and I know nothing whatever about them.

"Very respectfully,

"PETER S. ROLLINS,
"Naval Cadet, 4th Class.

"THE COMMANDANT OF CADETS."

By the regulation governing such a presentation of excuse the letter should have been deposited in the commandant's box, but Rollins was afraid that action might be taken before his statement was received and read. He therefore presented himself in Captain R.'s office just before evening roll-call, and laid the envelope on his desk.

That night the high officials of the academy held a private council, as a result of which Rollins, Rexdale, Holmes, and "Bell" Whittaker, together with the cadets who had served as officer of the day and cadet in charge of the third floor on the day of Norman's disgrace, were summoned the next evening before an investigating committee consisting of the superin-

tendent, commandant, officer in charge, Lieutenant Burroughs, and one or two other officials.

Rollins persisted in his version of the story, denying not only smoking, but any visit to Holmes' room on the afternoon in question.

Whittaker was then called, and though evidently testifying with the greatest reluctance, identified a cigarette stub which he had found on the walk just in the rear of one wing of upper quarters. The officer in charge had insisted on being shown the exact spot where the stub had lain, and now testified that it was in a direct line with the window of the room occupied by Rollins.

"Somebody put it there on purpose——" began the culprit; but he was sternly suppressed while the investigation proceeded.

The officer in charge here produced a second cigarette, which had plainly gone out soon after it was lighted. This he himself had discovered under Norman's window on the very evening the trouble arose.

The commandant thereupon took the tell-tale box from a drawer, and the stubs were compared with the whole cigarettes. They were of the same make —a peculiar Turkish brand, with characters in gilt lettering.

At this Rollins broke down and confessed his guilt. He pleaded for mercy on the ground that it was his first offence; that, as they could see, only half a dozen

cigarettes had been taken from the box and smoked; that he never would touch one again.

The cadets present were deeply moved by his entreaties, and Norman would have taken his part, but at the first word he was checked by a gesture of the superintendent.

"This is an exceedingly grave matter," he said, turning to his subordinates. "It has gone beyond the offence of breaking the rule against smoking. The academy cannot tolerate a liar. The first oral falsehood, told under sudden pressure and in the fear of disgrace before the whole corps who were present at formation, might be passed over with only the infliction of a severe penalty and a suspension from privilege, but the deliberate written statement which was personally handed to the commandant of cadets by the accused, and which solemnly denies the main facts which have here been proved, has no such excuse. The offence is aggravated by the fact that odium appears to have been intentionally brought upon a classmate, whose case we shall shortly consider. Cadet Rollins, you will consider yourself under arrest, and will be conducted by an orderly to quarters in the *Santee*, where you will be detained until your case is passed upon by the Secretary of the Navy. The other cadets may retire."

The matter was duly reported to the department at Washington, with certified copies of the proceedings

and evidence in the case. A court-martial was at once ordered by the Secretary, resulting in a unanimous verdict of "Guilty." Rollins was, upon the recommendation of the court, dismissed from the Naval Academy, without possibility of reappointment.

As soon as the order arrived at Annapolis the disgraced cadet's civilian clothes were restored to him, and he was released from confinement and conducted to the gates, passing through which he turned his back upon the academy forever.

That night he started northward, and the next day, broken and repentant, arrived at his home in St. Botolph. I am glad to add that he turned over a new leaf, and profiting by his studies in preparation for the academy and during his brief stay there, he entered the Institute of Technology the following summer, and bids fair to win tolerable success as a mining engineer in the West.

Soon after these events Holmes had a long interview with the chaplain, who had taken the lad's downfall greatly to heart. What occurred behind those closed doors few will ever know; but during a leave of absence which Norman spent at home two or three years afterward, he confessed to Hallie that he was touched by the chaplain's kindness and solicitude, and broke down and cried, big fellow as he was!

The upshot of it all was that, having made his peace with the commandant, he was restored, with Dave, to

his room and privileges, but the demerits, while those for causes originally stated were cancelled, were nevertheless increased to twenty-five in all for disobedience of orders in refusing to testify. Perhaps the cadets, and even the naval officers, held him in no less esteem for this; but discipline must be maintained, and the demerits were plainly deserved, under the regulations.

So passed December with its storms and calms, and the new year opened.

CHAPTER XVII.

HARD WORK.

While the interest of the cadets was more or less taken up, as we have seen, with athletics, hops, and a few minor incidents and irregularities of conduct, the main business of the hour, morning, noon, and night, each man knew "in his boots," as Tel. Staples expressed it, that a number of members of the class were almost certain to drop, or "bilge," at the end of the term. It was hardly likely that the experience of the present class of plebes would differ materially from that of their predecessors, though the men, one and all, stoutly asserted that a new era was inaugurated with their entrance into the academic lists.

Day by day the recitation marks rolled up; month by month the examinations in the various branches told their story as the semi-annual test drew near. Norman's entrance papers had placed him several notches above Dave, the Latin School drill telling heavily against the desultory teaching of the Granite District; but "Farmer" was a hard worker, and gained steadily on his more brilliant room-mate as the weeks went by.

In the conduct roll Norman's twenty-five demerits put him considerably below Dave, though the latter's own record was not perfect.

Every recitation was marked on a scale of tenths, from 0 to 4, the maximum. As 2.5 was the minimum which cadets could receive and be sure of remaining in the academy, it may be imagined with what anxiety they endeavored to keep off that fatal lee shore whose breakers some could hear through the fog, perilously near, as the term advanced.

In obtaining the final mark for a term (*i.e.*, half year), the mean of the final monthly marks, multiplied by 3, was added to the mark received at the examination, and the sum divided by 4. The operation may be expressed by this formula; letting e = the mark at the semi-annual examination, and t the average of the monthly examination marks, while T = the final mark desired:

$$T = \frac{3t + e}{4}.$$

Sandy, after knitting his brows for a while, in the early days of plebedom simplified the whole matter by putting it in the form of a prescription:

"Take three parts monthly ex. marks, the *meanest* kind; mix with one part semi-annual agony; shake well, and label 'Misery' or 'Bliss,' according to whether or not the dose comes up to the two-five

standard! 'T,'" he added sagely, "stands for Toadstool. The only way you can tell whether it's a Mushroom is by taking it, and seeing whether you die or not."

Another important factor in determining rank, it should be remembered, was the daily drill. To understand what variety of exercise and proficiency was required let us glance at the table of drills posted for the first three months of Norman's academy course.

FOURTH CLASS.

Academic months.	Week ending—	First Division.	Second Division.	Third Division.	Fourth Division.
Oct..	3	Company.	Boats. Seamanship.	Artillery.	Boats. Seamanship.
	10	Artillery.	Boats. Battery drill.	Company.	Boats. Battery drill.
	17	Boats. Seamanship.	Company.	Boats. Seamanship.	Artillery.
	24	Boats. Battery drill.	Artillery.	Boats. Battery drill.	Company.
	31	Battalion infantry.	Battalion infantry.	Battalion infantry.	Battalion infantry.
Nov.	7	Seamanship.	Seamanship.	Seamanship.	Seamanship.
	14	Seamanship.	Seamanship.	Seamanship.	Seamanship.
	21	Battalion artillery.	Battalion artillery.	Battalion artillery.	Battalion artillery.
	28	Gymnastics.	Dancing. Seamanship.	Gymnastics.	Dancing. Seamanship.
Dec..	5	Gymnastics.	Dancing. Seamanship.	Gymnastics.	Dancing. Seamanship.
	12	Dancing. Seamanship.	Gymnastics.	Dancing. Seamanship.	Gymnastics.
	19	Dancing. Seamanship.	Gymnastics.	Dancing. Seamanship.	Gymnastics.
	26	No drills.			
Jan..	2	Gymnastics.	Dancing. Seamanship.	Gymnastics.	Dancing. Seamanship.
	9	Gymnastics.	Dancing. Seamanship.	Gymnastics.	Dancing. Seamanship.
	16	Dancing. Seamanship.	Gymnastics.	Dancing. Seamanship.	Gymnastics.
	23	Dancing. Seamanship.	Gymnastics.	Dancing. Seamanship.	Gymnastics.
	30	Semi-annual examination. [No drills.]			

CADET QUARTERS.

In seamanship we have seen that Dave advanced rapidly. Instruction was given not only on the *Monongahela* and *Santee*, but in the Seamanship building, where there were many pieces of apparatus, including the working model of a full-rigged ship, forty-one feet long. Here the cadets of the various classes studied knotting and splicing; compass and lead line; ship nomenclature; cutting and fitting hemp rigging; cutting and fitting wire rigging; rowing, and the management of boats under oars and under sail; sailmaking; making up, bending, unbending, and handling sails; rigging ship; stripping ship; shifting spars; getting under way and anchoring; evolutions with vessels under sail and under steam; signalling, army and navy code; management of steam launches; and steam fleet tactics with steam launches.

The gun drills were an especial delight to Dave, whose blood tingled as the huge pieces of ordnance roared out their greetings to their young masters and their shot tore up the waters of the Severn around the floating targets. Norman, on the other hand, evinced a special aptitude for the more scientific side of naval service, in spite of the martial ardor he had felt on the battleship months before. His whole tendency was, like that of Staples and a few others in the class, toward the engineer corps, though the studies for all, at this period of their course, were the same.

He still, however, retained his interest in military evolutions. It was a decided change from the captaincy of Company A in the Latin School battalion to a private's position in the rear rank of his company in the Naval Academy battalion; but he accepted his unavoidable degradation to the ranks with a good grace, and drilled his best, soon attracting attention and commendation from his superiors, as we have seen.

The cadet-lieutenant commanding his company was a fine, tall fellow named Catlin. He had resolved that his command should win the prize colors awarded each June and held one year by the successful company. More than once Catlin told off an awkward squad of three or four men, to be put through the elementary tactics, "setting up," and the manual of arms, by Norman, who was well used to the business.

Perhaps the awkwardest man in the battalion was the long-limbed Californian plebe, whose presence in the "collateral squad" was frequent.

"Carry—arms!" Norman would command, performing the movement with his own piece.

"Right-shoulder—arms!"

"Carry—arms!"

"Order—arms!"

Down would come Staples' musket, just grazing the shoe-leather of the man beside him, who imme-

diately hopped on one foot to express rather what might have been than actually was.

"Steady!" Norman would call out, his mouth twitching. "Mr. Staples, be more careful with your piece, if you please."

"Beg your pardon, sir; it was quite accidental on my part," Staples would explain politely. "Bennington's foot almost touched mine, and the gun had to come down somewhere."

"No talking, there!" would come the warning from the nearest petty officer, and Holmes, who had hard work to keep his face straight—though Staples was sober as a judge—would proceed with the manual.

Sword exercise did not begin until cold weather, but after the first drill, the "*Un—Deux—Trois!*" of the French sword-master became familiar sounds in the ears of the new cadets.

Norman saw in these days as never before the wisdom of the establishment of the academy in this special latitude. The outdoor exercises are all of great importance, and a mild climate with little bad weather for several successive months is necessary to complete the instruction. October, November, most of December, March, April, and May are devoted to these drills, and the weather during these periods is usually mild and fair in Annapolis, while in a northern climate the cold and inclement weather would render such outdoor exercise impossible for a large portion

of the academic year. The drills are always held in the armory or elsewhere under cover during (a part of) December, January, February, and a part of March, as well as on stormy days in the earlier and later months. The summer, which would be uncomfortably hot in Maryland, is spent by most of the cadets afloat on the annual cruise across the Atlantic or along the northern seaboard.

Well, the semi-annuals came at last, and the final week of January was devoted to them. The fourth class emerged as from a sea-fight, with a gloomy list of lost and wounded, but with the survivors all the more self-reliant for the fray and the more determined to complete their course with honor to themselves and the academy.

In the ranks of the latter were all our friends, the inseparable quartette, or, with Staples, who was now reckoned one of them, quintette. A fair idea of general standing was at the same time obtained. Norman was seventh in the class, and Dave was tenth, with the next man only slightly ahead of him.

Studies were entered into with more zeal than ever as the shores of youngsterdom loomed up dimly before the battle-scarred plebes; and in March came the athletic tournament and baseball.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ONE TO NOTHING.

The buds on the elms swelled in the warm March rains and early April sunshine; a tinge of bright green enlivened the plots of turf between Love Lane and Youngsters' Walk; feathered visitors, some in regulation blue uniforms, some in ruddy coats like the Britishers of old, sounded their calls among the branches, and marshalled their sections like the blue-coated cadets beneath—with this exception, that on this "upper floor" no leader or officer in charge interfered to check talking in the ranks or condemn a careless adjustment of uniforms, which, indeed, were beyond criticism save directly after the morning bath in rain-pool or rivulet.

While birds and flowers and opening buds did not form the staple of conversation among the academy plebes at mess-table or along the corridors in recreation hours, the men, being young and healthy and clean-minded, undoubtedly thought of these things, and mentioned them in their letters mother and sister-ward. Ah, these mothers and sisters—includ-

ing your chum's sister! How they foster and draw out the sweetest and gentlest and best that is in us rough fellows, who hide our tenderer sentiments under a blue coat or a bluff exterior! The most manly man, like the divine Carpenter of Nazareth, is in his heart the most womanly.

Opportunities for work budded and sprang forth in the early months of the year like the elm leaves at the touch of spring. Drills now included skirmish and landing parties and battery exercise. The cadets served the guns or wielded the oars with a will as they left the recitation-rooms, glad to get into the open air and "let go" their arms and legs.

On every Wednesday afternoon there was a fire-drill in the quarters, bringing every man into active service with hose, bucket, or plug.

In April a great fencing tournament took place, where "Dumb" Whittaker let his foil speak for him, and covered himself with glory by "touching" Harvard and Columbia for many points.

Then came boat-races: contests between divisions, represented by crews in launch, cutter, and catboat; some under sail, others under oars.

Of all the athletic departments, Dave Rexdale was most interested in baseball. Previously there had been no regular plebe team, but Dave hustled about, and succeeded in organizing a nine, himself playing centre-field (and captain). A game was arranged

with the youngster team for a Saturday afternoon early in May.

The two nines duly appeared on the field, and after a little preliminary practice settled down to the game. The batteries on both sides were proficient in their respective positions, the pitcher of the older men having a puzzling drop delivery and perhaps slightly outclassing his opponent.

No runs on either side during the first three innings.

Plebes in, two men out, Tickerson at the bat. "Girlie" was handicapped by his diminutive stature in some of the sports, but he was a fine short-stop and a good batter.

"Strike, *one!*" called the umpire, a first-class man, as the ball whizzed past the striker.

The little fellow waited calmly, while the opposing pitcher glared at him with fire in his eye.

"Strike, *two!*"

The crowd of youngsters present gave vent to vociferous shouts. The class yell had not yet been chosen—or composed, rather—and it was each man for himself.

Girlie planted his feet a little more firmly in the hollows worn by previous batsmen in the clayey soil.

Scott, the pitcher, drew himself up, waved his arms over his head, and let the ball go like lightning, but with its most seductive drop.

Crack! came the clear, resonant blow of willow on

pigskin that betokens a clean hit. Away went the ball over the head of the third baseman and just inside the foul line; away went Tickerson, his legs flying like a mist under him. As he neared second base Dave, who was coaching on the lines, saw the danger, and shrieked "Slide, Girlie! Slide!"

Tickerson's feet shot out in front of him, reaching the bag just ahead of the low-thrown ball. The second baseman made a good stop, but lost his balance and went down, head over heels, upon the prostrate runner, while the ball rolled away through the grass.

In an instant Girlie, covered with clay, was on his feet and off like a deer for third base, while the centre-field rushed forward, caught up the ball and hurled it wildly in the same direction. It flew through the air fully twelve feet above the ground, and the baseman being only six-feet-one, was unable to touch it, though, as Sandy approvingly remarked as soon as he could make himself heard, "he climbed well for it."

In came Tickerson, and a moment later crossed the plate, scoring the first run in the game amid a tumult of cheers from his classmates. There was some discussion whether it should be allowed as a "homer," but it was finally so recorded as Girlie, panting, brushed the dirt from his uniform.

The inning closed without further incident, and the score stood 1 to 0, in favor of the plebes. Their hopes

were almost immediately dashed, however, by a fine two-base hit on the part of the first youngster who came to the bat. Two minutes later he and the next man were simultaneously retired on a double play, followed by a third out on strikes.

When the plebes came in from the field it was evident that their blood was up, and the crowd expected to see them score again. Instead of this every man of the three who picked up his bat was struck out by the redoubtable Scott.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Sandy as the nine wended their way to their positions once more. Then his emotions became too deep for utterance, and he subsided.

Inning after inning followed without a change of score, until it was the last half of the ninth, with the youngsters at the bat, ready to do or die.

It was Scott himself who opened the fun with a clean hit for one base; and the players had to pause for the uproar to quiet down.

The second man popped up a fly over the catcher's head. Off went the mask as the player, running a little from his position, held up his hands for an easy out. Scott, meanwhile, danced up and down on the line between first and second, but did not dare to run lest the ball should be caught. The air was filled with shouts from a hundred self-appointed coachers:

"Run, Scott!" "Take second!" "*Look out! Look*

out! Go! Go!" These last cries in a frenzy from the youngsters as the plebe catcher squarely muffed the ball.

Too late! The pitcher was lingering near, like Mary's lamb, and had the ball almost the instant it touched the ground. Turning swiftly in his tracks, he lined it like a cannon ball to second, where Scott was forced by a good six feet.

One out, man on first; score, 1 to 0.

The pitcher, a Kansas man named "Jack" Molesworth, was nervous, and had the next two balls called.

"Brace up, Jack! Put 'em over! Don't let him rattle you!" came a medley of cries from the side lines.

"Steady, old fellow! Take your time!" sung out Rexdale.

In spite of these friendly warnings the next ball was wild. The runner, who had been cutting up all sorts of capers at first base, saw his chance, and stole second before the ball could be regained and thrown.

Molesworth set his lips firmly together, and with a glance at second to keep the youngster in order, sent an out-shoot just near enough to the plate to fool the striker, who was over-confident. He barely reached the ball, and knocked it, spinning, backward and sideways. Catcher and first baseman both started for it, and only a timely shout from Captain Rexdale averted a collision as the baseman made a fine catch.

"Foul—*out!*" called the umpire.

Two out, man on second, and a powerful striker at the bat.

Two balls and a strike were called amid breathless silence, the excitement being too great for exultation or mourning over these lesser incidents.

"Strike—two!" Then, indeed, the plebes indicated that they were gratified at the turn affairs were taking. One more strike, well handled, and the game would be theirs! Shrieks and catcalls split the air, while the first-class men, carried away by the enthusiasm of the occasion, unexpectedly gave new courage to the "infantry" by joining in with the sonorous academy yell:

"*Rah! Rah! Rah!*
"*Hi! Ho! Ha!*
"*U. S. N. A.!*
"*Boom! Sis! Bah!*
"NAVY!"

"Three balls" were called, and now it all depended on the next ball delivered. A strike or put-out meant victory for the plebes; a long, safe hit would tie the score and possibly bring in the winning run for the youngsters.

Silence so deep that, as Tel. Staples said afterward, you could have heard a whole paper of pins drop.

But what does this wild howl of ecstatic triumph mean? Where is the ball? It has met the bat squarely and is a mere dot in the air, soaring far over the centre-field, while the advance runner tears over the lines to the home-plate, the striker circles the bases after him, and every third-class man in sight screams himself hoarse.

Suddenly the outcries cease, as if by magic. What is Rexdale doing?

The moment the ball was struck, Dave, with the marvellous eye-training of a good outfielder, "plotted its curve," and saw that it was going over his head. Turning his back on the crowd, he ran like mad for twenty paces in the direction pursued by the ball. Whirling about once more, he leaped into the air, sideways and backward, with one hand far outstretched.

The ball struck it and clung to the glove, while the fielder turned a complete backward somersault, coming up with the ball still clutched firmly in his left hand!

Game finished. Score, 1 to 0, in favor of fourth class.

Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! The spectators swarm over the field. Dave, grimed and perspiring, is caught up on the shoulders of his classmates, patted, hugged, cheered, till he is the color of a Jacqueminot. Will ever triumph in after-life be quite as sweet as this?

BASEBALL NINE.

Certainly applause can never be more sincere or vociferous.

The class are sadly impeded in the expression of their joy by impossibility of concerted vocal action. They are a band of Pawnees, a menagerie let loose in a thunder-storm, until, under cover of their whilom dignified spectators, they join in the old yell as it rolls out once more and dies away over the waters of the Severn, rosy in the sunset light—

"*Rah! Rah! Rah!*
"*Hi! Ho! Ha!*
"*U. S. N. A.!*
"*Boom! Sis! Bah!*
"NAVEE—E!"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE END OF THE TERM.

Among the spectators at the more important athletic events, as well as at an occasional boat-drill or parade, Miss Grace Lee was pretty sure to be a prominent figure. She took a great interest in outdoor sports and was herself an enthusiastic golf-player. While she had numerous acquaintances among the upper-class men, she remained loyal to her plebe friends, often dancing with them at the hops, accepting their escort on the grounds, and, with Mrs. Lee, entertaining them at her house.

Miss Franklin, her friend, who was visiting her in November, returned to New York for the winter, but was again seen in Annapolis when the birds began to sing. Sandy's cadet friends claimed that he was in a dreadful state of mind regarding the two girls, being unable to decide which he liked best; and "How happy I'd be with either!" became a favorite song when that young gentleman appeared in public.

Girlie Tickerson was a regular caller at their Annapolis home, his musical tastes furnishing an ex-

haustless topic of conversation with Grace, and opportunity for mutual enjoyment at the piano.

"Sandy's made a requisition on the storekeeper for a jew's-harp," drawled Staples one day as the unconscious plebe approached. "Going to learn to play on one instrument or die in the attempt!"

Saunders looked up innocently at the laugh.

"Glad you fellows are happy," he said good-naturedly. "What's the joke? Am I on the tree for Skinny, as usual?"

The "tree" is the list of unsatisfactory recitations posted each week.

"No, but there's where your harp will hang when Girlie biffs the Fifth Sonata with Somebody next Saturday night!"

"Well," remarked Saunders, skipping a stone into the river, "I'm not much on sonatas, I'll admit; it takes an 'opus' to bring out my staying qualities at the piano. What d'ye mean by 'harp,' Jack?"

"Speaking of harps," interrupted another, without satisfying Sandy's curiosity, "Girlie's using his fingers all up stopping hot liners. Farmer ought to order him out of the nine, or Sandy'll get ahead of him."

There was another laugh at this, and Saunders, whose equanimity was impregnable, saw that his well-known visits to No.—, Main Street, had been the subject of remark, as usual.

"Oh, if *that's* what you're harping on!" said he.

"I don't need any piano-playing to help me out in calling. I'm always——"

"Looking out for a Lee shore!" sung out a joker.

The other gave him a good-natured push, and the group moved on, passing the chaplain and touching their caps respectfully as they did so.

The track tournament succeeded the baseball fever, and toward the very end of the term came a long-remembered eight-oar boat-race, in which the academy defeated a strong crew of Naval Reserves for the first time.

The first week in June was to be almost entirely devoted to the annual examinations, even more dreaded and conclusive than the mid-year. Just beyond the tossing waters could be seen the fair haven of youngsterdom, with "June week" in near perspective.

New faces, meanwhile, were seen in the grounds and on the *Santee*. The May entrance examinations had come and gone, and lo! a promising crop of "functions," as the successful candidates are called until graduation day, when they become plebes. The present fourth class looked upon these innocents with the gravely experienced air of a six-hour-old chick regarding the struggles of a younger brother to free himself from the fragments of shell which betray his recent arrival in the bustling world.

Among them Norman saw a face one day that

seemed familiar, though he could not identify the young fellow.

The latter approached him and rather bashfully held out his hand.

"You don't remember me, I guess?" he said. "I met you in Annapolis last September, after I'd bilged in the exam. I was feeling pretty bad about it, and you said——"

"Dobson!" suddenly exclaimed Holmes, grasping the outstretched hand. "I remember you now well enough. So you're in all right this time!"

"Yes," said Dobson, beaming at him with a suspicion of moisture in his boyish eyes. "What you said that day sort of put heart into me. Father took it pretty bad, just as I said he would, but I *promised* him I'd pass in May. I studied with all my might, and—here I am!"

"Right side up!" said Norman. "Awfully glad you've hit it, Dobson. Let me know if there's anything I can do for you. You're on the *Santee*, I suppose?"

"Yes," said the "function," rubbing his head ruefully; "I've got a bump yet, where I sized up the deck-timbers over my hammock the first night. Good-by, sir!" and he hurried off with the zeal of a newcomer.

The "sir" sounded oddly in Norman's ears. It was the very first he had heard from a lower-class

man, and, indeed, he had no right to it now, as he was himself still a plebe. But it made him realize that the first year was practically over, and that one quarter of his shore-going life in the academy was behind him.

At about this time he received a letter from home which gave him great delight, and, strange to say, a queer, fluttering kind of feeling around the heart.

"My dear boy" [his mother wrote], "I have planned a surprise for you, which there is no need of keeping a secret any longer, for I want you to have the pleasure of anticipation for a fortnight. I have invited Annie Rexdale to join Hallie and myself in a little trip to Maryland, and to spend a week in June at Annapolis! I know you will see us at home in September, on the return from your cruise; but I can't wait till then, and the two girls are wild over the thought of going. Annie has just graduated with honor from the Granite High School, and she means to spend next year in preparation for teaching at the State Normal School in Salem, so we shall see her often, I hope. Please engage rooms for us at the 'Maryland' for the second. You do not know how I am looking forward to seeing you! You have had your mind taken up with new sights, experiences, and duties, but Hallie and I have just been living our same quiet life, you see, in St. Botolph. Since your father left us I have learned to lean on you a great deal, my boy. You must realize, more and more, that you have his place to fill. I know the thought will be an inspiration to you, and that your mother will never trust in vain.

"Hallie has been much taken up with her music this winter. She——," etc., etc.

Here Mrs. Holmes went into a rehearsal of domes-

tic details, all of which interested Norman, but which we need not copy.

He sought Rexdale at once, and found that he had just heard the news from his sister.

"Annie writes that they expect to arrive on the second," he said gleefully. "Do you suppose we can get leave to meet them and get them settled at the hotel?"

"Of course we can. Oh, Dave, suppose we shouldn't knock that 2.5!"

"Nonsense, Norm! That sounds like your talk when we came to Annapolis last September. We're all right; and look here, I'm going to run you hard for rank, old fellow!"

Norman laughed and said it would do him good to see Dave's name above his own in the list. At the same time he had his misgivings.

Several of the cadets in the class were practically certain of dropping, and most of these said they were glad of it. Life at the academy was nothing but grind, grind, grind; they hated the sight of navy blue, and never wanted to see a steam-engine or a "rapid-fire" gun again. If they had known what it was, they would never have entered the academy; and so forth and so forth.

"Sounds a good deal like familiar quotations from the fox family, don't it?" said Dave aside to Norman as these remarks were aired at mess-table.

"Only the grapes are *blue!*"

May was over, the term was at an end; and with the advent of June the formidable annuals came, were seen, and, by a large proportion of the class, were conquered.

When the list was posted on the morning after the last examination, it was found that eleven of the class had failed to attain the required 2.5, and would straightway have to return to civilian life. This they did, and while some jovial faces were missed—for the lazy fellows were for the most part jolly and good-natured—the class as a whole knew itself the stronger for their loss. The cadets who remained began to feel like *picked men.*

Norman still ranked seven, but Dave had risen two in the line, and was a close eighth.

But in telling all this we have run ahead of our story, and must return to the second of June, when the St. Botolph party were due at the Short Line Railroad Station in Annapolis.

CHAPTER XX.

JUNE WEEK.

It was Tuesday afternoon. Two days of examination had already gone into history, and our young Northerners wanted to throw up their caps as, on special leave, they turned their backs on upper quarters and started for the station. Never had the sun shone more radiantly; never were the green arches of the overhanging elms more beautiful; never were uniforms more carefully brushed or gloves more startlingly white than those worn by the two cadets.

As they neared the gate they met Saunders, who looked at them wistfully.

"Just my luck," said he with a doleful laugh, "not to have a sister; I wish I'd thought of it before I left home!"

"Look here, Sandy," said Norman with a sudden thought, "you just cut over to the commandant's office and ask for an hour's leave. They're letting up a little on rules, now term's over, and I don't believe he'll insist on the written application and all that. Come to the door, and if you can go with us to the station——"

"Go with you! Why, man, I don't know your family—except the one degenerate example of it now before me. What would they think?"

"'Think!'" said Dave impatiently; "they'd think we'd done 'em a favor to introduce you—we've kept 'em posted on all the bright lights of the class——"

"Hurry!" added Norman, "and don't stop to talk. If you can go, wave your cap three times, and we'll loaf a little on the avenue while you're jumping into your uniform and catching up. There's half an hour before train-time. That's right—go it!"

Saunders' face had brightened, and he was off like a shot before his classmate finished speaking.

Two minutes later they saw him wave his cap excitedly and disappear.

"Commandant's a—a——"

"Brick," said Dave concisely, glancing over his shoulder to see that no one was near. "I don't care to have the gyrene report that I said so, but he is, all the same."

The marine indicated by the speaker paced solemnly to and fro, with his thoughts evidently far away as the lads passed him. They crossed Hanover Street and moved slowly up Maryland Avenue, talking of the summer cruise and their plans for September leave of absence. At Buffham's they stopped to look at photographs of academy groups displayed in the window. Loitering along in this way, they had hardly

reached the street bordering the little eminence on which the Capitol stands when they heard rapid steps behind them, and Saunders came puffing up, pulling on his gloves as he ran.

The three cadets now turned away to the right, toward the railroad station. This route led them past Mrs. Lee's house, and, sure enough, there was Grace, just about to enter.

"Come in, come in!" she said in her Southern, cordial way as they approached. "Mother'll be ver' glad to see you, and so shall I."

"Thanks," said Norman, acting as spokesman for the trio, "but we're bound for the Short Line Station, where my mother will arrive from Baltimore in about ten minutes. Hallie and Miss Annie are coming with her, so Dave and I must be there. Sandy could stop —or, better still, why can't you go down to the station with us?"

"Good idea," said Dave. "Do come, Miss Lee! The girls know all about you."

Grace hesitated, then laughed.

"Well," she said, "just let me tell mother where I'm going, with all this naval escort, and I'll accept your invitation. I do so want to meet the ladies of your family."

"I'm not in it," said Sandy grimly as the pretty girl *swished* into the house. "No ladies from my family!"

"In it! I shouldn't think you were!" cried the others in a breath. "Aren't you going to escort Miss Lee to the station while we fellows fall in behind, just to keep an eye on you?"

Here the young lady in question reappeared, and Saunders rather bashfully stepped forward to the place assigned him. If she divined why the other two preferred to keep themselves detached from service, she said nothing, but cheerfully accepted their comrade's company.

They had not long to wait at the station, where half a dozen negroes were already lounging and sunning themselves contentedly. The black front of the locomotive came hurrying around the curve, and a moment later the train was at a standstill.

"There they are!" cried Norman as he caught sight of Hallie's braid through the car window. "Oh, mother!"

The cadet forgot his dignity and white gloves while he clasped the little woman in his arms, his heart swelling so that he could not speak.

"Here's Mr. Rexdale!" she said, after a moment, smiling through her happy tears and holding out her hand. "The girls are just behind, Norman."

Three minutes served for all the greetings and introductions. Hallie, who was prepared to like everybody that liked her brother, was extremely cordial in her reception of Miss Lee, while Sandy was

met with special friendliness from Anemone; so it happened that in starting from the hotel for the academy grounds half an hour later, Norman walked beside Grace and his mother, Dave accompanied Hallie, and Annie was with Saunders.

"You'll be just in time for the parade," said Norman eagerly as he piloted the party down the now familiar avenue. "There are no regular drills this week, but we parade about every day."

"Shan't we hear a band concert, then?" Annie asked her jolly escort.

"To-morrow," replied Sandy promptly. "Of course you'll come over?"

"If the rest do. Oh, is that the entrance to the academy?"

"It is; observe the armed force protecting it. Are you prepared to risk a shot from that musket, Miss Rexdale?"

"Don't you worry, Annie," called out Dave over his shoulder. "That isn't a real soldier. It's a wooden one, wound up every six hours."

The sentry was a pleasant enough fellow, after all, and his ordinarily grim expression relaxed as the bright eyes of the visitors peeped at him in passing.

"Do *you* ever have to stand there with a gun, Norman?" inquired Mrs. Holmes, whose idea of cadet duties was still rather vague, in spite of all Norman's letters.

"Only for a punishment, ma'am, when he's b—failed in recitation," put in Sandy, solemn as an owl.

Norman laughed with the rest, and explained to his mother that the orderly was a subordinate representative of the United States armed forces, not an officer.

Chattering like magpies and asking questions at every step, the girls, following the advice of their friends, turned away from upper quarters into Love Lane, and so over toward the parade ground. Norman and his chums now excused themselves, and the shrill, sweet notes of the bugle were soon heard, calling the cadets to the armory, whence they issued in column-of-fours, with the band at their head.

Quite a gathering of spectators, including the Board of Visitors, had assembled on and near the band stand, and watched the evolutions of the battalion with delight. It was indeed a fine sight as the adjutant, having rectified the alignment and reported, "Sir, the parade is formed!" the commanding officer returned, "Take your post, sir!" and the long ranks of blue-coated, white-gloved cadets stood motionless in the afternoon sunlight.

"Battalion—attention!"

"Carry—arms!"

The polished barrels of three hundred pieces flashed in the air as they came home.

"Present—arms!"

Then it was the band's turn, and they marched the whole length of the line and back, playing their best.

A few more movements, and "Parade is dismissed!" Away moved the column to the stirring notes of the "Liberty Bell" march.

"Oh-h!" exclaimed Hallie, drawing a long breath, "it's splendid! I didn't see Norman, though; did you, Annie?"

"He was just in front of that door," said Anemone, with a little uncalled-for pink in her fresh, country cheeks. "I couldn't find Dave or Mr. Saunders."

They talked for a little while, and then the boys appeared again, this time bringing Tickerson and Staples, who were duly presented.

"Now you must come into the quarters and see our rooms," said Norman, giving his mother his arm and leading the way. "Besides, I want to introduce the officer of the day. He's a splendid fellow, second man in his class."

How pleasant it was to see those pretty faces in the old corridors and bare halls! Even the countenance of the ferocious lion of the *Macedonian* seemed to soften as the dainty figures paused before him to wonder and admire. No. 87 became a sumptuous drawing-room, decorated with exotics, while Hallie merrily commented upon various articles of furniture and in vain begged Dave to repeat his "wooing o'

the broom." Annie respectfully opened the covers of some of the well-worn books, and Mrs. Holmes poked the beds to see if the springs were soft; nay, sat on them, leaving a little ruffle on their smooth surface, which afterward had to be patted out—though regretfully—by the cadets, lest the officer in charge should animadvert upon their disorder.

Norman and Dave did their best, during the half hour that followed this visit, to show their guests everything of importance in the building and near it. They exhibited with pride the trophies of the War of 1812 and of the Naval Academy boat-crew; the square red flag of the *Lawrence,* bearing the words "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP," and the records of the football team; swords of noted officers, and blades of victorious oars.

The girls were interested in everything, delighted with everything, and voted it "a perfectly lovely place to live in."

"Only," added Hallie enthusiastically, "I don't see how you ever can study, with so many interesting things to take up your mind!"

"We do find it difficult," assented Staples, with a sly wink at Tickerson. "Why, I've known fellows to sit by the hour just gazing out of the window."

"And, then, the trees!" added Annie.

"Yes—one 'tree' in particular," said Tel. with a peculiar expression which Hallie caught in time to

make him explain this arboreal phenomenon which flourishes in the lower corridor of upper quarters.

"Isn't Grace Lee a dear thing?" asked Hallie that night as she talked over their new acquaintances with her girl friend, in their "Maryland" bedroom.

"Y-yes; I like her pretty well," said Anemone.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE JUNE BALL.

"Annapolis weather" proved constant throughout that blessed week—perhaps the brightest in the whole course for the plebe, who looks back on his anxious and harassed first year and realizes that it is at an end forever.

The Board of Visitors were full of zeal and curiosity, and various drills were rehearsed for their benefit. Some of the evolutions were beyond their civilian comprehension, but the dullest and most prosaic of men could not fail to appreciate the boat-drill with cutters, for instance; the white-frocked crews, the marvellous precision of every movement, the gleam of the ranks of tossed oars dripping as they rose aloft.

Some of the comments of the visitors were overheard and reported, greatly to the amusement of the young naval tars.

"Did you hear what Congressman R—— said about the 'glorious effect of snowy canvas against the blue sky'?" chuckled a yearling cadet. "We were getting sail on the ship, and he was just beginning to applaud, when somebody told him to wait.

The 'snowy canvas' was a to'gallants'l with the clew-lines jammed!"

Late in the afternoon came the regular band concert, or "practice," which takes place at that time, as well as in the morning, every day in the year when the band is not required in the drills, as in battalion exercise or land artillery. On Wednesday the girls came over, fresh as the morning itself, to the early concert, though their cadet friends, being busy in the examination rooms, could not join them.

Promptly at the hour the leader raised his baton, and the glorious strains of "Star Spangled Banner" arose, thrilling the hearts of the hearers as it has those of millions of their countrymen. Other patriotic pieces followed, and the girls, as they listened, felt that they, too, were Americans.

"I'm so glad that Dave is going into the navy," said Annie as they strolled back to the city.

"Has gone," corrected Hallie promptly. "And Norman, too. Only, it's funny, but he seems to be getting more and more interested in engineer work. His main idea, I guess, when he left home was to wear a sword and fire off cannon."

"Well," said Anemone, "I heard an officer say not long ago that the engineers on a warship are almost as much fighting men as the line officers, nowadays. At any rate, they would play just as important a part in a battle, and be in almost as much danger, every

minute. The big engine that drives the vessel, and dozens of other smaller engines—electric, hydraulic, and I don't know what—that they use in getting up ammunition, revolving the turrets, and aiming the cannon, all have to be in perfect order; and a mistake or hitch in running them at such a time might lose the battle."

"Ah, but think of the balls flying about the deck," said Hallie. "I don't like to imagine my Norman hiding away, down below; though, of course, I don't want him to be hit!" she added hastily.

"Think of those great steel-pointed shot plunging through the ship's sides into the engine-room!" retorted Annie with a shudder, "or a torpedo blowing up right underneath! There's danger enough, and responsibility, too, in a naval engineer's profession!"

"Well, I think it's nice that Dave is going into the line, anyway," said Hallie. "Perhaps there won't be a war as long as they live, so they'll both be safe."

Friday came at last—the great day! Examinations were over, the results posted, and among the true and the tried our friends stood once more, as we have seen, well in advance of the rest of most of their classmates, whose numbers had again shrunk at the hest of awful two-five.

The bugle blows blithely after breakfast, and the whole corps of cadets hurry to the armory, forming back of upper quarters; now to the academy chapel,

where the chaplain, looking down upon the array of brave young faces so eager for the unknown battle of life, prays for their welfare with, doubtless, a swelling heart and an affectionate solicitude, the depth of which they can only realize in after years. Then comes a good, ringing discourse from one of the august board, who is glad of the chance to say publicly what has been on his mind and lips ever since he arrived, and to tell the cadets what their country demands and expects of them. They have heard it all before, but the words of the speaker assume new significance on this special day, when nearly forty of their number are to leave them for actual service, and, ere long, receive government commissions as officers of the navy.

Once more the line is formed. We march slowly out from beneath the echoing arches of the sacred house into the flickering shadows of the dear old elms —never so dear as on this last day, when they stretch their trembling arms over us in blessing and farewell.

But the band strikes up merrily, and we are drawn up in line by the stand, the graduates in front and centre, facing the Secretary of the Navy and the superintendent. It is fabled afterward that those nearest could perceive that not even the faces of those seasoned warriors were free from signs of emotion as they handed out the diplomas to their erect, manly young foster-children who had borne the test of four years' severe training in the Naval Academy.

And now the last sheepskin has been delivered; and as it leaves the Secretary's hand, presto! the functions have become plebes; the plebes, youngsters; the youngsters, second-class men; and a new "first class" has stepped forward to take the place of the departing diploma-bearers.

"Youngster, how are you?" cried Sandy, clapping Tickerson on the back as soon as they were released from formation.

"Don't talk to me!" exclaimed Girlie T. excitedly. "I've grown three inches in the last half hour."

"That's right, sonny," retorted his classmate. "You'll look down on Telegraph yet. I say, what are those things over by Seamanship?"

"Let me look!" (squinting through his hand). "Oh, those are plebes—poor, little, insignificant plebes!"

"Sure! How does it feel to be one, I wonder?"

"Can't tell you. Dreamed I was one myself once, but I've forgotten the sensation."

"It does seem like a dream. Let's see if it's reality. Here, you plebe!" he called to an ex-function who was crossing the grounds.

"Yes, sir," answered the lad, running up and touching his cap.

"Keep your blouse brushed and don't drink too much milk for supper. That's all."

"It's real!" said Sandy in awestruck tones as the

good-natured little plebe trotted away with a laugh. "I was going to ask you to pinch me, Girlie, but the other method was less painful. Come on, let's find Lat. and Farmer. They're sure to be somewhere together."

"And somebody else is sure to be with them," added Tickerson roguishly. "Go ahead, Sandy, I'll see you later. I've got to look up something for to-night."

"She wouldn't feel complimented to hear herself called 'something'!" sung out Sandy; and he walked away, tickled to have had the last word.

It should be stated at once that certain finely engraved missives had been widely circulated during the preceding days, bearing the following invitation:

The Class of Ninety——
of the
United States Naval Academy
request the honor of your presence
at the
Farewell Ball
to be given to the
Graduating Class,
Friday evening, June fifth,
Eighteen hundred and ninety——,
at nine o'clock.
Annapolis, Maryland.

The Holmes party had been forewarned of this annual custom of the second-class men, and had brought suitable gowns in their trunks. Bright and early Norman and Dave appeared with a hack, and away they rattled to the academy. The carriage left them at the portals of old Fort Severn, and they all mounted the stairs to the gymnasium in high glee.

The three ladies had worn light wraps from the hotel, but when they entered the dance-room a few minutes later, the boys' hearts came up in their throats, the girls were so pretty in their party gowns. Far be it from the historian to attempt to describe these diaphanous creations! Suffice it to say that to Dave's eyes Hallie was adorable in pink; and her brother could see nothing for several minutes but a sweet face beside her, rising from a fluff of pure white, which set off Anemone's delicate beauty exquisitely, and made her look more than ever the flower for which she was named.

"Am I right?" dimpled Miss Hallie to honest Dave, who had been struck dumb at the pink apparition. And she pretended to look in great perturbation for something out of place in her dainty costume.

"Right!" gasped Dave, "I should say you were—*rather!*" And that was all the spoken compliment she had from him that night. But she was satisfied.

Grace Lee was there, of course, and her friend, Miss

Franklin; the two young ladies, with Mrs. Lee, being under escort of Saunders and Tickerson. The two matrons had already exchanged calls, and they were glad to find seats together and talk over their children while the latter were dancing.

Before long, upper-class men began to nudge the youngsters for introductions to their friends. This was contrary to all precedent, the girl who shows marked favor to plebes or even newly pledged youngsters at a hop being rather tabooed by such conduct from the elevating society of the upper classes. But the pretty quartette was in this case irresistible, and the third-year men remembered suddenly that Holmes and Rexdale, at any rate, were important men in their class; so with this concession they unbent, or, rather, bent before the conquering little heroines in pink and white. Hallie's braid was soon flying over the shoulder of a cadet petty officer with an eagle on his anchor, in a glorious two-step; and a no less exalted personage than the cadet lieutenant-commander was ere long in danger of forgetting the haughty Washington belle he had escorted to the ball as he stood beside the little New Hampshire wild-flower, fanning her and looking down into her frank, shining eyes as he talked.

Tickerson, for once, was in high favor with Grace Lee, and, being one of the best dancers in the academy, had no lack of partners; while Sandy, succumb-

ing entirely to the charms of Miss Franklin, dashed wildly about, as usual, strewing wrecks in his path.

Long after the hour appointed for closing, the lights twinkled in the gymnasium, graceful forms glided to and fro, and the sound of sweet music floated out at the open windows.

Just as the inexorable master of ceremonies would open his lips to order "Home, Sweet Home," a deputation of pretty girls would wait upon him, their eyes and cheeks glowing with happiness and excitement, and beg for "one more dance" with a plaintive fervor that the grim warrior could not resist.

At last he—figuratively—bound himself to the mast and stopped his ears as the fluffy sirens pleaded in vain. The long-postponed strains of "Sweet Home" filled the air; the chaperons rubbed their eyes and sat up straight; the girls, proclaiming one and all that "they weren't tired a bit, and it was too bad to close so early!" flocked to the dressing-rooms. Departing carriages bore the little parties homeward one after another; the gymnasium was left empty, with only trailing shreds of white muslin, a trampled rosebud or two, and the perfume of many flowers to tell of the happy hours that had past; while as the roll of the last carriage-wheels died away in the distance the first robin, whistling sleepily somewhere in the elms, announced that a new day had begun.

CHAPTER XXII.

OUTWARD BOUND.

On Saturday morning came the precious orders for sea service. Several weeks before this the cadets of the fourth class had been asked to express their preferences for the line or engineer corps. Those who had chosen the latter now received orders to transfer their effects forthwith to the *Bancroft*, while the line-men were commanded to report on board the *Monongahela*. The day was a busy one, and Norman saw but little of his family. To condense the contents of his wardrobe sufficiently for stowing in the small locker on board ship was a puzzling task. Fortunately the problem as to the baggage to be taken along was a comparatively simple one, as most of the "dunnage" was prescribed by regulations. At last everything was stowed and ready for the voyage.

In the evening he repaired to the hotel, and had a long talk with his mother over his prospects. It was then that he fully decided, once for all, to adopt the engineer branch of naval service.* Dave never had

* As these lines are written a movement is on foot to do away with all distinctions between the line and the engineer corps. In

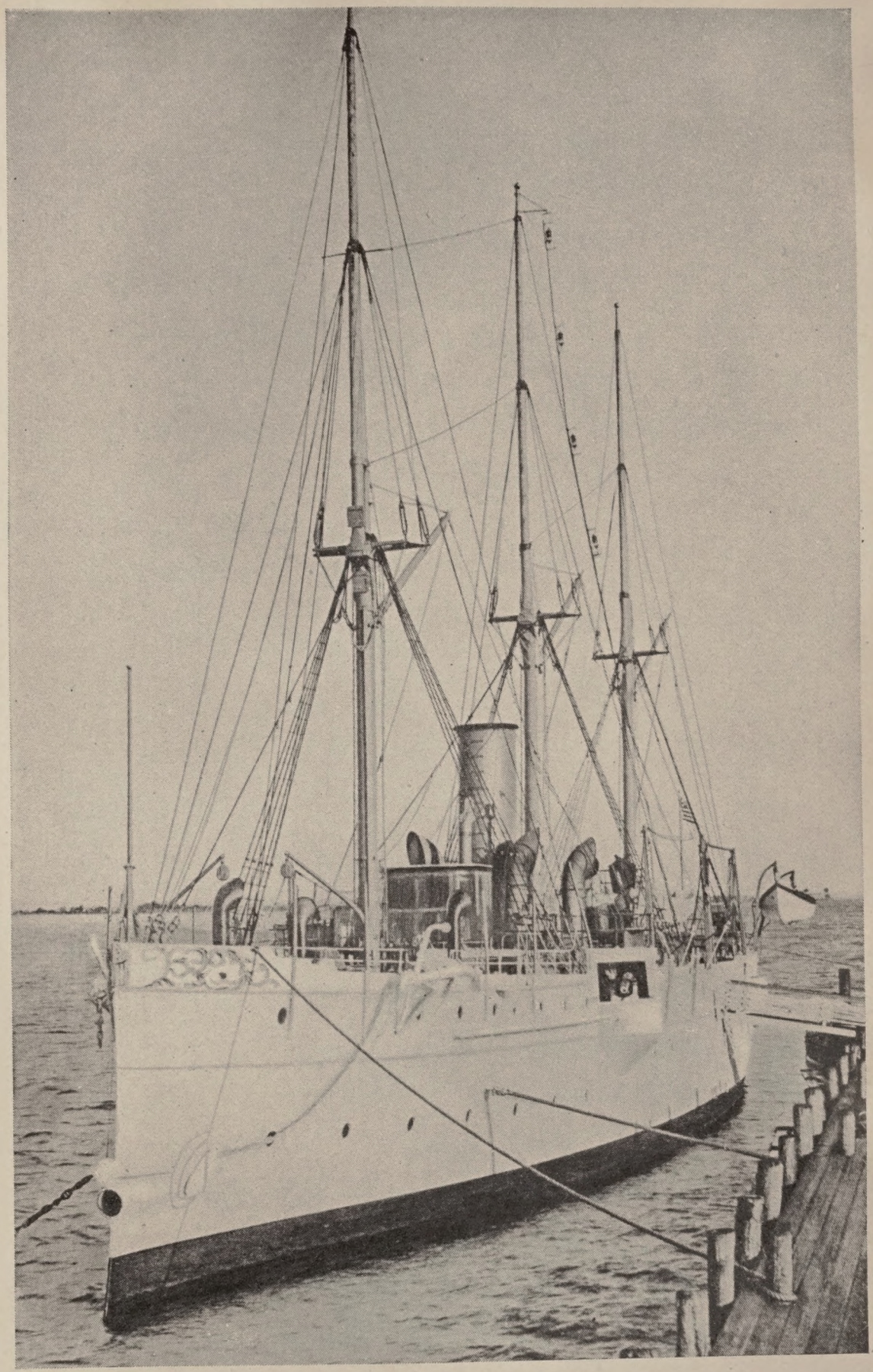
any doubt as to his own future. The path his father had trodden was to be his own, and he desired no other.

Sunday was a long, quiet, strange day, with its beauty and restfulness, after the year of hard work, already shadowed by the coming separation. Not only were the two lads to leave behind those dear to them, but they must say good-by for a time to each other. Dave was to cross the Atlantic, while Norman, in the *Bancroft*, was to cruise along the eastern seaboard of the United States, until the reunion of the two parties about September 1st.

Sunday evening the ladies came over to the academy grounds, joining the cadets there. After a while the party met one of the instructors, a commissioned officer in the United States navy, and much liked by the young men in his charge. He was strolling through the grounds with his wife, and introductions naturally followed the meeting. So it came about that Mrs. Holmes walked on with the two new acquaintances, while Hallie fell into line with Dave, and Annie and Norman brought up the rear.

For an hour they wandered to and fro under the elms and along the sea-wall. Mrs. Holmes accepted an invitation to rest a few minutes in Lieutenant's K.'s

Norman's time the two were separated during the summer cruise and in the second half of the academy course, and it was necessary for the cadet to make an early choice.



THE "BANCROFT."

house close by, leaving the young people to themselves meanwhile. "Didn't the girls want to rest, too?" she asked. No, they weren't in the least tired; the evening was too lovely to spend indoors.

There was a great deal, it seemed, to talk about. Old scenes were rehearsed; plans for the future were unfolded and commented upon. Annie told Norman about the Salem school, and her intention to teach; while he, on his part, confided to her more of his ambitions and hopes than he had to any one except his mother.

If Hallie's talk with Dave was merrier, it had none the less an undertone of feeling which neither of them thought of putting into words. Indeed the conversation of all four might have been stenographically reported and read by the outside world, and no one the wiser. It was just honest, earnest talk, and, perhaps, a significant pause or two, or a little pressure of one arm within the other, that could not be put into type.

Well, the long, dear June evening under the starlight was over at last. Both ships were to sail the following morning, and the home party had promised to be on the wharf in good season to witness the departure of the little squadron of two. But the real good-byes had to be spoken—and looked—that night.

After Rexdale and Holmes had left the hotel they walked for some time in silence. The old Maryland

capital was very quiet, though many small parties were passing to and from the academy.

"Where shall we be at this time to-morrow, I wonder?" asked Dave at length, "and where will *they* be?"

"Mother and the rest will be on the cars rattling along through New Jersey, I suppose," said Norman. "As for us, old fellow, we shall be a good many miles apart."

"Have you heard what the orders are for the *Bancroft?*"

"Only that we're going to Newport News first. None of the fellows knows anything definite about the cruise beyond that. Probably we shall run up the coast as far as Portland or Bath, and then work slowly southward. That's what they did last year."

"It's odd, Norm, that you and Staples should prefer the engineer corps—the best boxer in the class and one of the leading football men! There's Girlie, now, training for the line! It just seems to go by contraries."

"Well, I don't know, Dave. When I first thought of the navy it seemed an escape from indoor work and grubbing along as a lawyer. But, you see, I always had a sort of hankering for mathematics and machinery. I made a working model of a steam-engine—about ten sparrow-power!—when I was twelve years old. And now, with all these chances for learning

about machines, practice as well as theory, and the prospect of engineers playing a more and more important part in the navy, the life has a kind of fascination for me. One part of me pulls for the deck and the fresh air and another for the engine-room."

"I see," said Dave, "it's a case of 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,' only I can't say which is which."

"I'm glad, old fellow, for some reasons, that you are going into the line. We shall keep friends as long as we live" (throwing his arm affectionately over the other's shoulder) "and we can each keep posted on the other's department of navy affairs."

"Wouldn't it be jolly," said Dave after a few moments' silence, "if we could be appointed on the same ship?"

"Rather! I believe it will come about, somehow. Then—we could read each other's home letters, you know!"

Dave smiled under cover of the darkness.

"Perhaps, by that time—" he began, but checked himself, having come dangerously near saying something sentimental. He was nearly a year older than Norman, and it is quite possible that the future had received more definite thought in his mind than in his comrade's.

Nothing more was said on the subject at present, and the two cadets entered the grounds and went on board their respective ships for the night.

At ten o'clock the next morning the sea-wall and wharf presented a gay scene. A large number of Annapolis people, together with visiting friends and relatives of the cadets of the fourth, third, and first classes, had assembled to see them start on the summer's cruise. Many of the younger ladies, including Hallie and Annie, wore light dresses and carried gay-colored parasols; and more than one furtive signal passed between deck and shore.

The *Monongahela* had been moved out in the stream and lay with her anchor hove to a short stay, headed toward the bay, the tide being almost full and the wind blowing gently from the southwest. The *Bancroft* was moored to the wharf, her stack pouring out volumes of black smoke, her steam up, waiting for the command to cast off.

At last the word came. The bells in the engine-room of the smaller steamer could be heard by the nearest in the shore crowd, who set up a cheer, increasing as the fasts were cast off, the heavy hawsers drawn briskly on board, and the little ship gathered way.

At the same moment, as if by magic, the rigging of the *Monongahela,* which was going to sea under canvas, was filled with nimble figures, while the orders of the executive officer and the boatswain's whistle came merrily across the water.

"Stations for loosing sail! Keep fast the royals!

"To'gallant yardmen in the topmast rigging!

"Lay aloft, sail loosers—lay out and loose!

"Man the tops'l sheets and halliards!"

All being reported ready at each mast, the orders came: "Stand by! Let fall! Sheet home! Lay in —lay down from aloft!"

Down came the white-uniformed young seamen, except a few who remained to "light up" the rigging. Then, "Set taut! Hoist away the tops'ls!" And as soon as the sails were up to a taut leech, "Belay the tops'l halliards!"

Now the yards must be braced, while the broad, gleaming spaces of canvas flutter in the breeze and show their beautiful curves to the enthusiastic spectators on shore.

"Man the port-head, starboard main, and port cross-jack braces! Set taut! Brace up—brace abox!"

All this time the anchor holds the good ship firmly to Maryland soil; but the time for her to loose her grip has come.

"Man the bars! Heave around!"

Tramp, tramp around the capstan, and the *Monongahela* surges ahead slightly.

"Anchor up and down, sir!

"Clear away the down-haul! Hoist away!"

"Anchor's up, sir!"

"Avast heaving; hook the cat!"

The vessel pays off gracefully before the wind; the

helm, which has been alee, is righted; the head-yards are properly braced, and the spanker is set. But there is room for more canvas still.

"Man the to'gallant sheets and halliards! Set taut! Sheet home and hoist away!"

The anchor is catted and fished. More cheers from the shore; excited wavings of handkerchiefs; "Star Spangled Banner" from the band on the *Monongahela*, as the two ships move farther and farther away, setting their prows steadily toward the Atlantic.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE "WOODED ISLAND."

"Land, ho!"

It was the morning of July 3d. The *Monongahela* had proved a seaworthy vessel, though not fleet-footed, and the voyage had presented few especially exciting incidents beyond a lively blow on the fourth day out from Annapolis, and the usual assortment of calms and baffling winds. The third-class men, who had entered in September, and were therefore embarked on their first cruise, afforded considerable amusement to their hardened comrades during the early stages of the voyage, but a few days of deep sea service banished all qualms, and the crew was as jolly and contented a set of hard-worked young mariners as one could ask. Discipline was as severe as ever; practical studies were pursued, though under difficulties; innumerable sights were taken by the zealous cadet officers (nearly all of the first class); and the new plebes, with the youngsters, found plenty of pulling and hauling, splicing, log-heaving, and tying reef-points to occupy their hands when they were not busy over their books.

Of course there was some grumbling. One fellow in Dave's mess, nicknamed "Pessy," for obvious reasons, always took gloomiest views of present, past, and future.

"The barometer's falling," he announced one morning, "and we're going to have a regular cyclone, like as not, with a waterspout that'll send this old tub to the bottom."

"Oh, come off, Pessy!" shouted some one. "The *Monongahela* wasn't born to be drowned. You'll be laying out on the yards next fall down by the academy wharf, and grumbling because she didn't go to pieces on Teneriffe."

"I tell you what we'll do, fellows," said Rexdale; "we'll take Pessy off from Funchal some dark night, and maroon him on the Desertas!"

"The Desertas? What are they?" inquired he of the gloomy countenance.

"Why, don't you know? Those bare rocks that every shipmaster gives a wide berth to, a dozen miles or more southeast of Madeira."

"H'm," growled Pessy, working away vigorously at his dinner, "I'll bet a month's pay there's no reefing tops'ls there on a wet night, nor decks to scrub, nor——"

"All hands on deck!" came the boatswain's whistle.

"Told you so," grumbled the speaker, cutting short his speech and rising with the rest to answer the sud-

den call. "The old man's going to give a pull to the weather main brace, just to give us a job on the other side at two bells."

In spite of grumbling, the good ship ploughed her way along cheerily enough, with a fair-sized bone in her teeth, eating up longitude, meridian after meridian, and sinking her latitude on the great circle which guided her course.

Many a night Dave and Girlie, who were in the second division of the starboard watch, stood by the rail, looking out over the dark, restless waters and talking of home.

This reminds me of one exciting affair that happened to break the monotony of the voyage when the ship was in about longitude 41° (west from Greenwich), not far from the Azores.

One of the plebes, a slim, clumsy fellow named Peters, was jockeying a foreyard-arm, at work on some minor job on the lift, when the ship rolled heavily, and losing his balance, he fell with a shriek into the sea. The ship was straining a bit, under topgallant-sails, and was logging hardly less than ten knots when the accident occurred. In a moment the cadet was so far astern that it seemed impossible to save him; but Girlie Tickerson, with a loud cry of "Man overboard!" was on the taffrail and into the water so quickly that he came up within half a dozen yards of Peters, whose scant supply of wits seemed to have

been scattered by the shock of the sudden immersion, and who was splashing and crying out wildly.

Girlie, who was a fine swimmer, was by his side, puffing and blowing in a minute, and catching sight of a life-buoy which had been thrown by some one on deck, caught the plebe by the arm and shouted to him to stop struggling.

"Help! Ow-w—! I'm drowning!" screamed Peters, clutching Girlie around the neck.

The natural consequence of this movement was that both sank below the surface. With great effort Girlie managed to free himself and beat his way upward, followed by the other.

"If you—do that—again—I'll *drown you!*" shrieked the would-be rescuer, seizing Peters once more. "Keep still, now, and you won't sink. Don't try to get up and *stand* on the water!"

This time the boy obeyed, and Girlie soon reached the life-buoy.

The ship, meanwhile, had been thrown up into the wind, regardless of light spars, and the main-topsail backed. Down went the first cutter from the davits, the men tumbling in like mad, and headed for the buoy. The boat's crew had pulled hard before, in division races, but never did that cutter fly over the placid Severn as it leaped across the eighth of a mile of tumbling water that lay between the ship and the men overboard.

"Steady—oars!" cried the boatswain at length as he rounded the stern up to the buoy to which the two cadets still clung.

It was a ticklish job to get them in safely, but it was accomplished, and a faint "Hurrah!" from the ship that lay in the distance, with its sails thundering, proclaimed that the rescue was noted by those on board.

Nothing worse than the ducking and a few hours' weakness resulted to either of the cadets, who had been in the water nearly twenty minutes before they were picked up. Girlie, however, found himself a first-class hero when he came on deck in a dry rig. The men who had laughed, not always kindly, at his girlish face and diminutive stature, were the first to press forward and grasp his hand.

Of course the incident was the talk of the day, fore and aft. In the watch corresponding to the old second "dog watch"—that is, from four bells to four again in the early evening—a seaman aboard, known among the cadets as "Old Smoky," was moved to relate, over his pipe, an occurrence which once came near ending his own existence.

"It was in the old ship *London*," says Old Smoky, puffing away, "before I jined the navy. We was five days out from Liverpool, bound fer New Orleans. It kem on to blow hard, and all hands was called to reef tops'ls before the watch tarned in for the night.

'Twas putty middlin' dark already, an' when we got out on the yard most o' the work had to be done by feelin'. The mate he ordered the man at the wheel to luff a bit, so's to spill the sail, an' we clawed away at it in good shape. I was young then—'twas my second v'yage—and a leetle narvous, maybe; the ship was rollin' like a porpoise, an' one minute we'd be over the deck, the next we could jest see the froth on the black water right under us. Wall, I was reachin' over putty well, an' my feet wobblin' round on the foot-rope, when the wind ketched the sail and bellied it right up in my face; I gave a howl and lost my footin', and the next minute felt myself goin'."

Old Smoky paused to draw at his black pipe till it glowed brightly again, enjoying meanwhile the silent interest of his young auditors.

"In that minute, as I fell, I tell ye, sirs, I remembered my whole life, from the time when I was a boy down on a farm in 'Roostook County, Maine, an' used to fish in the brook with a bent pin, all through my schoolin' days, my comin' to Boston, an' shippin' as ship's boy. It seemed hours and hours while I was goin' through the air."

"Well, did they pick you up?" asked Peters with a shudder at the recollection of his own recent experience.

"Pick me up?" said the old seaman, knocking the ashes out of his pipe on the lee rail. "I should rather

say they did; leastwise, the man next me on the yard did. Jest as I slipped off he reached over an' caught me by the slack o' my clo'es, and hauled me over the yard agin. 'Thar, you fool!' says he, an' that was the end on't. I'd fallen about a foot when he caught me."

Thus through fair weather and foul, sunshine and fog, with grumbling and laughter and yarns, the days passed until on that misty July morning the lookout gave the welcome cry:

"Land, ho!"

The boys were not long in turning out. To many of them this apparition of land, after three weeks' sail across the ocean from Maryland, was like the discovery of a new world. As far as discipline permitted they scanned the picturesque headland that slowly loomed up through the fog, growing more and more distinct, until, running along the southern coast within about two miles of the shore, they could easily note its distinctive features.

The first-class officers on deck, to a man, trained their binoculars upon the land, while the eyes of the seamen, unaided by glass magnifiers, did good service.

From the very first, Madeira was voted by all a glorious spot. The island seemed one vast range of mountains, their tops lost in clouds, their mighty flanks terminating in bold promontories and precipices, down which the observers could see torrents, here and there, leaping into the ocean. The lower

slopes were dotted with white-walled chalets, thatched or covered with red tiles, and each surrounded by its bright garden-patch of sugar-cane or grapevines.

"Why was it called 'Madeira,' anyway?" asked one of the cadets. "What does the word mean?"

"It's a Portuguese word, meaning 'wooded,' answered a dignified young officer, who had been there the year before, and was well versed in the subject. "When the island was settled three or four hundred years ago it was covered with trees, but most of them have been cut off. The name, in English, is 'Wooded Island.'"

"Is everybody Portuguese now, on the island?"

"Pretty much. There are a few English and others; but everybody speaks Portuguese."

"That'll suit me," observed Sandy. "It'll give me a homelike feeling to speak Portuguese once more," he continued gravely as he saw several plebes look at him with increased respect. "If any of you fellows want an interpreter in Funchal, just call on me. By the way," to the plebes, "do you know what kind of wine they have here, besides Madeira?"

"No, what is it?" asked two or three at once.

"Why, port, you geese! Come on, Dave, there's the boatswain piping to grub."

For two hours the *Monongahela* held her course along the coast, and early in the forenoon dropped anchor off Loo Rock, in the harbor of Funchal.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GLORIOUS FOURTH IN FUNCHAL.

Before the anchor of the *Monongahela* was fairly at rest in the harbor, a host of small boats came scurrying over the water toward the big warship, which was soon surrounded with the curious little craft, like a duck with an uncommonly large flock of ducklings. As among young poultry, too, a babel of not unmusical cries arose from the splashing, gesticulating throng; the comparison failed only when it came to the color of the boats, nearly all of which were bright green, with elevated prow and stern-post.

The cadets did not linger at mess that morning.

"Look at the flowers in that boat!" cried one, "and the oranges!"

"Morangos! morangos! maduros!" sung out a swarthy boatman, holding up a trayful of baskets loaded with big red strawberries.

"Say, fellows," exclaimed Saunders, "I'd forgotten it was the season for morangos. They're a little late, but good eating, just the same, especially the maduros kind."

"Hail him in Portuguese, Sandy."

"Kalamazoo — comarouse — halibazan?" shouted Sandy.

The boatman shook his head, shrieked "*Não entende!*" and fired back a volley of his own language, with many gestures.

"What does he say, sir?" asked a plebe cadet.

"I asked him how his mother-in-law was, and he said she'd been out picking morangos this morning, but the sun was too hot," said Sandy with unmoved countenance as he sauntered away to where Rexdale and others of his classmates were overhanging the rail.

"Look here, Sandy, this fellow's going to dive for a nickel," called Dave. "There he goes!"

One of the cadets tossed the shining piece into the water, which was of the deepest blue and so clear that the coin could be seen in its wavering descent for fathoms below the surface. It did not reach the bottom of the harbor, however. A dark-skinned figure, naked but for a strip of cloth around the loins, shot like an arrow from his boat, and diving in a diagonal line, reached the shining bit while it was still twinkling downward.

Up came the swimmer, holding the coin aloft between thumb and finger, and clamoring for another trial as he writhed over the gunwale of his boat.

"Let's have a swim," suggested some one, unable to resist the example of the Portuguese diver.

"All right. Ask the exec. for leave."

A deputation of two cadets waited on the executive officer and preferred their request, which met with rather a curt refusal.

"You're too ready for play, young gentlemen," said the officer sternly. "There's hard work to be done first."

Now, on the report of this reply by the crestfallen committee, a spirit of mischief straightway entered into that portion of the crew whom the decision immediately affected. The sun was warm, the clear water inviting, the plashing of oars and swimmers fascinatingly suggestive.

The cadets put their heads together, and presently Bell Whittaker sauntered near a group of petty officers. As he reached them he started, touched his cap with an "Ay, ay, sir!" as if he had received an order, and immediately began to make his way out over the bowsprit and to the extreme end of the flying jibboom. Each of the officers, thinking some other of their number had sent him to overhaul some running gear thereabouts, glanced at the agile seaman and paid no further attention to his movements.

Suddenly a loud cry was heard, and a terrific splash ahead of the ship proclaimed that Whittaker had unaccountably lost his balance and fallen from the jibboom.

"Man overboard!" shouted half a dozen voices; and a moment later the whole port watch was in the

water, swimming zealously for their comrade, who called for help with all his might and lay on his side, paddling awkwardly and feebly as if disabled by the fall.

"Second cutters, lower away!" came the quick orders from the startled officer of the deck. The ropes were bungled, the blocks wouldn't work, the bows of the cutter dropped unexpectedly before the stern, spilling three more cadets into the harbor. A series of ear-splitting cries from the Portuguese boatmen as they hurried to the spot, shouts of warning from the men in the water, who were in real danger of being run down, the sharp orders of officers on the ship, made the scene a mimic pandemonium, while the gallant rescuers gambolled like a school of porpoises around Whittaker, whose prowess as a swimmer when a plebe will be remembered. Indeed every man in the academy was almost as much at home in the water as on land, swimming lessons in the tank being one of the early requirements of first-year drill.

The executive officer, who had gone below after delivering his veto on natation, by this time regained the deck, and in a few moments order was brought out of confusion as he took in the situation.

Whittaker was being fairly pushed up into the air by half a dozen white-shirted swimmers, who were laughing and sputtering so they could hardly keep afloat themselves; while others were being pulled into

THE FIRST DIVISION.

the native boats by the Portuguese, who insisted on rescuing them from a watery grave.

The second cutter was by this time in the water, right side up, and the crew (three of them dripping) on the thwarts, with oars poised. In another moment they gave way, and presently one after another of the rescued were assisted over the side of the ship, Sandy, solemn as a drenched owl, among the foremost.

The youngsters of that year will always believe they pulled wool over the eyes of their superiors on that eventful occasion, but I have the best of reasons for taking the opposite view. At any rate, it is a fact that half an hour afterward the executive officer and two or three of his assistants were closeted in the cabin of the former, and shaking their sides over something, in a manner which hardly befitted the demeanor of those who believed a cadet under their charge had narrowly escaped a "death from drowning" entry in the ship's log-book.

Be this as it may, no investigation was held of the affair, and only a display of seventeen dripping suits of white togs on the clothesline, an hour later, served to remind the ship's company of the forbidden swim in the harbor of Funchal.

No shore leave was granted to the crew that day. Several of the officers, commissioned and cadet, in full uniform, visited the city and paid their respects to the governor of the islands and the American consul.

The latter came on board and dined there. In the afternoon the band gave a concert, several boat-loads of English, American, and Portuguese ladies coming out to listen. After their return, word got around the decks that more than one cordial invitation had been left behind by the fair dames, including in their hospitable scope the whole ship's company.

"I suppose I shall have to call on the governor," said Sandy languidly. "He's probably heard of me, and I hate to hurt his feelings. I shall have to crowd him in somehow."

When the flag was hoisted to the peak on the morning of the glorious Fourth, the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner" rang out over the bay, and must have given the hearts of every American in the place a pang of homesickness. Liberty was granted to every man on board to spend at least a half day on shore, a part of the crew going in the morning and the rest in the afternoon. The officers not on duty were allowed the whole day. The local boatmen were disappointed if they expected passengers from the ship, for only her own boats were used, the crews having strict injunctions to report at the landing steps at a given hour.

The moment the cadets set foot on shore they were assailed by a throng of guides or "cicerones" and boys with ox-goads. Rexdale, Sandy, and Girlie Tickerson, with Dumb Whittaker, made up a party,

and, money being none too plentiful in the crowd, started to view the town.

"No, thank you," said Sandy, pushing back a persistent cicerone. "See you later, my boy. You'd better tackle these fellows with the swords," pointing out a group of cadet petty officers who were just landing.

The man understood the gesture and moved off, while the youngsters crossed the street to survey a waiting line of curious vehicles answering to cabs or hacks in our own country.

"I declare, they're regular ox-sleds with a carriage-top set on the runners," said Dave, examining a bullock-cart with curiosity.

"Right you are, Farmer," remarked his jocose companion approvingly. "I knew what I was about when I took your tow-line. Nothing like being with somebody that understands the institutions of the country."

"There aren't more than two or three wheeled carriages in the place, they say," volunteered Whittaker when the laugh had subsided.

"Let's chip in and charter an ox-sled," suggested Girlie.

"All right. Sail in, Sandy, and make a contract. You know the lingo."

"Ahem! How muchee?" asked that individual of the charioteer, whose face had betokened various

emotions as he listened to their unintelligible conversation.

"How muchee for ridee?" repeated Sandy in a louder tone as the bullock-driver shook his bewildered head. "Non savvy? Money, you know. All go ridee!"

As he supplemented his remarks by producing a silver quarter, and the three other cadets at the same time took their seats in the cart, his meaning was now plain. The driver pointed eagerly to the quarter, and held up all his fingers and thumbs.

"Two dollars and a half! Not muchee!" thundered Sandy. "One dollar's all we give for this trip, see?" And he held up four fingers.

The matter was compromised at last on the basis of half the sum first named, Sandy taking out his watch and moving his finger slowly round to twelve o'clock.

The driver started the bullocks, and away went the team over the smooth cobblestones, a small boy walking proudly in front.

"I wonder what that brigadier-general's for?" remarked Sandy, viewing this addition to the party. "Ah, I see," as they reached the street corner, and the diminutive youth pulled the noses of the bullocks around to the right. "Capital idea to warp us over onto another tack. Wish we had him ahead of the *Monongahela* in a light head breeze! Say, fellows, where do we want to go?"

"To the post-office first," said Dave promptly. "I've got half a dozen letters I want to mail. Tell him the post-office."

Sandy made a wry face and put his head out between the curtains.

"Say, you! Fernando Po!" he called to the bullock-driver, who came to the side of the sled with a grin. "We want go to post-office. *Posto*—see? *Letters!* POSTO!"

The man caught sight of Dave's letters, and nodded vigorously. Saunders sank back into his seat with a sigh of relief, and the cart slid and slewed slowly onward over the stones until it came to a stand beside a jail-like-looking building, bearing over the door a shield with the Portuguese national arms, and the inscription "*Casa do Correio.*"

"Come on," said Sandy cheerfully, "here's the old Posto. I know it by the crown and seven castles. The king lives in each castle one day in the week, you know. Casey is the postmaster-general."

Up a steep flight of stairs they clattered, and Tickerson volunteered to buy stamps for the crowd.

"Nineteen letters to America," he said, holding up the bunch.

The government official weighed each letter rapidly, and held up two fingers for one of them (Dave's to Norman), implying that it was double. Then he made a rapid calculation, and announcing:

"One thousand reis," tore off twenty stamps and passed them through the window.

"One—thousand—reis! Great Scot!" exclaimed Sandy, staring at the others. "What do they take us for—millionaires on a lark?"

"What's the postage on a letter to America, anyway?" whispered Dave hurriedly. "I thought 'twas five cents, like any other foreign country."

"Oh, you can't go by other countries in this forsaken islet," said Sandy with a woebegone grimace. "What do you expect of a place where the horses are all oxen?"

"Well, the letters must be mailed, anyway, for we've all promised to write, I guess. So here goes," said Girlie, passing in a ten-dollar bill, which, with Sandy's silver quarter, represented the combined funds of the party. "If we don't have enough to pay the coachman, it's the fault of this confounded Posto of yours, Sandy——"

He paused in open-eyed wonder as the official began to hand out change. First came a gold piece, then two or three paper notes of five hundred reis each, then silver, and lastly a handful of copper coins.

A roar of laughter greeted Tickerson as he turned from the window. Dave and Whittaker, it seems, had taken pains a day or two before to obtain from the purser a table of Portuguese money-values, and knew perfectly well that it took ten reis to make one

cent. The whole bill for postage was therefore just a dollar.

"Well," said Treasurer Tickerson, "I've got a good fistful of change, anyway, and I feel rich as Vanderbilt. By and by I'm going to refresh myself with a fifty-reis bun, just to keep up the illusion."

The cadets now directed their coachman by gestures to drive about the streets of the city. Slowly the bullocks plodded along, occasionally urged by the driver or encouraged by the small boy ahead. They visited the public garden, and called on the American consul, but there was such a crowd waiting to see the governor that they concluded to omit a formal presentation to that august dignitary.

Everywhere their progress was attended by a crowd of curious children, who commented openly on the natty uniforms of the *Monongahela's* men, and thronged about them, offering nosegays for sale, or begging. A small stream ran through the centre of the town, walled in on both sides, and numbers of women were washing clothes in its current or spreading them to dry on the adjacent rocks.

Most of the streets leading to the upper part of Funchal were bordered with high walls, overhung with geraniums, heliotropes, and nasturtiums in full bloom, and partly shaded by orange and lemon trees, laden with fruit.

Ten o'clock found the boys on the steps of an old

cathedral, high up on the slope. Here a new conveyance presented itself, and the bullock-cart was dismissed, to the delight of the driver, who received his full pay.

At the upper end of a long, narrow street, paved with small stones like the rest, and leading to the lower city, were wicker sledges, not unlike the body of an old-fashioned country sleigh. The runners, as well as those of the bullock-carts, were shod with iron. Attached to each front corner was a short rope, the other end of which was held by a man on either side, to hold back the sledge in the steepest portions of the road.

Girlie and Dave took their seats in one of these sledges, and down they started, with Saunders and Dumb close behind. It was an exhilarating ride, like coasting down a New England hillside in winter. Sliding, "slewing," scraping, down glided the sledges, the attendants running over easy grades, holding back on steeper ones, and occasionally jumping on behind or throwing a "grease-bag" in front of the runners to make them slip more easily over the smooth stones.

"Keep a good full, Farmer!" shouted Sandy from behind. "We've got stuns'ls set, and are bearing down on you. We'll bump you yet, see if we don't!"

Dave, turning his head at that moment, saw Sandy slyly passing a copper or two to the men and point-

ing at the leading craft. Girlie immediately followed his example, and now the two sledges fairly flew. Two pretty Portuguese girls beside the track showed their white teeth and waved their hands as the cadets rushed past them, shouting with laughter.

Reaching a point about half-way down the hill, the attendants began to slow up, and finally came to a stop opposite a small roadside shop.

"*Vinho—bono!*" said one of them, pointing to the shop and smacking his lips.

"No, thanks, old fellow," said Sandy. "We're teetotallers. Let her go again."

"*Madeira, Madeira! Vinho tinto!*"

"Yes, I know. I'll stop in some time and try a glass of tinto next week. Get a move on, Alexandro Bartolemeo!"

Reluctantly the men started downward once more, and in due time the party reached the bottom of the hill without accident.

Here a number of bullock-carts were waiting for custom, but the lads were too impatient to patronize these slow-moving vehicles again.

"Quarter past ten," said Dumb Whittaker, consulting his watch. "We've an hour and three quarters yet."

"What's the matter with a hammock ride a little way out of town?"

"Hammock's the word," said Sandy, ready for any-

thing novel in the way of progression. "Hi, there! Hammoko!"

His shout reached the ears of the passing squad of hammock-bearers, toward whom it was directed, and was easily translatable. Each cadet ensconced himself comfortably in a hammock, shaded by a gayly decorated canopy and borne on a pole by two men.

"This is the best yet, boys," sung out Whittaker, who happened to be ahead.

"Right you are!" answered his next neighbor. "I feel like the fellow in 'She' going through an African swamp. Lead on, Dumb, and let me out when we reach the Amahaggar camp!"

They were soon out of the city streets, and passing in an easterly direction not far from the shore. On every side were copses of palm, cacti, sugar-cane, and, farther out, groves of Spanish chestnut. On the right was the vast spread of the Atlantic, dimmed by a thin mist which was gathering from the south and west. On the other hand the land rose abruptly, height beyond height, to the summit of Pico Ruivo, over six thousand feet above the sea. Now and then they passed a small farmhouse, surrounded by its thrifty-looking curtilage, in which native laborers, mostly women with gay-colored scarfs, were at work.

The path became wilder and narrower, and at last terminated in a small collection of fishermen's huts near the shore.

"It's time to turn back," said Girlie; "a little past eleven."

"Look here," said Dave as he spied a small row-boat drawn up on the shore, "let's pay off the bearers and go back by water. We can get a boat-man here to pull round."

"Oh, it's too hot and the hammock's too comfort-able," retorted Whittaker, yawning and stretching himself.

"And we might be late at the landing," suggested Girlie. "These old tubs are slow as caterpillars."

"Well, why not divide forces? You and Dumb can go back in the hammocks, and Sandy and I will take the outside route. If we don't get there first I'll give you the next five-dollar gold piece I pick up."

"I'm with you, Farmer!" cried Saunders. "Good-by, fellows. Girlie, pay my bills and keep account till we're on board ship."

"Good-by! Take care of him, Rexdale! He's young and far from home!"

With a laugh the parties separated, and the four hammocks, two full and two empty, were soon out of sight among the trees, while Dave and Sandy directed their steps toward the shore.

At noon the various crews of the *Monongahela* joined their boats at the landing in Funchal, and pushed off one after another. The ship for some reason had shifted her anchorage, and was now nearer

the shore, well inside the breakwater which terminates with Loo Rock. Even at that short distance she could hardly be seen through the fog, which was driving in from the west.

"There's foul weather coming," said the executive officer to the cadet in charge of the deck. "You'd better up anchor and get sea-room. Are the boats all aboard?"

At that minute a petty officer approached and saluted.

"Well, Mr. Norton?"

"I have to report, sir, that two of my crew are missing. We waited as long as we dared, but had to leave them."

"Who are they?"

"Mr. Rexdale and Mr. Saunders."

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CRUISE OF THE BANCROFT.

"PORTSMOUTH, N. H.,
"*July* 17, 189—

"*Dear Father:*

"On the 15th of April we were ordered to express a preference for the line or the engineer corps. Visions of a summer course at the Academy fairly made the hair on twenty-four men's heads stand on end in their anxiety to be among the lucky number selected for the corps; but these visions were quickly dispelled when, on June 6th, we were given thirty minutes in which to transfer our effects to the *Bancroft*, our dear little practice ship!

"The next day (Sunday) we were kept on board all the morning. How nice the Academy grounds seemed to us as we paced up and down the hot decks of the ship, or stowed our lockers on the berth-deck! Finally, however, we did get liberty until half-past nine.

"The next morning we got under way and convoyed the *Monongahela* out to sea for about a hundred miles. Late in the afternoon we headed in for Newport News, with nearly every one sick enough to die. Arriving in port the next morning, we went ashore to visit the shipworks, and found them so interesting that the visit was repeated each day of our week's stay. Sketches were made of everything in sight, including plank walks, coal shovels, and wheelbarrows.

"From Newport News we went to Chester, Pa., thence to Philadelphia, where we visited Cramp's shipyard, the Pencoyd Iron Works, Baldwin's Locomotive Works, and numerous others. Sketch-

ing continued from morning to night, until every one was almost a raving maniac. We learned to draw everything except our pay.

"We next went to Elizabeth, N. J., mooring ship several days later at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, where we stayed a week, during which time we were generously supplied with much liberty, and, as hinted above, little money. We anchored about five miles off Bridgeport, Conn., after leaving New York; rowed ashore, and sacrificed our dinner to go through some brass works, where bicycle lamps and other commodities are made.

"Upon our return to the ship it was announced that the next morning we should go to New London, 'that fairyland of middies' dreams,' and that all the work in the engineer department would be done by the cadets.

"Oh! how we worked the next morning! Not infrequently would a cadet be seen coming up the fire-room hatch with his hands blistered. A boat-load of invitations reached us just after we came to anchor, and the two succeeding nights found us dancing to good music at the Fort Griswold Hotel. Hops and parties greeted us at Newport upon our arrival there, and it was with many sighs of regret from most of us that we set out for Boston. For the rest of the cruise sheets of class paper were frequently in demand. I've even been a little rash in that line myself, and have two or three small square, cream-colored notes postmarked 'Newport.' Please don't read that last sentence to Nettie!

"No one but Lat. Holmes was very enthusiastic when, on Saturday afternoon, we had to row over from our anchorage to the Charlestown Navy Yard. Lat. was near home, and, sure enough, his mother and sister were on the government wharf to greet him the moment we touched. The sister is a nice-looking little thing, with blue eyes, a long braid, and a kind of taking way about her; and some of the fellows rather envied Holmes for a minute or two after he stepped ashore. I thought of Net., and wished she was there. (You can read her *that!*)

"A garden party afforded us our next good time, and last, but not least, was the royal entertainment given us last night by the ladies of the Portsmouth Navy Yard.

"We shall run down the coast slowly and hope to meet the *Monongahela* (from Madeira) at Lynn Haven Bay, and, three or four days later, finish the cruise at Annapolis. You may be sure I shall lose no time in crossing the continent, starting the hour my leave begins. I ought to be in 'Frisco by the first of September, or soon afterward. Will telegraph you from Annapolis, stating when I shall arrive. Perhaps I shall have something to write about meanwhile. Affectionately, your son,

"ALFRED S. STAPLES.*

"TO JOHN R. STAPLES, ESQ.,

"33 Redmond St., San Francisco, Cal."

It may be assumed from the young engineer's letter, quoted above, that a practice cruise was no child's play for the wearers of the oak-leaf. There was much in it, however, that was delightful, and many a time, during the cool evenings at sea when the parched land-dwellers were gasping for breath, that hot July, Norman wished that Dave was standing his watch beside him as the stout little *Bancroft* cleft the waters with her dainty stem, and the long-shore lighthouses sent their red and golden beams across the quivering waves.

* The author feels that he owes an apology to the writer of this letter for copying it verbatim from the original document. He trusts that "Tel. Staples" will pardon him for presuming so far, and accept his excuse that no words of his own could so tersely and accurately have transcribed the log of the *Bancroft* (as kept by the cadets of the E. C.) for this well-remembered summer cruise.

The white ship was welcomed wherever she paused, especially in the northern ports, which were frequented by vacation people from the cities. Boston was deserted at the time of Norman's arrival; that is, nearly all his friends who could afford to spend the heated term outside of the city were at the seashore or in the mountains. Hallie and Mrs. Holmes came up from Conway expressly to see him, and were warm in their hospitality toward his mates, some of whom they had met at Annapolis.

It was late afternoon when the *Bancroft*, having steamed northward and rounded Cape Ann, turned her prow to the west, and, passing Whale's Back Light, entered the Piscataqua. The tide was running out like a millrace, and it required careful navigation to take the steamer up-river to the Kittery shore, where the navy yard is established. She moved slowly past Fort Constitution, built on the site of old Fort William and Mary, where the Portsmouth patriots in 1774 struck the first blow of the Revolution, six months before the battle of Lexington, by a night attack on the fort (then garrisoned by British soldiers), its capture, and the removal of its guns and ammunition. Norman knew the story, for his great-grandfather had been a Portsmouth man; and he related it briefly to the cadets near him as they steamed past.

Now they are abreast the sleepy, picturesque old town of Newcastle, its gambrel-roofed houses, gray

and mossy, fronting the little harbor and the winds of the Atlantic, as they have for more than a century. The great Wentworth Hotel, its roof showing over distant tree-tops, formed a striking contrast to these ancient and weather-beaten homesteads.

The site of Fort McClary was soon left behind, on the right, and on a little knoll, farther on, could be seen the white stones of the Kittery Point churchyard, peaceful resting-place of many an aged inhabitant of the village in bygone days.

A struggle against the fierce tidal current of the narrows, and the *Bancroft*, emerging in the wide stretch of the upper harbor, turned toward the navy yard on the northern shore.

Norman pointed out to his classmates the hulk of the old *Constitution*, which was then moored to the wharf. Her decks were housed in, but the antique lines of her hull could be plainly seen, and the thoughts of the young naval cadets went back to the days when the gleam of her lofty canvas on the horizon struck terror to the foe, and the thunder of her cannon rolled over the sea. Now, how peaceful she looked, dreaming there of her exploits of old!

"She ought to be at Annapolis," said one of the upper-class men. "It would do the fellows good just to look at her and remember her history."

"Yes," put in another, "and she could be fitted up and rigged just as she was in 1812, and used as a train-

ing-ship. I'm going to write my folks about it, and see if father can't get up a petition to Congress to have her sent to the Naval Academy, where she belongs."

"So say we all of us!" exclaimed two or three; but further remark was interrupted by the *Bancroft's* approach to the wharf, where a marine sentinel was pacing to and fro.

The ship was soon moored and put in order for her brief stay at the navy yard. The next day the cadets were given afternoon leave on shore. Norman and Staples went ashore together, crossing the river in the navy yard launch, which was courteously placed at the disposal of the *Bancroft's* men. They landed near the "fish market," in Portsmouth, and walked through the old city, locating the site of Staver's Tavern, from which the first coach ran to Boston; the "parade," and other historic spots.

Hallie and her mother, being apprised of the destination of the *Bancroft*, had decided to break the journey to the mountains, and stop a couple of days at the Shoals. Norman applied for and obtained a special leave of absence, on the second day at Portsmouth, to run out to Appledore and see them. He took the early steamer at the Portsmouth wharf not far from "Navy Yard Landing," and after a pleasant ten-mile sail down the river and out to sea, arrived at the island, where he was, of course, met at the wharf by Miss

Hallie and a bevy of her girl friends—for she had friends everywhere.

There wasn't very much time at his disposal, the steamer returning at three; but the party of young people managed to explore the rocky little islet pretty thoroughly, and Norman gained glory by building a splendid fire of drift-wood. He was besieged by the girls for stories of academy and ship life, and, being somewhat of a hero, in his blue cap and uniform, we may guess that he had a good time. Mrs. Holmes was gratified at seeing heads turn, in the long dining-room, to look at her erect, manly son, while Hallie was so proud of her cadet brother that she couldn't keep her eyes off his sun-burned face.

After dinner there was music on the piazza, and then merry talk, and the latest Granite letter to be read aloud. Norman secretly missed Anemone every minute, but a letter, even to one's mother, was the next best thing.

The good time came to an end, as all good times must, to make room for others, as autumn leaves are crowded off the bough by spring buds. The little steamer danced away over the waves toward Portsmouth, and in due time Norman was on board the *Bancroft*, ready for work once more. That night he received a twelve-page letter, postmarked "Funchal, July 3," from Dave Rexdale. As he eagerly devoured its contents he little guessed the excitement on the

Monongahela a few hours after it was mailed, or the perils, so near at hand, which were to beset the writer and his chum, Harry Saunders, whom we have left too long, on their way down the rocky path of the Madeira fishing hamlet toward the small green boat that was destined to play a prominent part in their immediate future.

CHAPTER XXVI.

SWEPT OUT TO SEA.

"I don't see any men about," said Dave, halting near one of the huts.

"Well, let's take a look at the boat. That'll bring 'em out if anything will. We haven't any time to spare."

The boat proved to be small and old. It had the regular Madeira stern-post and prow, thrusting up nearly a yard above the gunwale, and was painted bright green. A soiled scarlet cushion lay on one of the thwarts.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Sandy as the boys examined her, "she's no good! She's docked for repairs—look at this hole!"

Dave uttered an exclamation of disgust as he surveyed the aperture. The boat had been stove against some obstruction, and one "strake" knocked in, making a gaping and splintered hole big enough to put your arm through, about four inches above the water-line and two or three feet from the stem.

"You can see where the water-line comes," said Rexdale, pointing to a well-defined zone of faded

paint. "The question is whether we'd sink her below that. Let's run her into the water and try it."

Here they were interrupted by a wizened old woman who tottered down from one of the hovels to the shore, and with excited gestures made a long and voluble speech, of which the young Americans, of course, could not understand a word.

"Is she mad with us for handling the boat, do you suppose?" suggested Dave.

"Don't believe it. She has an amiable look in her right eye. You lettee boat, ma'am? *Boat?* BOAT!" shouted Sandy. "No, she can't gather in a good English word like that."

"Try her on signals. Here, Señora—" and Dave took—literally—a hand in the conversation. He went through the motions of rowing, pointed to the house, the sea (with a wide sweep around toward Funchal), and, lastly, at himself and Sandy. Then he held up a silver coin equivalent to about half a dollar.

The aged fisherwoman nodded eagerly, and indicated her willingness that they should push the little craft into the water; but she shook her head as she pointed to the house.

"Oh, the old gentleman is away?"

The fishwife pointed to the path leading to the city.

"Yes, yes, of course; he's gone to town to get a job in the harbor, his own boat being stove. I'm getting

on famously, Sandy. It takes me to talk Portuguese. Now see me consult her as to repairs."

He pointed to the hole in the boat's side, and made gestures as if he were swimming, while Sandy bent double with laughter to see his grave antics.

Not so the third member of the group. She shook her head twenty or thirty times, and then climbing into the boat, tore off a tattered red shawl from her shoulders and thrust it into the hole.

"Well," said Sandy dubiously, "that's quick work, but if we sit pretty well aft so's to settle her down by the stern we may keep the hole out of water. I hope none of the fellows will see us, though! We'd never hear the last of it. Bear a hand here, Dave, and we'll launch the old tub, anyway."

Seizing the gunwales, the two cadets ran the boat down over the sand and into the water, and Sandy jumped in.

"Pay up, and come on!" he cried. "She'll float long enough to reach Funchal, and I'm not going to foot it back over that hilly path while there's a plank to be had. Come on, Farmer!"

Dave handed the silver piece to the old crone, and sprang aboard, pushing the boat off as he did so.

The owner no sooner saw them safely off than she pointed to the horizon, and hailed the cadets.

"*A nevoa se levante!*" *

* "A fog is coming!"

"Same to you," called Sandy, waving his cap.

"*O vente se levante; havemos una tempestade!*" * shrieked the woman, clutching her coin in one hand and pointing to the west with the other.

"All right, we'll find him!" returned the jolly cadet. "She says we must hand the boat over to her husband when we get to Funchal, Rexdale," he added with a twinkle in his eye. "At any rate, she's got something on her mind; but as we can't relieve her, off we go!"

"I'll take the oars for the first half," said Dave, shipping them between the thole-pins, "and then you can bring us into port."

"Give way lively then, my son. Time's flying, and we've got to follow suit to beat those landlubbers in the hammocks. There's no rudder, so you'll have to steer with the oars. I'll sit here in the stern-sheets and give you the course."

"Gracious, she pulls like a raft," said Dave after a few strokes. "I'm afraid we'll be late, after all. Which way, Sandy?"

"Starboard," said the navigator with a wave of his hand. "Look here, Farmer," he added, a little more soberly, "the wind's shifted more to the west'ard, and its driving in a fog thick enough to sail on. Keep the old Portugee on the move, and when you're tired I'll spell you."

Dave pulled away with a will, but as the boat

* "The wind is rising; we shall have a storm!"

headed more and more toward the west and left the shelter of the broken shore bluffs, it began to feel the full force of the head-wind.

"It's her nose sticking up out of the water that catches the breeze," puffed Dave as for the twentieth time he tugged at his port oar to keep the craft head on to the sea. "I almost wish we'd followed the other fellows. You don't think we'd better go back, Sandy?"

"Not a bit of it! The United States navy doesn't go back! Pull a dozen strokes and let me breathe you, old fellow."

But Dave gave a good many more than a dozen pulls before he yielded his place. They had no sooner exchanged seats, which was accomplished with some difficulty in the choppy sea that had sprung up, when Sandy uttered an exclamation.

"We're out of sight of land! Why didn't you tell me!" he cried as he plied the oars vigorously.

"It's the fog. It closed in about three minutes ago. We're all right. The wind gives us our course."

"I should—think—it did!" ejaculated Sandy, tugging with all his might to keep the boat out of the trough of the waves, which were every moment increasing in height.

"Look here," said Dave suddenly, "there's an inch of water in her. It must be coming in through that big leak."

"The prima donna's shawl isn't much for caulking on a dead beat to windward, is it?" gasped Sandy. "I'm heavier than you, and she's down further by the bows."

Swish-h-h. A wave broke just ahead, and the white foam frothed and bubbled past them, almost on a level with the gunwales. The fog was now so thick that the boys could not see the water half a dozen boat-lengths away.

"We must come about, Sandy," shouted Dave above the roar of the wind. "The old tub's taking in water every minute, and she'll never keep afloat from here to Funchal. Besides, we aren't gaining an inch ahead."

Even Sandy, stubborn though he was, could see that it was folly to keep on. Still he tugged away manfully.

"I—don't like—" he began; when *crack!* went one of the oars just beyond the thole-pins, and over went Sandy on his back.

Instantly the boat was broadside-on to the big sea, which threatened to capsize it before Dave could catch the remaining oar from Sandy, and by paddling desperately, throw the bows round from the wind.

"Can't we scull her?" shouted Sandy as he regained his seat on the thwart.

Dave pointed to the elevated stern of the boat,

curving inward and upward to the upright timber that projected higher than their heads.

"I'll keep her before it, and try to work in toward the land," he cried. "Bail out, if you can, Sandy."

"No bailer!"

"Take your cap!"

It was too bad to ruin that elegant adjunct to the cadet uniform, but it was now a life-and-death matter. Sandy bailed away with all his might, while the boat, pitching and rolling heavily, drifted before the wind at the rate of four or five knots an hour. Nearly every wave was now capped with foam, and every minute or two one would break over the stern, drenching Dave to the skin and flooding the bottom of the boat.

He did his best to gain toward the land, but this could only be done in the comparative lulls between gusts of wind and heavy seas, when all his energies were directed to keeping the dilapidated craft afloat. The boys now realized their danger of being swept entirely past Madeira and out to sea. They still hoped, however, by constantly working in a northerly direction, to make the island, of which they knew only that the length was about thirty miles, and that Funchal was somewhere on the southern shore. They did not know that they had already passed Garajão, or "Brazen Head," from which the coast-line falls away sharply to the northeast, and that they were driving directly out upon the hundreds of miles of tossing

ocean that lay between them and Cape Bojador, the nearest point of the continent of Africa.

"Sandy," gasped Dave at length, "I'm getting used up. Can you paddle awhile?"

The boat rose on a huge wave as he spoke, and balanced on the crest, that broke under the keel with a roar, and barely missed capsizing them.

"Close call, that!" shouted Sandy, dropping on his hands and knees and creeping toward the stern, while Dave took his place and began to bail.

"It's no use," yelled Sandy, after another escape from capsizing; "get ready for a swim, Dave, and hang on to the boat if we go over!"

"I've got an idea!" called back Rexdale, bailing furiously as he talked. "Why can't we rig a sea-anchor and ride to it?"

No sooner said than done. There was a twenty-foot painter attached to a ring in the bows. With the other end of this rope the lads hurriedly lashed together the remaining oar, the fragment of the one they had broken, and the two thwarts. These were flung overboard, and there was a breathlessly perilous moment as the boat swung slowly round to the weight of the drag.

"Hurrah!" shouted Sandy, wiping the salt spray from his eyes. "It's a go! You ought to have a buzzard for that notion, Farmer! Look at the old girl, how she tugs!"

The two cadets, now soaked to the skin, crouched in the bottom of the boat, which, with her bows pointed toward the wind, rode much more easily, though she occasionally shipped a small sea. With her nose well out of water, she tugged at the rope and shook it like a spirited horse as she backed from the sea-anchor, which, presenting no appreciable surface to the wind, served admirably to keep her in position.

For several hours the boat drifted astern in this way, the boys taking turns in bailing, the sea growing more boisterous as the afternoon wore on. Once or twice they thought they heard the whistle of the *Monongahela* far to windward, but it soon ceased.

Dave was just pouring a capful of water over the side, when Sandy caught his arm.

"Hark!" he cried. "What's that?"

Dave listened intently, and above the rushing of the wind and waves arose at intervals a low, deep rumble like distant thunder.

"Breakers!"

Sandy was a brave fellow, but his ruddy face turned white.

"Then within ten minutes we'll be safe—or dead!"

The booming of the surf became every moment more distinct through the fog. The boat seemed to feel a new *lift* of the waves, as if in shallower water.

"Pull in the anchor!" shouted Dave from the stern-sheets. "Our one oar may save us."

The drag was hastily drawn aboard, and, perilous though the movement was, the position of the boat was once more reversed. Running before the wind, she now seemed fairly to leap toward the unseen breakers, whose mighty roar filled all the air.

"Look!" screamed Sandy. "Head her for that crack if you can, Dave! It's our only chance!"

The fog had lifted slightly, and disclosed within hardly more than a biscuit-toss a lofty headland, with precipitous rocks reaching far up into the mist. At their feet boiled a surf in which no boat could live an instant. Thousands of sea-birds fluttered to and fro on the dark cliffs, their wild cries sounding shrilly above even the thunder of the breakers.

Dave saw at a glance the crevice to which his companion had pointed. It was an opening in the rocks perhaps a hundred feet wide, with a pebbly beach shelving to the sea. As Sandy said, their only salvation—and of that but a faint hope—lay in beaching the boat at that point. The New Hampshire boy set his teeth and wielded the oar with all his strength, yet with utmost care, lest it should snap like the other.

On rode the boat soaring on the crests of the in-rushing waves, and diving deep into the hollows as if each plunge was its last. Nearer and nearer the opening surged the little green craft, until it was almost opposite the longed-for point, when a cry and a frenzied gesture from Sandy made Dave look past his

shoulder. High over the doomed boat hung the huge green front of a wave far larger than any that had come before. Right above their heads it broke with a crash like Niagara.

Dave felt the boat, himself, and all hurled through the air like a stone from a sling. The roar of "great guns" was in his ears; tons of water poured over his head; then came a tremendous shock, and the world was blotted out.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CAST AWAY ON THE DESERTAS.

Slowly, as out of a black pit, Dave rose to daylight and consciousness. At first he thought he was dreaming, then that he was on the old farm at Granite, hunting partridges. He was lying on a mossy ledge, his head resting on a wet but comfortable pillow, which he did not then recognize as a folded cadet blouse. Close beside him crackled and sparkled a glorious fire, the green-painted splints of which its fuel was composed blazing cheerily and sending out a comfortable warmth. Over his head and all around him, except in front, was a seamed and fissured wall of rock, covered with lichens and moss. The air was filled with a dull roar.

A step was heard beyond the fire, and the shipwrecked lad, recognizing Sandy's burly form, suddenly remembered everything. He tried to rise to his feet, but a sharp pain in his left ankle made him groan and, for the time being, relinquish the attempt.

"Hullo, old fellow!" exclaimed Sandy, springing quickly to his side. "Here you are, in the land of the living at last!"

He tried to laugh in his accustomed way as he knelt beside his chum, but his lips twitched, and his cheeks were wet with something besides the spray of the booming surf.

"Where are we?" asked Dave confusedly. "How did I get here? The last I remember——"

"Don't think about it, Farmer," interrupted Sandy. "We came ashore rather suddenly, but it's all right now. All we have to do is to live on the fat of the land till somebody comes for us, unless we choose to walk back to Funchal."

Dave made another effort to sit up straight.

"You're in your shirt-sleeves, Sandy!"

"Oh, it's too hot for a coat in here by the fire."

Dave reached round behind him and shook out Sandy's blouse.

"Put that on, old chap, or hang it up to dry. I'm not going to lie here keeled over in the sick-bay while you shiver. Put it on, I say!" And Saunders was fain to obey.

"Now tell me about it. I'm all right."

"Well," said Sandy, "that big wave sent us ashore on the run. As luck would have it——" Here a look in Dave's face made him pause and throw another stick on the fire.

"Well," he said; "that's so!"

This was their way of giving thanks.

"Anyway, we were heaved up right onto that bit

of beach, the only place in sight where it wouldn't have been sure death to land. The boat rolled over and so did we. I was phased for a minute; then I saw you lying doubled up, just where another wave would pick you off nicely. The boat was 'hogged,' on a big rock, on one side. If either of us had struck that——!"

"Go on, old fellow," said Dave quietly.

"I pulled you up onto dry land; then skirmished round and found this little cave, where I brought you. You hadn't a sign of life about you, and as I rubbed away, I thought—I was afraid——." Sandy swallowed hard, and kicked the fire.

"After a few minutes you began to breathe and look more like yourself, so I got my blouse off so's to work easier——"

"I understand," nodded Dave.

"And took a look at the old craft which had brought us safe 'over the seas and far away.' Her day was over. She was stove right through the bottom; a good part of her timbers had been swept out to sea again, and I brought the rest, with that one precious old oar, and Senhora Christina Isabella's shawl, up here, where I got out my little tin matchbox and straightway proceeded to build a fire, as you perceive. Now let's find out how many broken bones you've got!"

"Aren't you hurt?"

"Oh, I merely feel as if two or three football teams had been jumping on me for first down," said Sandy, stretching himself with caution and groaning whimsically.

"Well, my ankle hurts like fun, but I guess it's only a bad sprain where I fell doubled up on the beach. I'm sore all over, but that don't count."

"Then we're good for formation yet," rejoined the other heartily, "only we'll need a little 'setting up' before we're thoroughly graceful. How'd you like a nice, lively two-step in the gym. to-night, Farmer?"

Dave laughed, in spite of his aches, as he with difficulty rose to his feet.

"I'll let you do the dancing this time, Sandy. You've forgotten your white gloves, though!"

The cadet glanced at his scratched and torn hands.

"Right you are. And this isn't exactly regulation hop costume. We'll be papped to-morrow, sure!"

Talking lightly in this way, perhaps to put out of sight temporarily, at least, the memory of the frightful peril they had just escaped and the gloomy outlook, the boys busied themselves for a few minutes in rubbing their bruised limbs, attending to the fire, and spreading out the shawl and their soaked upper garments to dry.

"Now, Dave," said Sandy, "it's getting on towards night, and I'm going out to explore. We may be within five minutes of a house, and if I don't muster

enough Portuguese to let 'em know that I'm hungry, I'll eat my cap."

"Don't do it," laughed Rexdale. "It's too handy in a leaky boat. Besides, I've lost mine in the wreck and I want yours half the time. What I do want is a good drink of cold water."

"Yum! So do I! Even a glass of tinto would go to the right spot. Well, I'll be back in half an hour or so. You keep house, and stand by for rations when you see me heave in sight, loaded down with morangos and roast turkey."

Off went the jolly young mariner, limping a little, it is true, but as full of pluck as ever. It's astonishing what an amount of drenching and bruising and hard usage generally a sailor can stand, let alone a naval cadet.

Dave dragged himself to the mouth of the cave to witness his comrade's departure up the ravine, and then busied himself in collecting driftwood and moss, which he carefully put under shelter, as a fine, drizzling rain had begun to fall.

It was nearly dark when Saunders returned from his exploring tour. He climbed slowly down over the rocks to the cave, which was about fifty feet beyond and above high-water mark. It had been a terrible strain, battered as he was, to carry his insensible shipmate to this place of refuge, but of this he had said nothing.

"Hullo, Sandy! Home again? I'd begun to worry about you. What on earth have you got there?"

"The oldest inhabitant," said Sandy, panting as he threw down a good-sized rabbit. In his other hand he bore a rusty tin can, which he proffered to Dave.

"Drink, pretty creature, drink," said he; "and mind you don't throw away what's left. That couple of quarts of fresh water have got to last us till morning."

Dave took a long draught of the delicious fluid.

"Better than tinto, isn't it, Farmer?"

"It is that!" said Rexdale with a sigh of satisfaction. "I never had anything taste so good in my life." He carefully deposited the precious can on a shelf of rock. "Now tell me about your trip and that rabbit, Sandy. Find any houses?"

"Not a woodshed. It's the dreariest old place you ever saw—just rocks, sand, and grass. Not a tree in sight, nor a sign of life, except sea-birds and rabbits. There's hundreds of *them* hopping about and cocking up their ears at you; and the birds live in the holes, as near's I could make out. I brought this fellow down with a stone. Sorry, but we can't live on grass, you know! I'm glad I learned to throw a baseball straight."

"Where'd you find water?"

"There's a spring up on the hill just above here, and the old can was lying in the sand beside it. So

this corner of Madeira can't be wholly deserted. Perhaps when the fog lifts to-morrow we can find out where we are. Now, then, how can we cook this animal? I don't want to eat him raw, but I'm just about hungry enough to."

"Don't you worry. I've cooked rabbits in the woods before now. Toss him over here."

Sandy did as he was directed, and watched the farmer boy as he skilfully divested bunny of his fur coat and dressed him for cooking.

"There, throw away what we don't want, and see if you can give him a good wash in a pool down by the shore, will you, Sandy? Perhaps that'll partly supply the want of salt. Don't tumble in yourself!"

Ten minutes later the rabbit, neatly spitted, was roasting before the fire. Dave turned him at intervals, the spit being stuck into a handy crevice of the rocks.

"I tell you that smells good!" exclaimed Sandy, sniffing rapturously. "Isn't he most done?"

"Pretty nearly. There—wait till I carve him."

The meat was scorched black, and it was rather unevenly cooked, being about raw in some spots and burned to a crisp in others, but the two castaways declared it went ahead of Delmonico's.

"A little salt would improve it," admitted Saunders, gnawing away vigorously at a bone. "If 'twasn't so dark I'd go down and dip it in the Atlantic Ocean."

All this time the surges were beating against the

cliffs below them, less than twenty yards away. The sound was almost like the continuous roar of Niagara Falls, and the boys had to speak loudly to make themselves heard. They took a good drink of water after their feast, and stretching themselves out by the fire, fought their battles over again.

At last they began to feel drowsy. The uproar of the sea was somewhat deadened, as they sat well within the cave, and proved rather soothing than otherwise. Snuggling up together, they pulled the warm, dry shawl over them, and after a silence, during which each knew the other was saying his prayers, bade each other good-night, and were soon as sound asleep as if they lay in their hammocks on board the *Monongahela,* which at that moment was hove to about thirty miles away on the ocean.

It was hardly broad daylight the next morning when Sandy began to wriggle in his sleep, and presently stretching out arms and legs, brought up against the rock on one side and Dave's head on the other.

"Ow-wow-wow!" he yawned, sitting up and staring about him. "Hallo, Dave, you awake?"

"It isn't your fault if I'm not!" said Dave, yawning in his turn and good-humoredly rubbing his head. "Whew, I ache in every bone of my body."

"So do I. It's an equilibrium of forces that would —ah-h-h" (another yawn) "delight Savvy Bob."

"Let's get up; it's six o'clock," said Dave, con-

sulting his watch, which luckily had not suffered from the immersion of the day before.

Groaning and limping, the two shipwrecked boys gained their feet and began gathering fragments of the boat for their fire. Their clothing was saturated with the fog, which still blotted out sky and ocean, but the surf was much quieter, and the first breath of air outside the cave showed them that the wind had shifted back to its fair-weather quarter.

As soon as a fire was lighted and the aches rubbed out of his stiff joints Sandy started off once more, can in hand, to forage for the camp, the larder being again empty. He returned twenty minutes later with a fresh supply of water and a couple of sea-birds, which Dave, who remembered their pictures in a book of natural history, pronounced to be puffins. Duly plucked and roasted, the eatable portions made but a scanty meal for the hungry lads.

"The fog's lifting a good deal," said Sandy on the return from his expedition. "I could see quite a distance over the water. In an hour the sun will be out."

"The first thing to do after breakfast is to rig that shawl up for a flag, and raise it where 'twill be seen."

As soon as the birds were disposed of—and the process was not a long one—the boys lashed the tattered red shawl by its corners to the oar, which had been carefully preserved for this purpose, and set out for the top of the hill, Dave leaning heavily on his

comrade's shoulder, and using the oar as a staff. In this manner they made their way slowly upward over the rocks, stopping to rest every few minutes.

"What's this stuff, I wonder," said Saunders, pulling a queer-looking lichen off the face of a boulder beside the way.

Dave, who was quite a botanist, scanned it closely.

"I'm not sure," he said, "but it looks like 'orchil' or 'orchella weed,' as it's described in the books. I never saw any before."

"Is it any good?"

"The Portuguese get it from all the islands hereabouts, and sell it to manufacturers, who make a sort of purple dye out of it. There isn't much on Madeira itself, I believe, but——"

He paused suddenly and looked about him with a puzzled air.

"Well?"

"Do you suppose it's possible—no, it *can't* be!"

"Of course it can't! What?" asked the other, patiently.

"Wait till we get up a little higher. Then we can see where we are."

"I know that well enough," said Sandy, starting on. "We're in the extreme southeasterly corner of Madeira, instead of on the spar-deck of the *Monongahela*, where we ought to be. Look—there comes the sun, thank goodness!"

Reaching at length what seemed to be the top of the hill, they drove the handle of the oar into the sandy soil, and the light breeze lifted the folds of their little signal of distress until it blew out bravely in the sunlight, which brightened every moment.

As the fog dispersed before the wind, more and more of the landscape came into view, and at last the whole vast expanse of the ocean was clear, and the land, too, threw off the veil it had worn for so many hours.

Sandy cast one rapid look about him, then turned to Dave in blank amaze. On every side was water, water, as far as the eye could reach, except in the northwest, where a line of blue mountains blocked the far distant horizon beyond the intervening miles of gleaming ocean.

"Yes," said Dave quietly, answering the open-mouthed wonder of his comrade; "I thought so. You see we're not on Madeira at all."

"Then where in the world——"

"We're cast away on the Desertas!"

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE RESCUE.

The executive officer of the *Monongahela* was greatly disturbed by the report of the absence of the two cadets, whose conduct was generally exemplary, on shore or afloat. The authorities recognized the fact that Funchal would offer many temptations to the young seamen, and not only had limited both their money and their "liberty," but had kept rather a closer watch on the movements of the more wayward than they themselves knew. One fellow had entered a low wine shop, for instance, with two or three of his chums, and was in the act of ordering a treat all round, which would probably have rendered them unfit for duty, when they caught sight of bright buttons and stripes on the opposite side of the narrow street, and guiltily sneaked out of the shop, without a drink, as soon as the officer had passed.

Rexdale and Saunders, however, had needed no espionage. They were known to be staunch teetotallers, and the commander of the ship had no hesitation in trusting them to go where they liked.

Whittaker and Tickerson were closely questioned

as to their movements on shore, and after a brief consultation of officers, with frequent looks at the lowering sky, Girlie was sent back, accompanied by two petty officers (one of whom could speak Portuguese fluently), with orders to hunt up the absentees and await the ship's return to Funchal.

All this took time, although a native boatman was hired to put the cadets ashore, and the fog was closing in every minute. The *Monongahela* now weighed anchor, and put to sea under steam with all possible despatch. The wind rose with almost tropical suddenness, and at a distance of a dozen leagues or so from the island the ship was brought up to it, with just enough speed to keep steerageway on.

It was a disagreeable night for all on board. The sea ran high, and the motion of the vessel was a staggering pitch exceedingly trying to even the seasoned constitutions of the cadets who had boasted of their immunity from seasickness.

At early dawn the *Monongahela's* bells rang "Half speed," and then "Ahead, full," as the fog lifted, and by nine o'clock she was once more at her moorings in Funchal harbor.

The anchor was kept at the cathead, while a signal was displayed for the three cadets to come on board. A small boat was soon seen putting out from the landing, and the officers, advancing to the executive, made their report.

Under guidance of Tickerson, they had been quickly carried in hammocks over the hill path to the fishing settlement, and had proceeded at once to the hut from which the old woman had emerged. The place was empty, and inquiry at a neighbor's failed to reveal the whereabouts of either of the owners of the boat. It was now blowing hard, and, realizing the danger to which the young seamen were exposed, they were probably afraid that some punishment would be visited upon them for letting the boys go to sea in a leaky boat, and so were in concealment.

It was of no use to hunt for them, and the party returned to Funchal, where they reported the affair to the American consul. Nothing could be done that night, but the police were already at work, and would probably succeed in finding the old fisherman and his wife before long.

"That won't bring back my men," exclaimed the executive impatiently. Then, turning to the cadet officer of the deck, he said, "You will get under way at once, Mr. Martyn, and bear off to the southeast. They may have been blown out to Las Desertas, if their craft kept afloat so long."

Fortunately for his peace of mind, he did not know the full extent of the peril to which the cadets had been exposed, for neither Tickerson nor Whittaker had seen the condition of the boat in which their chums had embarked.

Under full head of steam, the *Monongahela* slowly backed round and then forged ahead, taking her course straight for the desolate heaps of rock which Dave and Sandy were at this moment preparing to abandon.

When Rexdale made his rather dramatic announcement Saunders was silent for a moment. He gazed stupidly at the wide circle of the sea, the grass-grown summit of the island on which he stood, and at half a dozen rabbits which were scampering away with long bounds to their burrows.

"Well," said he at length, "if I haven't been an ass! I might have known we'd passed the end of Madeira long before we were brought up, all standing, in the breakers. But our drift must have been tremendous! How far are we from Funchal, Dave?"

"Oh, fifteen or twenty miles."

"Too far to swim," said Sandy gravely. "How are we going to get back, Farmer? If we're going to stay here much longer, I must have another rabbit!"

"If I'm not mistaken, we shall be off the island and running for Madeira within half an hour," said Dave quietly. "Look there, my boy!"

Sandy looked eagerly in the direction indicated.

"Oh," he said in a disappointed way, "I hoped you saw the royals of the old *Monongahela!*"

"No, but the boat we're going ashore in, just the same. Look again, old fellow!"

"H'm, that's so," exclaimed the other, after a minute. "There's a catboat, or something like it, making out here, sure's shooting!"

"Surer than 'tis on this island, where there's nothing but rocks to fire," laughed Dave, his mind greatly relieved by the appearance of the sail.

"There's another one behind it," cried Sandy, shading his eyes with his hand. "What do you suppose they're coming out to this forsaken spot for?"

"That same weed or lichen we stopped to look at," said Dave conclusively. "They must be orchil-gatherers. Let's wave our flag to hurry 'em up!"

The old shawl was flourished so vigorously that it parted in the middle, half of it blowing away over the grass.

"Never mind!" shouted Sandy, now in high spirits. "It'll do for the 'homeward pennant'! Come on, Dave! I believe they've seen us—yes, there's a man standing up in the bows and swinging his hat. Hope he don't fall overboard!"

"Slow, Sandy, slow, my festive brother," cried Dave. "I'm getting old and can't run as I could once upon a time. Let me have your shoulder, will you?"

"Both of 'em, if you like!" chuckled Sandy. "Carry you down to the wharf for a cent—or ten reis! Say, Dave, got any money?"

"Not a red."

"No more have I. Girlie and Senhora Isabella took it all. Never mind. We'll privateer their craft and run away with it, if we once get aboard."

With Dave limping along and supporting himself by the oar and Sandy's stout shoulder, the two made their way down the ravine, toward the mouth of which the sail-boats were evidently directing their course.

"Good-by, bunnies!" cried Saunders, waving his free hand to a couple of rabbits who sat up on their haunches to watch these strange intruders. "Those orchil fellows have done you a good turn! Too bad they didn't get here earlier!"

At the cave the boys stopped a moment to rest and refresh themselves with a final draught of spring water.

"'Twas a good refuge," said Dave as he turned away and stretched out his hand for the other's help.

"You're right there, Farmer; but my hammock will seem soft to-night, just the same!"

They had not waited on the shore more than ten minutes when the first boat came in view around the headland. The man in the bows waved his hat wildly, and sent a hail over the water.

"He seems more delighted than surprised," remarked Sandy as he answered the Portugee's shout. "Do you suppose they guessed we were here, and came off for us?"

"Oh, hardly. They've come for orchella weed, as I told you."

The real fact was that both surmises were partially correct; for the boatman, whom they could now see was old and grizzled, was no other than the owner of the shipwrecked boat. Having hid in a ruined hut all night, he had embarked at early dawn with a neighbor who was going out to the rocks for orchil. The trip would serve a double purpose—a retreat for himself until the excitement in Funchal should blow over, and a possibility of the recovery of his boat. If he could restore the missing cadets to their ship, he knew he and his wife would escape easily, or actually come out of the affair with glory, and, not improbably, cash. A lifetime's experience of the winds and tides in that vicinity had enabled him to calculate pretty closely the drift of the boat, and he knew there was at least a chance that it had gone ashore somewhere on the Desertas. A pile of greenish fragments told him the fate of his own boat as soon as he sprang ashore. He shook his head sadly, then turned to the cadets.

Of course he was unable to reveal his identity to them, even if he had desired to. He invited them eagerly aboard, and with a torrent of his native tongue induced his fellow-sailor to put the boat about and head for Funchal.

"No invitation yet for gents to step to the captain's

office and settle," said Sandy gayly as the little boat bounded over the waves toward home. "We're dead-heads, Dave."

They had been sailing about half an hour, when Rexdale sprang upon his thwart, lame as he was, and gave a loud hurrah.

Right over the bows rose a cloud of black smoke pierced by a slender mast.

"The *Monongahela!*" shouted Sandy, as excited as his companion. "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

The big ship was soon within hail. She stopped her engines, and the sail-boat ran alongside. What a greeting the cadets had from their shipmates as they came over the rail! Cheer after cheer was given, without rebuke from the officers, while the lads sought the commander at once to make their report.

The fishermen were bidden to follow the steamer, which headed back for Funchal, and for the third time found a resting-place near Loo Rock.

The two rescued cadets were of course the heroes of the day. They told their story over and over again as they sat on the gun-deck, surrounded by eager groups of listeners.

It should be added that Dave begged the executive officer to give the old Portuguese enough money to pay for his boat—with a small additional sum to the old lady for her shawl, a portion of which he keeps in his cabin to this day—and to deduct the amount

from his own and Saunders' balance on the purser's books. Hearing of this, Whittaker and Tickerson insisted on sharing the expense; so that, divided between the four, the loss of each was comparatively small.

Three days later the boatswain's merry pipe of "All hands up anchor for home!" was heard, and under full spread of canvas the *Monongahela* once more turned her prow toward the setting sun.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HOME AGAIN.

The homeward voyage was not without variety. "Hatteras did its best to make things interesting for us," wrote a cadet, some weeks later, "and succeeded wonderfully. Dead calms and nasty squalls; sand storms and deluges; blizzards, cyclones, and waterspouts—to the gloomy delight of Pessy—each took a turn. Then they came by permutations and combinations, mechanical mixtures, and chemical compounds, and finally the whole crowd lit on us in a bunch. The *Monongahela* did not seem to mind, however. She is a peculiarly unexcitable craft, and loses her headway much more easily than she loses her head."

Dim through the ocean mists two shadows at last appeared, one on the port bow, one to starboard. It was no foreign shore this time, but the welcome outlines of the homeland. The men could not resist giving a cheer as they recognized Capes Charles and Henry, guarding the entrance to Chesapeake; and an hour later the ship was at anchor within signalling distance of the *Bancroft* in Lynhaven Bay, where the "greasers" had been waiting for several days to greet the linemen on their return from abroad.

The reunion of classmates was a jolly one. Harry Saunders declared that Staples had begun to grow at last, and that Norman's face fairly shone with "dichromatic fluorescence." All the lads were brown as Indians, and full of eagerness to reach home in the long-anticipated September leave.

Dave went at once to the old farm in Granite, Norman accompanying him nearly all the way, as Hallie and her mother were at Crawford's, in the White Mountains. A few days after the boys' arrival a note came to the Rexdale farm, inviting Miss Letitia, with the two young people, to spend a week with the Holmes at the big hotel.

It was a lovely morning in early September when the train, panting from its efforts in climbing the notch, halted by the little Crawford station. Out came the Rexdales, Miss Letitia clinging nervously to her skirts with one hand and a large carpet-bag with the other.

"I declare," she exclaimed, as Mrs. Holmes hurried to greet her and Anemone, who was close behind, "I never thought I should get here alive, with the cars tippin' an' creakin' up that hill. I *am* glad to see you, Mis' Holmes. Where's Annie? Land, the youngsters have got together already!" and the good woman's face beamed with relief and satisfaction as she dropped her skirts to grasp the cordial hand of her hostess.

"Come right up to the hotel," said the latter. "Here, John, take Miss Rexdale's bag on the truck, and bring the trunk along."

There was no mistaking the last-mentioned article, a large, old-fashioned hair-cloth affair, marked "L. R."—a *chef d'œuvre* of Tompkins, who was jack of all trades, and prided himself on his lettering.

Miss Letitia viewed with some apprehension the porter's back as he marched off with her bulky portmanteau, but suffered herself to be conducted up the plank walk, in the stream of new arrivals and guests who had come down, bareheaded, to meet the train.

"It's so good to have you here!" exclaimed Hallie with an ecstatic squeeze of Anemone's arm. "We've planned all sorts of good times—a climb to Bugle Cliff, the trip up Mt. Washington, a tally-ho ride to the Twin, and oh, lots of things."

"Any fishing here?" Dave was inquiring of Norman.

"First rate. Not so very many fish, but any quantity of fishing. Go on, old fellow. What did you do when the sea began to break over the boat?"

So the questions and answers, the laughter and gay, happy talk followed fast and furious, the Granite party meanwhile being duly introduced to the landlord, who stood at the door of his big inn welcoming the new arrivals with old-time hospitality.

A volume could be written on the haps and mis-

haps of that week—or, rather, the fortnight to which it was extended—in the mountains. One day alone must be taken as a sample of the rest.

It was the third morning after the Rexdales' arrival. There had been a light frost in the valley overnight, but now the sun had risen, and there was every promise of a golden autumn day. The young people had planned an outing, which was to include even the older members of the party, Mrs. Holmes acquiescing cheerfully, and Miss Letitia declaring she wouldn't be left behind.

Behold them, then, setting out from the eastern piazza and entering the Idlewild grove.

"Here's where the bridle path started," announced Norman; "see the old signboard? And we are to follow it for some distance."

"Land, we ain't goin' up Mt. Washington?" inquired Miss Letitia apprehensively.

"Not exactly! But we shall ascend—by *very* easy degrees, ma'am—one of its lower spurs."

The party soon were obliged to fall into single file, and, with Norman leading, began their climb over the well-worn, historic path. It was bordered on both sides by banks of vivid green moss, dotted with partridge-berries and embroidered with the trailing vines of Linnæa. Overhead were the thick boughs of fir and spruce, with here and there a moose-wood, drooping under the weight of its scarlet clusters. The air

was filled with the ripple and rush of a little mountain torrent that came laughing down from the uplands and foamed merrily over the granite boulders or gathered itself in deep, amber pools close beside the path.

"Have a drink of condensed clouds?" sung out Norman, unshipping his tin dipper, which he carried on his belt. "It's a little better than Desertas water, isn't it, Dave?"

"Beats it all out," said the latter, taking a long, delicious draught. "I hope you'll give us something more savory than broiled rabbit and puffins by and by," he added jocosely, with a rattle of the good-sized basket he carried.

"You just wait! You and I've got to purvey for the crowd, Dave. There isn't enough in these baskets to go round."

"I'm with you! This brook looks as if 'twere full of trout."

"Oh, look at the ferns!" cried Hallie. "Did you ever see anything so lovely?"

Dave didn't answer the question, as he was tempted to do, but plunged down the steep bank and returned with a handful of graceful fronds, which Hallie gayly thrust into her belt.

"Is—is it much farther?" inquired Mrs. Holmes, sinking down to rest on a bench.

"Oh no, mother. We're over half-way."

"Let's not hurry," added Anemone; "it's so beautiful *everywhere!*"

The boys, however, were eager to get at their sport, and the party soon resumed their march. The path was now pretty steep, and they had to halt frequently for breath.

When they had reached a point about half a mile from the hotel, Norman turned aside to the left. The voice of the brook now took a deeper tone, and the little party, clambering cautiously down this new side-track, emerged suddenly in a tiny glen or ravine, surrounded on all sides, except that affording outlet to the stream, by high walls of moss-covered granite and shadowed by tall evergreens. The brook came down in a foaming torrent over the cliffs at the upper end of this fairy glen, and spread out at their base in a clear, deep pool before hastening on its course to the valley.

"Lovely! Exquisite! Enchanting!" No words were strong enough to express the delight of the girls and their elders as they pointed out the smooth granite ledges, the mimic cataract, the ferns peeping over to catch sight of their pretty tresses in the pool, the hoary, moss-draped firs, dark against the blue sky, and the rare flame of a frost-touched leaf among the more sombre foliage of the evergreens.

"What *is* the name of it?" asked Hallie. "I know it *must* be something romantic!"

"Gibbs' Falls," replied Norman succinctly.

"O-O-h! Did you ever!"

"We ought to rechristen it," suggested Anemone.

"All right—what's the matter with Hallie's——" began Dave.

"No, no!" cried Hallie, with a switch of her braid. "Not for me—for Anemone!"

"Let's compromise, and call it 'Glen Anne,'" said Mrs. Holmes, who had taken her seat on a rude bench built against the trunk of a lofty spruce. "That will suggest Annapolis, which was named for the queen, and it will make us think of our Annie, too."

"Then it must be 'Hallie's Falls,'" persisted Dave; and that time he had his way.

"Well," said the young person so honored, "I name the stream 'Rexdale Brook.'"

"And the expanse of water before us 'Mary's Pool,'" said Norman, taking off his cap with a low bow to his mother, who laughed merrily, but was pleased, just the same.

"Now everybody is named for but Miss Rexdale," exclaimed Norman.

"Land, don't name anything for me," began that lady abruptly; but the mischief in Dave's eye was not to be checked.

"The path which led us to this enchanting spot," said he, "shall hereafter be known as 'Letty's Lane'!"

What a shout there was at this! It was of no use to protest, for at the first word the boys swung their caps and led in three uproarious cheers, before which Miss Letitia was fain to subside and accept her honors meekly.

Annie alone noted the pink spot that lingered in her aunt's faded cheeks for several minutes, and guessed that the girlish name might have wakened memories of some day, long, long past, when she had been called "Letty" by a young farmer who, legend told, had gone to the war and never returned. If so, the memory left no further shadow on the dear old maiden lady's enjoyment of this bright day than might be cast by the passing flicker of a bird's wing between her and the sun.

"Now, girls," said Norman, setting down his load and bidding Dave do the same, "we're going up-stream, fishing, and will be back in just an hour. I'm going to build a fire on the rocks there, and you must keep it going till we return, so's to have a good bed of coals to cook over."

He suited action to the word as he spoke, and soon had a glorious fire blazing, and casting its ruddy reflection over the pool.

"Good luck!" called the girls as their brothers disappeared up the steep banks of the brook.

Now began a rivalry between the two cadets as to their piscatory prowess. Norman had a light rod,

which he rigged with reel and fly; and, knowing the brook well, he had a trout wriggling on the rocks before the other had begun to fish.

Dave proceeded at once to a clump of saplings and cut a pole about eight feet in length. This, with a couple of yards of common silk line, and an ordinary bait-hook and shot-sinker, completed his outfit. He had provided himself with worms at the hotel, and set to work to show his city chum how the boys caught trout in Granite.

Creeping up ahead of Norman to a deep pool at the foot of a fall, he dropped his bait softly in the floating bubbles. Down went the tip of his pole, and presently out came a spotted beauty.

"All right!" called the fly-fisher. "It's my turn next, old fellow."

They had made an arrangement, which is a capital one where two are fishing the same small stream, that whenever one caught a trout the other could go ahead, thus dividing fairly the advantages of the first cast.

For nearly three-quarters of an hour they followed the brook up in this way, and then turned downstream.

"There!" said Norman, throwing down a string of eleven fine trout as he entered "Glen Anne" again.

"And there!" remarked Dave, adding nine beauties

to the heap. "Norman's are more numerous, but smaller, so we'll call it square!"

The girls had not been idle during the absence of the fishermen. They had spread a cloth over the bench, and upon it the lunch brought from the hotel, decorating it with ferns and bright leaves.

Dave volunteered to clean the fish, which was soon done. Then Norman produced a miniature frying-pan, fitted a moose-wood handle into the socket, and would have proceeded to fry the trout had not Miss Letitia indignantly driven him away and assumed the task.

"I guess I haven't lived on a farm all my life and taken care o' the family to have a boy do *my* cookin'," she remarked with energy; "even if he has got regimentals on!"

The little fish were thereupon rolled in meal, and soon were sputtering in the pan in the most appetizing manner. The lunch was voted a success, and Dave declared that Desertas puffins *à la* Sandy couldn't touch Aunt Letitia's Crawford trout.

So this day and other days passed merrily and swiftly by until playtime was over, and the party separated once more: Mrs. Holmes and Hallie returning to the city; Anemone and her aunt to Granite, which the former was soon to leave for Salem; and the cadets taking the night express to Washington and Annapolis.

CHAPTER XXX.

THIRD-CLASS YEAR.

"Dave," said Norman, "how much do you weigh?"

The two third-class men were in their room, studying hard, one evening in October.

"Oh, about a hundred and forty-five," said the other, without looking up from his work. "What do you want to know for?"

"Would you mind climbing the flag-pole and——"

"What nonsense are you up to now?"

"Why, look here! Here's the 'admiral's' latest in the problems he gave me to solve: 'How long would a hundred-and-fifty-pound man be in falling from the top of a flag-staff one hundred and twenty feet high, if he holds in his hand one end of a rope passed through a block at the top and just long enough to reach the ground, where it is fastened to a sixty-pound ball?' I thought the easiest way would be to try the experiment."

Dave laughed. "I suppose you want Girlie on the other end of the rope," said he. "He's near enough to a sixty-pound ball."

The studies for the second year at the academy, it should be noted, included descriptive geometry, trigonometry, English, the United States Constitution, mechanical drawing, physics, chemistry, and analytical geometry. The cadets found plenty of hard work awaiting them on their return from leave; and they had no summer cruise to look forward to this year, as they knew that the second class would probably spend the summer months at Annapolis.

"I'm afraid there's trouble brewing for some of the plebes," mused Norman.

The officer of the day put his head in at the door, and satisfying himself that the cadets were at their books, nodded and withdrew.

"What makes you think so?" inquired Rexdale as soon as the door closed and the youngsters had resumed their seats.

"I heard two or three of the fellows talking about a running job."

"It's mean business," said Dave with a yawn, returning to his trigonometric tables. "And the very fellows who wanted to get up an 'anti-running' association last year are the ringleaders, now they're youngsters themselves."

"Yes. 'Twas Billings and Ted Sampson and some other men that used to chum with Pete Rollins."

There was silence in the room for some time as the two cadets worked at their problems. They had

hardly completed their task when the welcome notes of the bugle were heard, announcing recreation.

"Now look out for breakers!" said Norman, replacing his books on his shelf and stretching himself. "I want to finish that letter to Annie, Dave. In ten minutes I'll go out with you."

Dave had a refractory cap-button to sew on, and was quietly working away, to the sound of his friend's busy pen, when a slight scuffle was heard in the corridor, and the door of an adjoining room was hurriedly opened and shut. This was repeated several times before Norman had folded and stamped his letter.

"Come on," he said. "Let's get the air. I've boned till my back's stiff."

They tossed on their caps and sauntered out into the corridor, which was temporarily deserted.

"Hold on," said Dave, checking the other by the arm. "What's going on in 73?"

A low moaning reached their ears, followed by a sound of suppressed laughter.

"They've got some plebes in there," said Norman, after listening a minute. "Let's go in. We may be able to make things a little easier for the poor fellows."

"But it'll be bad business if we're caught in there," urged Dave. "Nobody'd believe we weren't in the running crowd."

"That's so! Perhaps——" He was interrupted by a muffled cry behind the door.

Hesitating no longer, the two cadets walked in without the formality of a knock. Their entrance occasioned a sudden fright, for the gas was instantly turned down, though not before the intruders were recognized, and they, on their part, had caught sight of Billings and several of his cronies.

"What are you fellows doing?" demanded Norman sharply.

"None of your business. Get out of here!" growled Billings.

Dave slipped over to the gas and suddenly turned it up brightly. The scene disclosed was a striking one. In the centre of the group was a young cadet, held upside down by two men, who had evidently been arrested in the act of pouring water down his trousers legs, from the pitcher.

The unfortunate victim's face was purple, and he was gasping from the last flood of water, which had of course drenched him and poured all over his face.

"Let him up!" said Norman, taking in the situation. "He's had enough for one dose, anyway."

"Look here, Lat. Holmes, we don't take orders from you, d'ye understand?" said the big third-class man savagely. "That kid'll stand on his head just as long as we want him to; we haven't begun with him yet. And if you interfere you'll be treated the same way yourself!"

Norman's blood leaped to his face. Without more

words, he sprang upon the nearer of the plebe's most active tormentors, and seizing him by the collar, flung him back against the wall.

The poor plebe came to the floor with a crash as Billings, uttering an oath, sprung upon his daring classmate. Dave here took a hand in the affray, but the two rescuers were outnumbered and might have fared badly had not the door then suddenly opened, disclosing the upright figure and stern face of the officer in charge, a navy lieutenant of about forty years.

As he stood in silence a moment, the struggling cadets separated, and the "runners" sullenly and sheepishly saluted, one or two of them glancing longingly at the door. The plebe who had been ill-treated gained his feet, and lurching dizzily, tried to stand erect, at attention.

"You can sit down," said the officer gently. Then, in tones that left the real culprits little hope, he turned to them and said, "You will stand till your names are taken, and then report on the *Santee*."

Norman and Dave said nothing; but the rescued lad, whom they had not before recognized, but who they now saw was no other than Dobson, sprang to his feet and, forgetting naval discipline, laid his hand on the officer's arm.

"Please, sir," he said eagerly, pointing to those who had taken his part, "these two——"

"Silence!" commanded the lieutenant sternly.

"Any excuses that can be made will be considered at the proper time. Young gentlemen," he added with energy as he pocketed his notes, "you are a disgrace to the academy and the navy. I hope it is true (looking at Dave and Norman) that you were not all concerned in this shameful business. I can assure you that the case will be promptly dealt with. March!"

Dobson managed to squeeze Norman's hand as the prisoners filed past him, but nothing could then be said. It was not pleasant to spend the night "in detention" on the old *Santee,* nor to imagine the looks of their classmates when they failed to report at formation and their names were read for grave misdemeanor next morning; but the two friends were satisfied with their work, and felt sure of exoneration when an investigation should be made.

Promptly they sent in their excuses, taking care to accuse no one else; and after a hearing before the commandant their names were taken from the misconduct roll, Dobson's evidence being convincing. Billings and one of his associates disappeared from the academy the next day, dismissed and disgraced. Next to deliberate falsehood no offence meets with more summary or complete punishment at Annapolis than hazing.

It is needless to add that Dobson's attachment to Holmes and Rexdale was absolute from that time forward; though it was not until years afterward, on

the deck of a United States cruiser, that he was able to repay the debt. But that is another story, and must wait.

Thanksgiving, Christmas, and New Year's Day passed in rapid succession. The class, now still further diminished in numbers, began to assume more and more the aspect and bearing of naval officers. The weakest elements had been eliminated, as we have seen, and although those who remained were still but a company of young men such as may be found in any university, these tried and true survivors of examinations, cruises, plebe scraps, and severe discipline were of necessity an exceptionally healthy, clear-headed, and clear-minded set of fellows.

Norman's full-length picture—in "regimentals," as Miss Letitia called them—taken at this period of his course, shows a young gentleman of a little above medium height, erect figure, keen dark eyes, a rather sensitive but firm mouth, and a dignified, manly bearing. Dave is taller and has broader shoulders; his eyes are deep-set and earnest, indicating a settled strength of purpose that is lacking, for instance, in Sandy's good-natured, honest face. Of course these pictures were sent to Massachusetts and New Hampshire, and, adorned with knots of navy-blue ribbon, duly took their places on the bureaus—one of mahogany and the other stained pine—of their respective owners.

Early in March Girlie Tickerson contracted a heavy cold, which steadily grew worse instead of better. At last he was obliged to report to the senior medical officer, at the morning sick call, and, after a brief examination, was ordered to sick quarters. The cold developed into bronchitis and threatened pneumonia. Girlie's bright young face was sadly missed by his classmates in the formations, at his mess-table, and in recreation.

Norman applied for and obtained special leave to visit his friend frequently, and in the course of those visits learned to know the chaplain even better than before. That kind-hearted gentleman, who was popularly but not ill-naturedly referred to as "Holy Joe," was a daily caller at Girlie's bedside, and not only spoke to him of the graver questions of life, but often helped him with cheery talk, anecdotes of naval life, and reports of the outside world. "Manliness, strength of purpose, purity, and fidelity"—these were the watchwords of the chaplain's life, the tenor of his sermons, the dominant sentiments with which he never wearied of endeavoring to inspire the cadets. Poor fellows they would have been indeed had they not felt the inspiration of his example and words and been drawn to better things.

"I tell you, Norm," said Girlie in one of his days of convalescence, "it puts a new look on things to hear him talk. I used to think ministers were an

insipid lot, but the chaplain's a man, all through, and I want to be like him."

"Has he been saying—talking—religion to you?" asked Holmes.

"A little," admitted Tickerson, flushing; for boys are even shyer in speaking of these things than of their sweethearts; "but he didn't throw it at my head, or jump on me because I was down and couldn't help myself. He read that chapter about the big haul of fish, and then talked along, till I—say, Norm!"

"Well, old fellow?"

"I guess I'll join our Y. M. C. A. Don't you want to?"

I think Girlie remembered the fishing chapter, and had begun his work right off.

"Yes, I do," said Norman heartily. "I've thought about it, and meant to join, but—well, you know how it is! The fellows might think you were setting up for a saint, or something of the sort!"

"Every fellow that joins the academy doesn't set up for an admiral!"

"That's so! Mother'd like to have me join, I know; and I can answer for Dave. I've seen him——" He checked himself, feeling that he had no right to publish his chum's private acts of devotion. "Anyway, we're with you, Girlie, every time. As soon's you're out of the dry dock and afloat again, we'll hand in our names."

The subject may be dismissed with the remark that, upon inquiry, Norman found that over ten per cent. of the cadets were on the lists of the Christian Association; a discovery which surprised him, so retiring and unobtrusive had been the membership. Three weeks later half a dozen new names appeared on the rolls, including those of the cadets with whom we are best acquainted.

Girlie's robust constitution conquered his illness, as has been intimated, and he was soon among the most active with the foil and oar and at the guns.

Once more spring ripened into summer. The girls did not come to Annapolis for June week this year; Miss Lee and her friend Susie had returned to their respective homes, whither frequent letters found their way; Tickerson directing his to Charleston, and fickle Sandy—who, however, seemed to have made up his mind at last!—to Baltimore. Hallie was now beginning to consider the grave question of doing up her hair, and Anemone was hard at work at Salem, with one year more at the State Normal to complete her course.

Having followed one practice cruise throughout, we must stand upon the wharf this time with those left behind—including our young heroes, now of the second class.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A QUEER CHRISTMAS PARTY.

The summer seemed long to the second-class men, who were left behind; yet with hard work in laboratory and machine shop, with intervals of open-air exercise and long walks in the pleasant country about Annapolis, the thirty-first of August arrived on time, as usual, and the annual breaking up on leave took place. Norman was once more at the mountains with his family, while Dave put in a month of solid labor at the farm, alternately depressing Tompkins with his energy and delighting him with his naval terms and bearing.

Back trooped the three hundred to Maryland when term-time began; and routine and discipline ruled as of old. Dave and Norman were now second-class petty officers, and each sported on his right arm a bright golden eagle, spreading its wings over the time-honored naval emblem, the anchor. On "service dress" their rank was indicated by a single figure-of-eight knot of black cord.

At this time the officer in charge, stationed at the academy as aid to the commandant of cadets, was known as "Dannie." He was a thorough gentleman

and a thorough officer, one who had the rare faculty of maintaining excellent discipline, together with an unvarying regard for the feelings of others. During Norman Holmes' second-class year occurred an incident that has already been so well described by one of the actors concerned in it that I shall use his own words as far as possible in giving a description of it.*

"Some of the boys of the third class of cadets, who went to the laboratory every Friday evening for instruction on experiments in chemistry, took such an interest in the study that they must needs have a private laboratory of their own, which they located in the room of a certain very correct cadet named M., who lived on the third floor of the New Quarters. I lived on the floor above, and others who were in the affair were scattered all about the building.

"All the material we used was obtained, very improperly, from the real laboratory, each one making a point of bringing over something—a mortar and pestle, or a retort, or something of that sort—after each Friday night's exercise. These things were all stowed away in M.'s wardrobe drawers, neatly covered

* For the account of these occurrences in the days of the gallant and lamented lieutenant, I am indebted to Mr. Edward E. Clements, who has recently told the story in print to the readers of the *Youth's Companion*, and to whose article Mrs. Danenhower kindly called my attention.

from inspection by a layer of folded garments, and in time we had quite a respectable set of apparatus.

"One night after supper and after first inspection chlorine was being produced in M.'s room at a rate that promised speedily to stifle every one in the building. Several of us were watching the process, though this was 'study hours,' during which time all visiting is strictly forbidden. But Dannie was on duty as officer in charge, and none of us anticipated an invasion.

"Other cadets stole in every little while, until ten of us sat around in the limited space, watching with delight the evolution of the heavy green vapor, until we were suddenly alarmed by the sound of deliberate footsteps in the corridor outside.

"We listened breathlessly. Yes, it was Dannie without a doubt, and coming in our direction. He might pass—but no! We had, unfortunately, left the transom of the door open, and he could not fail to remark the horrid smell that issued forth.

"There was no escape, and to conceal anything on our persons was worse than hopeless, for our scant clothing barely sufficed to conceal ourselves. Each fellow looked at his neighbor in disgust. It probably meant losing a conduct grade for every one of us. For mere 'visiting' we should not be much penalized, but with those tell-tale chemicals in our possession we could not hope to get off lightly.

"Two of the boys, with rare presence of mind, seized some of the larger articles on the table, and disappeared with them beneath the two beds. Two more dodged behind the open wardrobe doors, and the rest of us stood grimly to face the music. The footsteps stopped, and we heard a sharp rap at the door.

"'Come in!' said M., while we all braced up to attention.

"The door opened, and there stood Danenhower.

"'Good evening, gentlemen,' he said, while his eyes began to twinkle as he took in the situation.

"We were a sorry-looking set of gentlemen, truly, but we piped up in a minute, in dismal chorus, 'Good evening, sir.'

"He came in and shut the door, and drawing up one of the two chairs, with which each room was furnished, sat down.

"'What have we here, Mr. M.?' he inquired, sneezing after a glance at our apparatus.

"'Only chlorine, sir,' replied M., meekly.

"'H'm, only!' His eyes rested contemplatively on a shoe under the foot of the opposite bed. 'Gentlemen, pray be seated,' he continued, after a pause. 'Mr. M., can you oblige me with a pencil and paper?'

"M. produced the articles with alacrity, and we seated ourselves cautiously on the beds.

"In a moment, probably to find out whether or not we were really in earnest, Danenhower was asking us

all sorts of questions about our experiments, and before he finished we had made quite an impromptu recitation.

"Danenhower finally said, 'Well, gentlemen, from what you say, I can readily see that this is not mere mischief, but really misguided and thoughtless enthusiasm; therefore I am not disposed to be harsh. But the regulations require that I should report you all for visiting, and, in order that I may get all the names, the gentlemen under the beds and behind the doors had better come out.'

"They came out. He took our names, and despatched two of us for a servant and a barrel. So our beloved laboratory was no more.

"So much for Dannie's mildness. On another occasion he was stern enough.

"It was Christmas day, and an order had been published at morning roll-call to the effect that no noise of any kind would be tolerated in the quarters during the day. Thereupon a certain element in the fourth division—which occupied the top floor of the building, and was therefore farthest removed from the supervision of the officer in charge—immediately began to consider what kind of noise was the noisiest, and how it was to be produced.

"The result was that at noon a large consignment of tin horns was smuggled in, and every fellow provided with one. A sentinel was placed at the stair-

well to signal the approach of any disturber, and then the din began. Little care had been taken to get horns of the same pitch, and the general effect was such as to delight the most enthusiastic lover of discord.

"Quite a time elapsed, and as no notice was taken below stairs, the fellows had begun to tire of the sport, when suddenly a different sort of horn rang out. It was the bugle, playing 'Assembly,' which was used at that time for a fire-call.

"Discipline immediately resumed her sway. Every tin horn was consigned to the first convenient hiding-place—a number were thrust into the water-cooler—and the blowers rushed pell-mell down the broad stairs to get to their fire stations. But at the foot of the stairs, in the lower corridor, they were met by the command, as sharp as it was unexpected, to 'fall in,' and in a trice the battalion was formed, came to attention, dressed up, 'eyes front,' and stood awaiting the next order.

"Dannie, with his two aids, the cadet officers of the day, one of whom had formed the battalion in the absence of the cadet lieutenant-commander, walked slowly down the line till he reached its middle, when he stopped.

"'Gentlemen,' he began in a stern tone, while you could have heard a pin drop, 'there has been a deliberate violation of the commandant's order published

this morning. The guilty ones now have a chance to save themselves and others inconvenience, by stepping to the front.'

"Not one stirred.

"'Very well. I will give you thirty minutes in which to consider the matter. The battalion will continue at attention, and at the expiration of that time, if no one is willing to step out and take the onus of the offence, you will continue to stand at attention until a complete search of all rooms has been made.'

"Suppressed groans from innocent ones followed this speech as Dannie solemnly left-faced, and marched back to his office.

"Oh, how the time dragged! The fellows near the big clock arranged to cough every five minutes, and before the sixth cough came I thought we should all drop. Finally out came Danenhower, marching with precision to his former position.

"'Has any one concluded to step out and take the onus of this affair?'

"No one moved.

"'Very well,' in a decided tone. 'Officer of the day, call the master-at-arms, take the orderly with you, and make a thorough search of every room—cadet officers' rooms only excepted.'

"They went and we stayed! The search might take all the afternoon, for there were about a hundred rooms to be examined.

"The minutes lingered. It might not have been so bad if we had stood in the open air, for then there would have been passing incidents to break the monotony; but as it was, we were drawn up in a corridor, half-dark, except at the ends, with a dull wall and closed doors to stare us in the face.

"At the end of the first half-hour Dannie made his appearance and commanded, 'Backward, guide left; march! Halt! Right forward dress!' thus giving us a little movement.

"Soon after this there was a heavy plump at one end of the line. One of the younger cadets had fainted. He was taken out into the air, and in a few moments recovered. On his assurance that he had no knowledge of the disturbance he was allowed to remain outside.

"If you doubt the severity of this punishment just try standing motionless before a wall in the position of a soldier, and see how long you can endure it. Then remember that our case was aggravated by our not being permitted to move if we wanted to.

"As the time passed several more fainted, or feinted, which is just the same for the effect, and were removed, and still we stood.

"It was nearly four o'clock when the officer of the day came downstairs and reported his task done. A few minutes later several servants came down laden with the spoil.

"Startling revelations had taken place. The most exemplary cadets must have given way to temptation, for almost every room yielded something, and as the lieutenant stood watching the increasing pile of 'contraband,' his face wore a grim smile.

"There were several small rifles, a shotgun or two—for duck, probably; eatables of all kinds, civilians' clothing, tin horns—almost everything, in fact, that the regulations did not allow.

"When the pile was completed the lieutenant marched to his place. 'Gentlemen,' he said, 'I was sorry to be obliged to punish innocent with guilty, but in view of the discovery of the articles before me I am not sorry at all. When you break ranks you may claim your property if you so desire. Otherwise it will be placed in the care of the master-at-arms.' Then, turning to the officer of the day, 'Dismiss the companies!' Welcome order! Need it be said that none of the property was claimed? Not then, at all events.

"That night there was a gathering of the clans in the fourth division, and shortly before taps—at ten o'clock—a huge something some six or eight feet high, made of paper on a rigid frame in the shape of a candle-extinguisher, was lowered from an upper floor until it rested near the door of the office. On its side in large black letters was the word 'ONUS.'

"Dannie only laughed, and kept it for some time

as a curiosity, for after that day few madcap pranks were played when he was on duty."

For the third time the annuals now loomed up before the second-class men; an all-important occasion, as it was to usher them into the golden realm of the first class, with its many "liberties," its honors of gold lace, its dignities and privileges—and its work, the hardest and yet the easiest of the whole course.

At this late date two members of the class "bilged" before the test, and the academy precincts knew them no more. Three or four, including Staples, had by this time made up their minds to resign from the navy and seek their fortunes in civilian garments, after graduation. One man was to enter the senior class at Harvard, to which academy graduates are admitted without demur.

Norman and Dave never wavered in their determination to wear the "navy blue" throughout their lives. They kept steadily onward, every day bringing them nearer the goal—active service afloat.

CHAPTER XXXII.

BAD NEWS.

In the matter of practical instruction the distinction was now sharply drawn between cadets of the engineer corps and those who had chosen the line. The former were exercised largely in steam engineering; their "shop work" comprising—in the pattern shop: Selection and treatment of different woods for different purposes; elementary work of the carpenter shop, through mortising, joining, etc., to finished pattern work.

In the foundry: Iron and brass casting, the making of bronzes and alloys.

In the blacksmith shop: Forging, welding, tempering, case hardening, bending and quenching tests of metals.

In the boiler shop: Rivetting, soft and hard patching, calking, annealing, tube expanding and testing.

In the machine shop: Vise bench work, machine tool work, turning, planing, boring, slotting, etc.; pipe fitting; building, erection, and aligning of engines and engine fitting; preparation of working drawings and working from the same.

They were also exercised in "ship work"—the management of engines, getting up steam in emergencies, expedients in battle, temporary repairs, quick methods of disabling machinery about to fall into the hands of the enemy.

Norman delighted in all this, and, as Sandy remarked, took to machine oil as a duck does to water. It meant hard work, but he was ready for it, and was never happier than when surrounded by rivets and bolts, or when seeing for himself the practical applications of the principles which had seemed so dry and lifeless on the pages of his Stromeyer and Unwin.

Dave, on the other hand, enjoyed nothing better than ship drill and naval tactics. The blue covers of his "Luce's Seamanship" were almost worn off before the first term was over; and even "hydrographic surveying" had its charms when applied to tidal observations and navigation.

Norman's rank in the class had entitled him to the office of cadet lieutenant, and he was now in command of the first division, or company, in the battalion. Dave had done his best, but his chum's superior school-training had told in the results of the third year's work, and the New Hampshire boy had to be content with a cadet junior lieutenancy in Norman's company. Girlie Tickerson held the same position in the third company, while Sandy could gain no higher

rank than cadet petty officer, with which position he expressed himself, however, as highly gratified.

"I shook in my boots all last year," said he confidentially, "for fear I should hit cadet lieutenant-commander; and, fellows, I shuddered at the thought of the responsibility!"

The high office referred to in reality fell to the lot of Staples, who had worked just as hard as if he intended to remain in the navy. The choice was a popular one, for no one was better liked than "Telegraph," and his tall, commanding figure loomed up grandly at the head of the battalion. Dumb Whittaker was cadet lieutenant and adjutant; his brother, Bell, being cadet assistant engineer.

Early in the term Norman and Dave put their heads together and determined that their company should win the colors at the prize drill in June, which would be witnessed by two pairs of bright eyes before which the young men particularly desired to make a good showing. "Company drill" not coming often enough to suit the cadet lieutenant, in the regular practical exercises, he got the men under his command to volunteer occasionally for a short drill out of hours, and they soon showed the effect of the extra work.

The days now flew on wings. Letters from home told of the preparations and plans that were being made for a visit to Annapolis in June week.

In march came a stunning blow. Dave found his

CHAMPION FLAG COMPANY.

chum sitting alone in the little room they now occupied on the second floor of upper quarters, an open letter in his hand, his face pale and set.

"What is it, Norm?" exclaimed Rexdale anxiously. "Not bad news from home, I hope?"

Norman tossed over the letter for answer, and Dave read as follows:

"ST. BOTOLPH, *March* 5, 189–.

"*Dear Norman:*

"I hardly know how to write what I must let you know. It is bad news, though not the worst that might be, by any means—not death or serious illness. You know how mother has always left the management of our estate to Mr. Harrows. She never inquired for details, but just signed whatever papers he asked her to, and trusted everything to him, as father advised, in his will. She did not even have to endorse checks, for you remember she gave him a—power of attorney, is it?—to do that, years ago. Well, it seems that Mr. Harrows has sold nearly all our bonds and railroad stock, and invested the money in a gold mine somewhere in Idaho. He didn't mean to be dishonest, but he had what he thought was a great chance to make a lot of money for himself and for us, if he could get more than half the shares in this mine. So he put all his own money in, and most of ours, and the mine has turned out worthless! Mr. Harrows himself came here last night, looking like a ghost, and told us what he had done. Mother had one of her old fainting spells as soon as he was gone, and I am keeping her quiet in bed to-day.

"Of course, I have written to Uncle Richard. He will help us all he can, I know, but it looks pretty dark ahead. I can't bear to say it, Norman dear, but I am not even sure you can keep on at the academy."

"Oh, Norm!" exclaimed Dave, looking up from

the letter, "you *mustn't* give up your naval career! Something can be done, I know!"

"Read on, old fellow. I can't think straight, just yet."

"One thing seems certain—we can't go on living here. We must sell the house and take a flat somewhere for the present; and then we must consider, you and I, how to earn money enough to keep dear little mother comfortable. There's only one thing I can do well, and that's my music. You know I've been taking lessons on the violin, and practising two or three hours a day. If I can get pupils I can give easy lessons on the piano and violin, and perhaps get a chance to accompany, in concerts, once in a while. They say I have a pretty good contralto voice, too—you remember how our 'quartette' sang at Crawford's, two years ago, when Annie took the soprano and you and Mr. Rexdale the male parts?——"

"'Mr. Rexdale!'" growled Dave, with something sticking in his throat. "What does she mean by that? She always calls me Dave. Brave little girl!——" He swallowed, and went on.

"So that may help, too. Day after to-morrow I shall get an answer from Uncle Richard, I know. Do write by return mail. I don't want to break in on your studies, and I doubt if you could get permission to come home, anyway, as I believe you said once that 'death in the family' was the only ground for leave of absence in term-time. But I do feel very sad and perplexed and lonely, and I wish we were together in this emergency."

Here Hallie had begun a sentence with "Give," and scratched it out.

"Remember me to Mr. Rexdale. Even if you have to give up your plans for the navy, I trust we shall see him sometimes, and I shall always think of him and wish him success in the noble calling he has chosen.

"Oh, write, dear, as soon as you can, to

"Your loving sister,

"HALLIE."

There was silence for some minutes in the little room after Dave had finished reading the letter and mechanically put it back in the envelope, smoothing out the postage-stamp, which had been put on upside down and was partly torn off.

"I suppose I may as well see the superintendent and have it over with," said Norman dully, at length.

"What for?"

"I'll show him the letter and tell him I must resign."

"Resign!"

"Mother must be taken care of. I can't let Hallie work while I'm idle."

"Idle! Aren't you working like a dog for your rank? Norm, don't do anything rash. Your pay will provide for your own expenses. It's only three months to the end of the term, and then comes service."

"It's two years before graduation, and meanwhile I can't lift a finger to help mother and Hallie. Oh, Dave, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

Norman dropped his head on his arms, and his whole

form shook with the sobs he could no longer hold back.

"Norm," said his chum, his own lips trembling as he laid his hand affectionately on the other's shoulder, "think what 'twould be if you had news of great sickness, or—or death, from home! After all, it's just *money* trouble, and there'll be some way out."

Norman could not answer.

"In a few years," continued Dave, flushing, although his friend could not see his face, "I shall be —things will be—different! You and I are always going to stand shoulder to shoulder, old fellow. All I have is yours and—and—your mother's and Miss Hallie's!"

Norman reached out blindly and grasped Dave's sturdy hand in his own.

"Wait till you hear from your uncle, at any rate. If you want to talk the matter over with anybody, go to Chaplain C——. He'll give you good advice, I know, and you can do what seems best, later on. Don't do anything in a hurry that you may be sorry for all your life afterward! Just heave to in the fog, or creep on slowly at half-speed; you'll get sights before long, and then you can reckon up your whereabouts and lay your course!"

Norman was at last persuaded to follow his friend's advice, though he went farther, and, calling on the superintendent, laid the whole matter before him, as

well as the chaplain. Both gentlemen extended their heartiest sympathy and encouragement to the cadet, whose sterling qualities they appreciated. They counselled him to postpone decision at least until after the annual examinations, reminding him of his duties to the academy and, in particular, to his company, which could hardly fail to suffer from a change of commander. These considerations had great weight with Norman, and a letter from Mr. Wheatley, forwarded by Hallie, settled the matter for the present. His uncle, after due condolences for their misfortunes, put a bright face upon the matter. He would be in St. Botolph himself, he wrote, within a week or two, and would give their affairs his personal supervision during his visit. Meanwhile their course of life need not be changed, farther than by the abandonment of plans for any expensive summer trip. Mrs. Holmes and her daughter were living very quietly, and their estate had no outstanding debts beyond the small monthly bills of the household, to meet which, for the present, there were fortunately sufficient funds in the savings bank, untouched by the agent who had been so unfaithful to his greater trusts.

Norman, said Uncle Richard, must remain at Annapolis, at any rate, until the financial tangle should be cleared up, and definite plans could be made for the future. It would be folly for him to leave just before the completion of his fourth year at the acad-

emy, and so throw away the advantages he had gained thus far for earning a competence as a regularly graduated engineer.

Two days after the Chicago letter came one from Granite, N. H., a thick, registered envelope, addressed to Mrs. Holmes. It ran as follows, in quaint, angular handwriting:

"GRANITE, *March* 9, 189–.

"*My dear Mrs. Holmes:*

"You cannot tell how sorry I am for your trouble. I hope it will turn out to be less than Dave says it is. I want to say something to you that may give offence, though it's kindly meant, I do assure you. For a good many years I've been laying aside a little money against a rainy day. Now it rains hard down your way, and I want you to accept the enclosed, as a loan, or any way you like, just to help a little in the storm. Folks always borrow umbrellas when they wouldn't think of accepting anything else. For Hallie's sake and your good boy's, I hope you'll take this and not say a word of thanks. Annie sends her love to you and Hallie; I guess she's written to Norman.

"One thing more. It's spring now, and the city gets hot, they tell me, as early as May. Why won't you and Hallie come right up here, as soon as you've got your affairs settled, and spend the summer? We'll try to make things comfortable for you, and Tompkins will drive and run errands. If we need any extra help I can get Annie's sister, Prudence, to come over daytimes; Mr. Duncan says he can spare her as well as not, and she'd be glad to come, for the change. It will do me good to have you round, too, so you needn't worry about any trouble you'd make. I remain,

"Most respectfully yours,

"LETITIA REXDALE."

Enclosed was a check to the order of Mary Holmes, signed by Joshua M. Hobbs, and certified by the cashier of the Granite National Bank, for three hundred and seventeen dollars and sixty-two cents!

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FRIENDS IN NEED.

Mrs. Holmes read the warm-hearted New England woman's letter with smiles and tears. Divining how a refusal of the money would hurt Miss Letitia, she wrote at once accepting the loan with many expressions of gratitude, and deposited the money in a savings bank in the name of the lender, of course making no mention to the latter of this disposition of the funds.

Mr. Wheatley made his promised visit, sent for Mr. Harrows and the family lawyer at once, and went over all accounts thoroughly.

"It isn't quite as bad as I feared, from your letters, Mary," he said as he came from this investigation. "A considerable little property has been saved from the wreck, and Harrows has acted honorably in turning over to us everything he owned except a paid-up insurance policy, which will keep him afloat until he gets something to do. I shan't prosecute or sue, as there's nothing to be gained in putting the man in prison."

"Oh, no!" acquiesced his sister. "He's punished

enough, and will be all the rest of his life, by the knowledge of what he has done. He's a kind-hearted man."

"H'm! I wish he'd had a little head to back up his heart!" said the banker grimly. "Well, Mary—and Hallie, for you must take part in our counsels, my dear—here is a rough statement of the 'salvage corps.' You now own:

"House on Newbury Street.....	$25,000
15 shares Calumet and Hecla.....	7,500
U. S. 1920 Bonds, registered.....	10,000
Deposited in Suffolk Savings Bank.	750
Cash on hand, say.....	250
Total.....	$43,500"

"Why," exclaimed Hallie, "I had no idea we had so much money; had you, mother?"

"No, indeed! Richard, where did you find it all?"

"Well, the house, here, stood in your own name, and wasn't touched. The savings bank deposit was the same. The Calumet and Hecla was bought at $300 a share with the $4,500 you placed in my hands, you remember, just after John's death. The shares now sell for $500."

"And the ten thousand dollars?" asked Hallie, poring over the list.

"Harrows managed to scrape that together from

odds and ends of his private property and forced sales. He turned in the cash and I put it right into government bonds, registered in your name. Now for the income. The house you can continue to live in, for a while, thus saving rent, though of course it costs you the interest on the whole value, or about a thousand dollars a year. It's a large house for just two of you, and I earnestly advise that you find some quiet person who wants a comfortable home, to live with you."

"Take boarders!" ejaculated poor Mrs. Holmes.

Her brother shrugged his shoulders. "I wouldn't put out a card for 'single gentlemen,' like Mrs. Bardell," he said, "but let it be known among a few friends whom you can trust, that there is an opening here for just the right person—preferably some nice old lady who is alone in the world and wants company and quiet. There are lots of 'em floating about in the city."

"Oh, yes, mother!" said Hallie with a bright laugh. "And she'd be company for you, too, when I was off giving lessons. We can fix up that guest chamber on the third floor and make it just as pretty! And she'll wear caps and lavender ribbons, and be lovely, I know."

Uncle Richard gave a very gentle glance, for such a rough business man, in the direction of his little niece; but he said nothing at the time. "Let's go on with the list," he remarked abruptly, giving his eye-

glasses a careless wipe as he removed and replaced them on his business-like nose.

"The C. & H. stock pays forty to fifty dollars a share—say forty, and that makes two hundred a year. The bonds net about three and a half per cent., or three hundred and fifty. Call everything else fifty, and that gives you a clean income of six hundred dollars a year, with house rent provided for."

Mrs. Holmes, remembering the fifteen thousand of past years, raised her hands and dropped them in mute despair.

"Now I'm going to make Hallie a little present," continued her uncle, looking at her over his glasses. "Bring me a pen, dear."

Hallie's face began to look a vigorous protest, but she did as she was bidden, and Mr. Wheatley, drawing a blank check from his pocketbook, proceeded to fill it out to her order.

"There," said he, tossing it over to the girl. "That's to help out the first year. After that we'll hold another council of war. There's no telling what may happen, meanwhile. No, I don't lend. You can call it a birthday present—what do you mean, Miss?"

For Hallie had thrown her arms about his neck and buried her face on his shoulder.

"There, there," he said, patting the brown head and wiping his glasses harder than ever, "don't cry, dear. It's nothing. What I'd like would be to take you

both back to Chicago to live with me. But I know Mary wouldn't hear of that."

"Four hundred dollars, uncle!" said Hallie, looking at the check through her tears.

"That makes a thousand, to last through the year without drawing on your capital. It isn't what you're used to, but I think you can make it do without much hardship."

"I guess we can!"

"Now tell me what you mean by 'giving lessons,' little girl. Let me see—how old are you?"

"Eighteen next month. I'm going to try to get music pupils, uncle."

Hallie sat up straight again, and all three entered into plans for the coming year, the rich banker giving the same concentrated attention that he would to directors proposing the purchase of a railroad.

Mrs. Holmes had added to her letter of thanks to Miss Letitia an acceptance of her invitation to spend the summer at Granite. It was therefore determined that all schemes for lodger and lessons should wait till fall, when the family would return to the city. Mr. Wheatley gave his unqualified support to their desire that Norman should complete his naval course with the requisite two years of sea service. If affairs then demanded his resignation, in order to gain a more lucrative post as civil engineer than Uncle Sam could offer, the great change could be made.

The young cadet, chafing at his enforced absence from the family council, was at once notified of this decision, to his own undeniable relief and the great joy of Dave.

In some way the news of the change of "Lat. Holmes'" fortunes leaked out, and it is to be noted that not one of the class thought the less of him, now that he was known to be comparatively poor. He was as popular as ever, if not more so, and he could not help observing gratefully a new cordiality, a most delicately manifested sympathy, in his intercourse with the other cadets.

He worked as he had never worked before, for he now had an incentive which had hitherto been lacking. His patriotic ardor to serve his country was by no means diminished, but in addition he felt he must take every advantage of the opportunities offered him to perfect his knowledge of engineering, to fit himself for the double duty of following the flag and supporting the dear ones at home.

One great comfort in these dark days was afforded by the letters from Salem. Staunch and true was the little Anemone, like her mother when the news of Lieutenant Rexdale's wound came to Granite. No words beyond affectionate friendship had ever passed between the two young people; but the fact that each was now working for a living formed a new bond between them. If the word "living" had a deeper and

tenderer meaning for each than either put into words, it drew them together the more closely.

Dave's letters to Hallie were full of sympathy, which was sometimes stiffly and clumsily expressed in his efforts to keep his pen in subjection. Hallie had soon ceased to torment herself and her correspondent by addressing him as "Mr. Rexdale"—a formality of which Dave wisely had taken no notice—and had fallen back easily into "Dear Dave" and "Affectionately yours, Hallie," which had long ago become the familiar address and signature. Her notes were full of brave, cheery plans for self-support. She had a promise of two little golden-curled pupils in the fall, had cut down her dressmaker's bills to an extent which honest Dave could hardly appreciate, and triumphantly announced that she hadn't been into Huyler's for a month!

Norman, on his part,* made as few requisitions as possible on the storekeeper, and, in short, tried to adapt his daily life in every way to his change of circumstances.

All this time he continued to drill his company in

* The pay of cadets for the four years at the academy is $500 per annum; for the two years at sea, $950 per annum. Those whose conduct permits it, receive a very small monthly allowance in money. What is not expended for books, etc., must accommodate until graduating, when they receive it in a lump sum. It is supposed to go for uniforms, etc. During the two years at sea they can draw pay monthly.

season and out, until it was an acknowledged fact in the academy that they were the crack division of the battalion.

With the first of June came—not the visitors from the North, for the Annapolis trip had long ago been given up—but examinations, and the subsequent festivities which cast a halo over the close of the academic year. Norman came out third man in his class, and first of the engineer division. Dave was number eight, which was a fine showing for the country-bred and educated lad. At prize drill the first company fulfilled its brilliant promise. The manual of arms was well-nigh perfect, the alignments exact, the marching steady, and the wheel, with the slight inward curve demanded by the tactics, so fine as to call forth generous applause from the lookers-on.

Although Hallie and Annie were sadly missed by the young officers, Grace Lee and Susie Franklin were there, and did all they could, with their gracious Southern manners, to fill the place of the absent ones. Girlie and Sandy would have been jealous, perhaps, of the affectionate greetings and kindly courtesies showered upon their chums, had they not in some way reached a perfectly satisfactory understanding with the two dark-eyed belles. Engaged? No, indeed! It was not for an academy cadet to enter into bonds, however pleasant, during his preliminary studies. But Sandy's good-natured face wore such an angelic,

continuous, and perfectly irresistible smile, and Tickerson's eyes shone so brightly whenever the rustle of Grace Lee's white muslins was heard along the prosaic paved walks of the grounds, that their classmates were justified, no doubt, in drawing their own inferences and winking to each other behind the backs of the aforesaid young gentlemen.

Proudly the first division marched in the centre of the battalion, with the colors floating over the heads of the first four. Cheerily sounded bugle and cornet under the dear old elms that looked gravely down, that night, as they had so many a fair June evening, on the couples promenading to and fro beneath their aged boughs.

The morning came, and with it the assignments for service. Dave and Norman, to their great delight, received orders to the same ship, the gallant *Portsmouth,* which had gone into commission only six weeks before. The ship, a first-class armored cruiser, was at Brooklyn, from which she was to sail, within a few days, to join the North Atlantic Squadron for a cruise down the coast, and take part in the evolutions of the fleet. The country was at peace, though rumors of trouble in this or that foreign port were eagerly seized upon by the newspapers and exaggerated into "war clouds," which—it must be admitted, to the disappointment of the younger men on board—usually evaporated before the first sunbeam of truth.

The cadets reported on board the *Portsmouth* forty-eight hours after their appointment, and the very next day the great white ship weighed anchor and sailed for Newport News.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE WHITE SQUADRON.

The new cruiser was fitted with heavy ordnance, and all modern appliances of electricity and steam. She was nearly four hundred feet long, had two steel masts with fighting tops, each containing two rapid-fire guns. Her batteries consisted of two eight-inch rifles on each side, and a secondary battery of twelve five-inch quick-firing rifles, together with sixteen six-pounders (rapid-fire) and four Gatlings. There were five torpedo tubes, fourteen inches in diameter. She was a formidable ship, almost ranking with the battle-ships of one or two other nations.

Off Hatteras the *Portsmouth* ran into a severe blow at about two bells in the forenoon. For some hours she labored heavily, but, on the whole, proved herself a vessel of noble sea-going qualities, until early in the afternoon, when her speed slackened visibly and the report ran about the decks that there was trouble in the engine-room. Norman was one of the first on the scene, and found that the boiler tubes were leaking.

Over went the sea-anchor, and the great ship slowly swung round into the wind. The whole force of coal-

heavers and firemen were set to work hauling the fires under the leaky boiler and starting others under the reserve set with which the *Portsmouth* was provided. Every engineer on board, side by side with such line officers as could be spared from the deck, bent his energies to the task of meeting the emergency. For six long hours the ship breasted the huge waves, riding to her sea-anchor, and to Norman, toiling away in the black depths of her, it seemed a dozen times as if she were taking her final plunge. At last the steam indicator began to mount—the gauge showed ten—twenty—fifty pounds—and a little later the screw revolved once more, while the young engineer, almost utterly exhausted, scrubbed the soot and oil from his hands and talked the matter over with Rexdale in his cabin.

In due time the *Portsmouth* reached her destination, repairs were made, and she was once more ready for storm or calm, peace or war.

After four or five weeks of sea-drill the fleet turned northward again. Often, on some fair Sabbath morning, as they paced the sunny and spotless deck, the thoughts of the cadets would go back to the old academy days, especially to Sunday services, and the hymn which they knew was rising at that very moment, just before the benediction, in the chapel:

> "Eternal Father! strong to save,
> Whose arm hath bound the ocean wave."

The Honorable Secretary of the Navy, mindful of the patriotic sentiments of New England people, and willing to give them a special treat, sent orders for the squadron to visit Portsmouth, proceeding up the river as far as safety permitted, and allowing visitors to come on board. The very largest battleships prudently anchored outside Whale's Back, but the *Portsmouth*, which was especially dear to the people of the State for whose ancient seaport she was named, "kept all on," and rounded to her moorings in the lower harbor.

"What a talk she could have with the old *Constitution!*" said Dave as they slowly steamed into the river at flood-tide. "The oldest inhabitant and the baby!"

Norman smiled; then grew sober again. "The last time I was here was on the *Bancroft's* cruise," he said. "How different the world looks now!"

"It's the same world, and a good one, too, Norm. It all depends on—the people in it!"

He met Dave's bright glance and nodded. There was no more time for conversation just then, for the ship had stopped her engines and orders began to fly, not loud, but thick and fast.

A dull plunge announced that the cruiser had taken a firm grip on New Hampshire soil, thirty feet under water. She swung slowly round with the tide till her curving prow pointed oceanward. Then boats came scurrying down—it was about eleven in the forenoon

—but orders were given that no one save navy yard officials should be allowed on board till two o'clock. Seamen were set to work scrubbing and furbishing, and at the appointed hour the ship was in holiday trim.

Out came a throng of small boats loaded with eager sightseers. The young officers, dressed in their best, stood near the gangway to receive them and show them over the ship of whose beauty and strength they were so proud.

Now came a tug, with half a hundred passengers, and presently the Appledore steamer, which made a harbor trip for the benefit of those who wished to see the whole fleet.

As the tug returned to the wharf for a second load, a group of ladies awaited her with manifest impatience. One of the party was a rather small person with silvery hair and a manner of great refinement even while she looked eagerly toward the hurrying craft upon which she was apparently waiting to embark. By her side was a tall, spare woman of middle age, inelegantly and plainly dressed. She clutched a younger companion with each hand, and was clearly disturbed lest the wharf should go to sea or at least let the whole party down into the tide that swirled around the weed-draped supports beneath. The young girl on her right was of nearly her own height; her figure was slender and graceful as a sea-bird's, and her delicate face, flushed with the excitement that

sparkled in her frank brown eyes, was a lovely thing to see as she glanced from the approaching tug to the distant "fighting top" of the *Portsmouth.*

Beyond her and her stern-visaged guardian, whose brown-cotton-gloved hand held her wrist in a convulsive grasp, but of whom she seemed nowise in awe, stood on tiptoe, trying to peer over a pair of masculine shoulders that blocked her view, a little lady who might have posed as "jocund day," though in sooth the tar-grimed wharf was but a poor representative of the "misty mountain-top." Honest eyes of real "navy blue" like the sea, sunny hair waving back from a merry face, with just a suspicion of a freckle here and there, and a nice certainty of dimples—that was Hallie Holmes at eighteen, as true and sweet a little maid as could be found between Quoddy Head and the Golden Gate. The past few months had already given a touch of seriousness to her face, that showed plainly as she turned a moment later to her mother and made room for her to stand more easily in the crowd that pressed forward in rather unruly fashion.

"Where's Tompkins?" she asked. "Isn't he going out with us?"

"That I am, Miss," said a hearty though cracked voice just behind her. "Easy there, sir, don't crowd the ladies! Now, Mrs. Holmes—steady—that's right, ma'am—and here we are on the tug."

In his element, or rather on it, was old Tompkins, the ex-man-of-war's-man. He sniffed rapturously the salt breath of the sea, coming up from the mouth of the river; he criticised the unkempt condition of the tug, and called attention to the trim appearance of the beautiful white warship as they drew near the *Portsmouth.*

"There he is!" exclaimed Annie, waving her handkerchief tremulously to an erect figure in blue on the forward deck.

"No, that's he, just helping that lady down the steps!" exclaimed Hallie.

Then the girls suddenly realized the mutual mistake, and brown eyes met blue, and two merry laughs rang out from sheer happiness.

Young Cadet Rexdale was no sooner relieved from assisting his charge, an exceedingly nervous old lady, into her boat, than he caught sight of the tug, whose passengers he had not yet recognized.

"Fend off! Fend off!" To scar the glossy side of that ship would have been a mortal offence in the eyes of every blue-jacket on board.

"Steady now! Give her a turn ahead! Well that! All ready, ladies, please!"

Dave and Norman stood side by side by the rail, within a few feet of the gangway.

Foremost among those who scrambled up the steps was a weather-beaten old man. As he sprang on deck

with wonderful agility, he glanced about him an instant and then drew himself up stiffly and touched his cap.

"Tompkins!" exclaimed Dave, rushing forward, forgetful of dignity, and seizing the rough old hand, seamed and hardened by years of pulling and hauling. "Are you alone? Who's with you?"

But Norman already had his mother's hands in both his own. He drew her aside, out of the crowd, and led her down to his cabin, followed by Hallie and Anemone, and, as a rear guard, by Miss Letitia and Tompkins, the last named removing his cap and taking his post by the door that opened upon the gun-deck.

When the young cadet had held his mother in his strong arms a moment and whispered the first greetings, he turned to the others. Hallie fairly flung herself at him in her old impulsive way, and clung to her brother until her masses of bright hair gave symptoms of rebellion against their newly acquired bonds, when she reluctantly allowed him to turn to Miss Letitia, and, last of all, to Anemone, who had shyly drawn back from the family reunion.

He could not take her in his arms, but he had her hand, and forgot to let it go, while unspoken words flashed to and fro from one pair of young eyes to the other.

Dave, meanwhile, had captured Hallie, whose

laughter was a good deal like crying, but whose face was like morning as she tried to bring her sunny locks into proper subjection.

"Do pin that one back for me!" she exclaimed at last, handing her brother's friend a dainty little shell pin and turning her back on him.

What did that sober, steady-going young man do, but, under pretence of patting down another unruly wave, slyly withdraw a second pin and make it do double duty, while he hid the first dainty little amber-tinted affair in his breast pocket! Nobody saw him but Tompkins, who would have willingly been blown from the muzzle of one of the *Portsmouth's* eight-inch turret guns before he would have betrayed the idol of his heart, Lieutenant Rexdale's son! Dave met his eye and turned red; but the old man-of-war's-man's face had no more expression than the figurehead of "two-five" at Annapolis.

How the questions flew back and forth when the first joy of meeting grew calmer!

"How did you get here? Why didn't you let us know?" demanded Norman, dropping Annie's hand, which he had been holding all this time.

"We wanted it to be a surprise," said Hallie—"a real surprise party. It worked beautifully, didn't it? Only Annie *would* wave from the tug!"

"Well, Dave didn't see her, so it's all right," remarked practical Miss Letitia.

"How did you come?"

"All got up early, drove over to the station, and took the 8.30 train down to Portsmouth. I thought they never'd let us come out to the ship!"

"You must let me show you round," said Norman gallantly to Miss Letitia. "Of course you want to see all you can of the ship."

"Well," said that lady, "I s'pose I ought to. But, land! what if one of those cannon should go off! They don't fire them daytimes, do they?"

"Not often," laughed Dave. "If you'd like a salute of thirteen guns I might induce the captain——"

"Now, Dave Rexdale, don't you go to making fun of your poor old aunt," said Miss Letitia, her eyes shining with pride as she looked at her broad-shouldered nephew standing so erect before her. "I don't want no salute, nor Annie either, I guess. If they shoot off a cannon I shall go right overboard."

"Then I won't carry out my plan," said Dave gravely.

"He doesn't want to wet that elegant uniform, jumping in after you, Miss Letitia," suggested Hallie mischievously. "There, you and Annie can go with Dave and we'll join you in a minute or two. I want to talk to Norman."

Neither of the young men looked perfectly satisfied with this arrangement, but the separation was not for long. Letters had passed constantly between the

cadet and his mother and sister, so there was, after all, little news to tell. The Holmes soon found their way to the deck, which had been scrubbed till, Miss Letitia declared, she could eat off it.

With due ceremony the captain and executive officer were presented to the ladies, and then followed a dozen more introductions among the officers and cadets. Each of the girls soon had a group of courtiers about her, so that Norman and Dave were fain to fall back, exchanging comical glances. Mrs. Holmes and Miss Rexdale were good company, however, and as the cadets made themselves as agreeable as possible, all went merrily.

Miss Letitia, once among the deadly engines of warfare, developed a most unexpected thirst for information, not to say for actual service. She climbed down into the turret while the girls were hesitating, and trained the gun on an imaginary enemy with, as one of the younger officers whispered to his neighbor, "fire in her eye." She descended to the engine and even the boiler room, and was observed patting the torpedoes as if they were so many calves in a stall. Dave declared afterward that only his earnest persuasion prevented her from gaining the fighting-tops.

Undeterred by sly grins on the part of the seamen scattered about the decks, she investigated everything she could reach with eye and hand.

"There," she exclaimed at last, "now I've done my

duty. 'Taint likely I shall ever be on board one of these big ships again, an' I want to know just what kind of a place my boy has to live in all his life."

Tompkins, who had followed his mistress about the decks with mingled astonishment and respect, took off his cap and wiped his forehead when she finally entered the cabin and sank down on one of the seats.

"She was cut out for a commodore's wife, sir!" he whispered hoarsely to Dave, shaking his head gloomily.

It was hard to part again so soon, but the northern train left at five, and the Holmes could not afford to stay overnight in the city. So the good-byes were spoken, the ladies went down over the side, and the tug bore them away once more, with handkerchiefs waving and blue caps swinging.

Two days later the squadron itself vanished from the river, and on the first day of August the *Portsmouth* was ordered to the Mediterranean station, to relieve a smaller warship then in the harbor of Beyrout, and keep a close watch upon the Turks wherever and whenever American interests were at stake.

CHAPTER XXXV.

SCATTERING THE CLOUDS.

While Norman and Dave were performing routine duties on shipboard in the far East, taking part in the frequent drills ordered by the executive, standing their watch in due order, watching the marvellous sunsets over the snowy line of Lebanon, or wandering through the quaint, narrow streets of Beyrout, their bright swords clinking by their sides, Hallie was taking up her work in earnest. In October she and her mother bade good-by to Miss Letitia, who would not take a cent for summer board—"I ought to pay you for comin' and keepin' me company," she said—and returned to their Newbury Street home.

Discreet inquiry among their acquaintances soon resulted in the appearance of an ideal boarder, as Mr. Wheatley had predicted: an old lady who had "seen better days," in a worldly sense, but whose happiness was so based on best days, still to come, that her loneliness and reduced circumstances could not shadow the brightness of her face. Mrs. Earle had had a son in the navy—perhaps that was what turned the scale with Mrs. Holmes—and was never weary of talking

of his splendid service during the war, and his care for his mother while he lived. He died in trying to save the life of a seaman who had fallen overboard in a gale off Cape Agulhas; but Mrs. Earle always said "He is," not "He was."

The promised pupils from Commonwealth Avenue homes presented themselves shyly at the appointed day and hour: pretty, golden-haired little things, attended to and from their homes by a French maid with cap and flowing ribbons. One more opportunity was found to give elementary lessons on a violin to a girl of thirteen or thereabouts in her own home near by.

When she was not giving lessons on piano or violin, Hallie worked hard at her own music, practising three or four hours a day. She let one servant go and managed, in spite of her other duties, to assume some of her lighter tasks, such as dusting, and washing the more delicate china. She had set her heart on making the thousand dollars last through the year without calling on her uncle for further help.

She found time, too, to spend odd moments with her mother, and cheer her up with funny accounts of the people she met away from home, in her pupils' houses, or at the concerts where she occasionally had a chance to accompany or sing. Mrs. Earle often dropped in at such a time, and a pretty trio they made, the two elder ladies with the bright-eyed young girl

sitting between them and bringing sunshine into their faces with her merry comment and description.

Then, too, came letters every week or two, bearing queer-looking postage-stamps with star-and-crescent and strange Turkish inscriptions. The days when they heard from Norman or Dave (who had agreed to write alternately) were white ones indeed. The thin sheets were read and re-read until mother and daughter almost knew them by heart.

In one of these letters Norman told of a run down to Alexandria, where the ship remained nearly a fortnight. On their return to Beyrout they were quarantined for five days on account of a report of cholera in Cairo, no one except health officers boarding or leaving the ship.

"A yellow flag is flying at the fore peak" [wrote the cadet], "and two officers of the 'Garde de Santé,' representing the Turkish government, are on board. They have big brass circlets on their sleeves, with the regular star and crescent, and we have no end of fun with them, as they are solemn as owls and can't speak a word of English. You know, Harry Saunders is with us now. He was ordered to the *New Hampshire* to take Brockway's place just before we sailed. To hear him talk Turkish to those fellows is simply side-splitting. Whatever is sent on board has to come in native boats, and the boatmen are careful not to touch our men in handing provisions abroad. They take the coins we give them in a long-handled thing like a corn-popper, and fumigate it as soon as they get ashore, we are told. The scenery about here is glorious. The shores are hilly, and the reddish slopes are dotted all over with little villages and single houses. Away up into the air, behind

them, rises Mt. Lebanon, covered with snow. Last night the whole long summit of the range was bright pink at sunset."

A little later came a thick letter from Dave, telling of a short trip over the new railroad which was being built across the mountains to Damascus.* They went as far as a small village called Araya, and saw a good deal of peasant life in the East, besides the glorious view of the Mediterranean and the surrounding country.

All intervals of naval routine work were filled with practical studies and drills; for they were still cadets, belonging to the academy, with over a year more of service and study before their course would be completed and, if they stood sufficiently high in the class, regular appointments received.

From Salem and from St. Botolph came letters telling of cheerful, earnest work in the training-school and home. Annie had the promise of a position as teacher in a grammar school near Granite, from which she could come home Friday afternoons, or oftener if needed by her aunt.

But while the women-folk were taking up their burdens so bravely, and the cadets were moving steadily onward toward commissioned service, another force, of which neither family guessed, was at work.

Mr. Richard Wheatley was a man who moved slowly but surely. He had amassed what would be a

* The road is now completed and trains running regularly.

large fortune in the East, and he had no idea of letting his sister and his favorite niece suffer for lack of money. Another man in his place might have handed them at once a check for fifty thousand dollars, and laughed at the idea of its being felt from his millions. That was not Mr. Wheatley's way. He had looked at Hallie through those misty glasses more shrewdly than she knew, and not only guessed a secret hardly known to herself, but had read the girl's character and recognized one little flaw. She had thus far lived on the surface of things; had taken life honestly and merrily, and left undeveloped a strength and unselfish devotion that her uncle believed in with his whole heart.

"Let her take up her problem for one year," the banker had said to himself. "She will be a nobler and better woman for it all her life. Mary won't suffer, for if there's any real self-denying to be done, Hallie will get there first and save her mother, or I miss my guess."

One of the first things he did on reaching Chicago was to add a codicil to his will, giving Mrs. Holmes a life interest in two hundred thousand dollars, the whole to revert absolutely to Hallie. Then, after pausing a minute, he added a bequest of fifty thousand dollars to David Rexdale!

Mr. Wheatley had not told his sister the whole of his interview with Harrows, the upshot of which had

been that he had taken in at a nominal sum the whole block of mining stock owned by the Holmes estate, comprising considerably more than half the capital of the company. With characteristic energy he had sent a trusty agent to the mine, which was thoroughly investigated. A shaft had been sunk, it seemed, and ore had been taken out in which gold was found in paying quantities, if properly crushed and milled. The trouble was that unexpected obstacles had occurred in the workings; the funds of the company had been exhausted by foolish dividends, declared in order to attract capital, and the stockholders had lost all confidence in the mine and its managers. Work was brought to a standstill, and, interest being already overdue, an angry body of bondholders, holding a quarter of a million of the company's secured paper, threatened to foreclose within a month, thus completely wiping out the stock.

"Pay all interest to date. Telegraph First National Bank for funds," wired the banker on receiving this report.

The bondholders received their interest with pleased surprise, and a small block of stock appeared in the market the next day at an advance over the last quotation. Mr. Wheatley's agents took it instantly. Two or three stockholders unloaded thereupon, thankful to get out of what they considered a foolish investment. The banker bought.

Two weeks later a large gang of men, directed by an expert manager, appeared at the deserted works in Idaho. Hoisting machinery was rapidly renovated or replaced, electric drills were set up, a dozen carpenters knocked together a stamp mill like magic, and a month later ten stamps were at work.

"Wheatley's gone into the 'Bald Eagle,'" said the Chicago Exchange. Up went the stock, climbing at first by eighths and then by halves. Early in February of the following year he sold out every share at fifty per cent. advance over the original price paid by Harrows.

"What's the matter with it?" inquired speculators anxiously when the bears got hold of the news and pounded the stock. "Isn't the 'Bald Eagle' all right, Wheatley?"

"One of the best mines in the States," said that gentleman tersely; "but I'm not in the mining business."

All unconscious of the turn affairs had taken in the West, Mrs. Holmes accepted her lot meekly, and tried to keep a cheerful face for brave little Hallie's sake.

So the months passed, until a full twelve had been numbered, and Mr. Wheatley once more descended from his cab and rang the bell at the Newbury Street front door. That evening, as they sat together before the fire, Mrs. Earle being for once excluded, Hallie modestly told of her efforts and her success in keep-

ing the household expenses within the limits of their income. Her uncle's heart warmed toward her as she talked, until he could keep his secret no longer.

"Little girl," said he with a preliminary cough which had troubled him more than once during her recital, "you have done well, more than well, and so have you, Mary. I honor you both for it. Now," he continued, drawing Hallie over to the arm of his chair and so holding her as he talked, "I have a story for you to hear." Whereupon he gave a succinct account of operations at the "Bald Eagle."

"The result of it all is," said he, reaching his pocket with some difficulty, for he evidently didn't like to lose his hold of Hallie, "that I've brought back your property, rather larger than it was during our friend Harrows' management—and, I'm inclined to think, more safely invested," he added with a chuckle.

There they were, city, State, and government bonds, and railroad stocks.

How they laughed and cried and hugged the good man, who pooh-poohed at the part he had taken in restoring their fortunes.

"Merely business, merely business," said he, wiping his glasses furiously. "It hurts me to see a good mine or any other property wasted just for the lack of a little capital and careful management. Now, Hallie, go to your room and write a good long letter this minute to—Dave Rexdale!"

CHAPTER XXXVI.

NAVY BLUE.

Another year has passed, and it is June week at the Naval Academy. The sun is low in the west, and all the green sward of the grounds lies cool and restful to eye and foot in the shadow of upper quarters. The walks are thronged with blue-coated cadets, civilians in sober black garb, and ladies in light summer gowns. The academy band is playing Czibulka's exquisite "Nach dem Balle," and the pauses of the music are filled with the soft hum of voices, with staccato chirps from the sparrows overhead, for whom "taps" has already sounded.

Among the slowly moving figures under the elms are two tall, broad-shouldered young men, with faces bronzed by eastern suns and frames firmly knit and erect from two years of sea service. They are Assistant Engineer Norman Holmes and Ensign David Rexdale, U. S. N.

Each of the young officers has upon his arm a lady whom there is no need to introduce. It is the same Hallie, with merry blue eyes, sunny hair, and gay, happy talk and laughter; the same sweet Anemone,

clinging proudly to her escort, who has to pause occasionally to receive congratulations from old classmates and academy officers upon his commission.

"Dear," he says to his pretty companion as he turns from the commandant of cadets and walks on again, "do you remember the first time I saw you at the old farm?"

Anemone glances up swiftly, and so replies.

"I looked forward *then* to this very evening. I have looked forward to it ever since!"

"And I!" flashed the brown eyes; but words did not come.

"Hark! What is the band playing?"

The immortal, ever young, ever thrilling strains of the "March" from Lohengrin, to which so many passionate hearts have beat in unison, floated out beneath the green boughs.

"It is for us, Anemone!" whispered Norman, holding the little hand closer against his heart.

"It is for you and me, Hallie!" said Dave, just behind them, looking down into a pair of navy blue eyes.

So they walked to and fro until the music ceased; and again in the evening, while the dancers were still whirling in waltz and quadrille in the new hall by the river, these four quietly slipped out and sauntered beneath the elms and along the sea-wall, talking of old times and new.

Many changes had taken place during the past year. Restored to her former modes of life, and relieved from the anxieties that had pressed upon her, Mrs. Holmes had fairly grown young again. The house had lost one occupant, for before the snows of a second winter gentle Mrs. Earle had gone to join her son at the station to which he had been ordered so long before, and where her husband and nearly all the friends of her youth were waiting.

Saddened by her death, Mrs. Holmes had written to Miss Letitia, begging her to come to St. Botolph for a visit. The New Hampshire woman, having already tasted the sweets of travel on the trip to Portsmouth, and being assured that her presence would be most welcome in the Newbury Street home, accepted the invitation. Tompkins was left in sole charge of the farm, a part of the stock being cared for by Mr. Duncan. The visit lasted until March, and great was Hallie's delight in introducing Miss Rexdale to society, where she fairly held her own by her straightforward simplicity and quaint conversation, which went right to the point, but never wounded. Hallie had ceased to give music lessons, but kept up her own studies and often delighted her guests with dainty recitals upon piano or violin.

Norman and Dave returned to Annapolis in May, and passed the final examination successfully. They graduated second and fifth in their class, and on the

following day received their warrants, Rexdale to serve on the battleship *New Hampshire*, to be launched on July 1st, and Norman to assist in an important government work then in progress at the Charlestown Navy Yard.

Mrs. Holmes, Miss Letitia, and the girls had come to Annapolis to take part in the closing festivities of the academy. There, in the old familiar grounds, with the memories of six brave and loyal years thronging about them, the two young men had asked the question which needed no asking, and had heard the answers that had already been given a thousandfold.

It was decided that Norman and Anemone should be married in the early fall; that they should invite Miss Letitia to spend the winter with the family in St. Botolph, inaugurating her visit with attendance at the wedding.

Dave was sorely loath to wait, but his orders left no choice. At the end of the present cruise of the *New Hampshire*, or before that, if she should be ordered to northern waters, he would take Hallie for his very own. Meanwhile he must be at the post of duty. The navy was under-manned, and it was rumored in high circles at Washington that a crisis was approaching in foreign relations. The North Atlantic Squadron was quietly ordered to rendezvous at Key West for the ostensible purpose of sea evolutions and drill; whether a more serious need for their

presence in that quarter was felt by the department nobody knew.

It was hard for Hallie to let him go, with the heavy cloud hanging over the southern horizon; but she realized the part women must always play in the defence of their country.

"Those also serve who only stand and wait!"

she whispered to Dave, hiding her sonsy face on his shoulder when she heard his orders. "You must go, and I must 'stand and wait.' If there is war, it will be '*kneel* and wait!'"

"There won't be war—there can't be!" said Dave, smoothing the sunny hair. "They dare not attack us. But if they should——"

"You will do your duty, dear!" And the words rang none the less true that they ended in a sob.

As for Norman, he was full of the great enterprise on foot at the navy yard. A thousand men were to be employed, and engineering skill of the highest quality was in demand. The result of a war might depend on the speedy construction and perfection of the work, which would occupy at least a full year. During this period he could live at home, though he and Annie realized that at any time orders might come from Washington detaching him for sea service.

It was probable that sooner or later the Granite farm would pass into the hands of the thrifty Ezekiel

Duncan, and that Miss Letitia would form a part, by no means unimportant, of the new Holmes household in St. Botolph. It was agreed that Annie, meanwhile, should teach in a school which, through the influence and help of some of Mrs. Holmes' friends, she had obtained near the city, instead of in Coös County.

"Don't forget the date," says Sandy, approaching Norman and Annie, as they stroll beneath the Annapolis elms on ball-night; "the twelfth, at 11 A.M., sharp!"

"I'm so sorry, Mr. Rexdale, that you can't come!" adds Susie Franklin. "We had counted on you, and Sandy is sure to tell the puffin story to everybody there!"

"Annie will go, and bring Senhora's shawl for a token," laughed Dave. "I hope you've invited Ensign Tickerson and his lady?"

"Of co'se he has!" says a rich southern voice, and "Girlie," with his fiancée, Miss Grace Lee, join the group. She is taller than he is, but she is radiantly handsome, and as he walks with her he runs into things, from turning so often to look into her face. Tickerson himself, with his ensign's uniform and side arms, and a newly acquired moustache, looks manly enough to protect his southern beauty through life; and none of his classmates have forgotten his heroic rescue of the cadet in mid-ocean.

Now the conversation is interrupted by cheering from the dance-hall. A jolly Virginia reel seems to be in progress, and the band has struck up for the march, "Hail Columbia!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" come the cheers through the open windows in the boyish voices of the cadets.

"Hurrah!" echo the newly appointed officers out in the grounds, catching the enthusiasm; and Hallie suddenly strikes in with the words, while the others join lustily in the chorus:

"Hail, ye heroes, heaven-born band,
Who fought and bled in freedom's cause,
And when the storm of war was gone
Enjoyed the peace your valor won.
Firm, united, let us be,
Rallying round our liberty!
As a band of brothers joined,
Peace and safety we shall find!"

THE END.

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